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SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS.

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION.

EDITED BY HENRY N. HUDSON.

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND A LIFE OF THE POET;

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

In 1598, under date of July 22, the following entry was made in the Stationers' Register by James Roberts: "A book of The Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice. Provided that it be not printed by the said James Roberts, or any other whatsoever, without licence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain." It was also included in the list given the same year by Francis Meres in his Wit's Commonwealth. These are the earliest *certain* notices of the play that have come down to us; though there is some ground for thinking that it was on the stage four years earlier. In Henslow's Diary, under date August 25, 1594, occurs an item relating to the performance of a play called The Venetian Comedy, which Malone conjectured might be the same as The Merchant of Venice. In 1594 the company to which Shakespeare belonged was playing at the theatre in Newington Butts; and, so far as can now be learned, Henslow's company was playing there at the same time: which lends some support to Malone's conjecture.

Touching the entry in the Stationers' books, it should be noted that the purpose of the proviso was, to prevent the printing of the play, till the company's permission were given through their patron "The book of the Merchant of Venice" was again entered in the same Register, by Thomas Heyes, October 28, 1600, the Lord Chamberlain's licence having probably been obtained by that time. The same year two editions were put forth, in quarto pamphlets, one of which had thirty-eight leaves, and a title-page reading as follows: "The most excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choice of three chests. As it hath been divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare At London: Printed by J. R. for

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Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Green Dragon. 1600." The other quarto was "printed by J. Roberts;"—the same J. R., most likely, who printed the edition for Heyes. But though both were by the same printer, and issued the same year, they were entirely distinct impressions Of course Roberts was both printer and publisher; Heyes only the latter. Of these two editions it seems questionable which is to be preferred: both appear to have been equally authorized, and were probably from different manuscripts; at all events. neither was printed from the other. There was no other issue of the play, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it stands the ninth in the list of Comedies. The repetition of various misprints shows the folio to have been printed from the edition of Heyes.—Two other contemporary notices of the play are found in the account of expenses for the year 1605, as kept by the Master of the Revels, and preserved at the Audit Office: "By his Majesty's Players. On Shrove-Sunday a play of the Merchant of Venice." And "on Shrove-Tuesday a play called the Merchant of Venice again, commanded by the King's Majesty." Which argues that the play gave good satisfaction at court. *Shaxberd* is set down as "the poet which made the play;" the name having been written by the same hand, no doubt, which gave us a like specimen of orthography in the case of Measure for Measure.

The Merchant of Venice, then, was certainly written before the Author's thirty-fifth year, perhaps before his thirty-first. If it were clear that the notice in Henslow's Diary referred to this play, that of course would settle the question in favour of the earlier date. But the best that can be said on that side is, that no other play has come down to us which answers so well to the title there given;—a thing of little weight, considering how many dramas of that period are known to have been lost. And the play exhibits throughout such variety and maturity of power, as make strongly for the later date: the style is every where so equal and sustained; every thing is so perfectly in its place and fitted to its place; the word and the character are at all times so exactly suited to each other, and both to the paramount laws of dramatic proportion; and the work is so free from any jarring, or falling-out, or flying-off from the due course and order of art, as almost to compel the belief that the whole was written in the same stage of intellectual growth and furnishing. And the play evinces in a remarkable degree the easy, unlabouring freedom of conscious mastery; the persons being so entirely under his control and subdued to his hand, that he seems to let them talk and act just as they have a mind to.

Perhaps there is no one of his plays in which the Poet has drawn more largely from preceding writers: novelty of plot or story there is almost none; his mind being apparently so drawn off in creative exercise as to generate an utter carelessness of what is

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usually termed invention. If any one infer from this that the play is lacking in originality, we can only advise him to think again and not to speak until he thinks differently. Some of the materials here used were so much the common stock of European literature before his time, and had been run into so many variations, that it is not easy to say what sources he was most indebted to for them. The incidents of the bond and the caskets are found separately in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a very ancient and curious collection of tales. To set this matter clear, it must be noted that there were two collections bearing this title, the one in Latin, the other in English; and that the incidents in question occur in both, though with considerable variations. Of the Latin *Gesta* no printed copy of so early a date as the Poet's time has been discovered; but Mr. Tyrwhitt gives some extracts from a manuscript in the British Museum, which he thinks may have been the *remote* originals of the play. The *immediate* originals were probably in the English *Gesta*. Of the story containing the choice of caskets a version was put forth by Robert Robinson as early as 1577, and has been lately reprinted in the Shakespeare Library. The Poet is clearly traced in this quarter, as will appear from the following abstract of so much as relates to the matter in hand, and especially from the inscriptions, which we give just as they stand in the old copy.

A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselme, emperor of Rome, and the daughter of the king of Ampluy. On her way to the prince's country the young lady was shipwrecked, none of the crew but herself escaping. In this condition an earl, named Parris, found her as he was walking by the sea-shore, and took her under his protection, and, having heard her story, made it known to the emperor. To ascertain whether she were worthy of his son, he set before her three vessels; the first of gold, filled with dead men's bones, and bearing the inscription,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that he deserveth;" the second of silver, filled with earth, and inscribed,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth;" the third of lead, full of precious stones, and having the motto,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that God hath disposed to him." He then told her to choose one of the vessels, and that if she made choice of that wherein was profit to herself and others, she should have his son; if not, she would lose him. After praying to God for assistance, she made choice of the leaden casket. He then told her she had chosen wisely, and immediately gave order for the marriage.

There is also a choice of caskets in Boccaccio's Decameron, though not much like that in the play; nor does any one pretend that Shakespeare made any use of it.

In the story of the bond as told in the *Gesta*, the parties are simply a knight and a merchant, and therefore act from no such prejudices as move Antonio and Shylock. The knight undertakes

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a love suit to the daughter of Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome, and certain strange terms are agreed upon between them as the condition of her favour. As fast as he fulfils these terms, he is yet more strangely thwarted of his purpose, until, being thereby at length reduced to poverty, he applies to the merchant for a loan of money, to carry him through one more trial. The merchant agrees to furnish him "on condition that if thou keep not thy day of payment, it shall be lawful to me for to draw away all the flesh of thy body from the bone with a sharp sword." Accepting these terms, and binding himself accordingly, the knight, thus furnished, wins the lady, and, in the sweetness of wedlock, forgets the bond till the day of payment is past. When his wife learns how the case stands, she directs him to pay the merchant whatever sum he may ask. Upon this business he departs; but the merchant, refusing the money, insists upon the covenant, and judgment is rendered in his favour. The rest of the story must be given in good old English, as printed by Mr. Douce from a manuscript written in the time of Henry VI.

"Now, in all this time, the damsel his love had sent knights for to espy and enquire how the law was pursued against him. And, when she heard tell that the law passed against him, she cut off all the long hair of her head, and clad her in precious clothing like to a man, and went to the palace where her leman was to be judged, and saluted the justice, and all they trowed that she had been a knight. And the judge enquired of what country she was, and what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, and come of far country, and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is a law of the emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own proper will and consent without any constraining, he shall be served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turned to the merchant, and said, Dear friend, what profit is it to thee that this knight, that standeth here ready to the doom, be slain? it were better to thee to have money than to have him slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant; for without doubt I will have the law, since he bound himself so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace than law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I desired him not thereto against his will. Then said she, I pray thee how much shall I give to have my petition? I shall give thee thy money double; and if that be not pleasing to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have. Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would have my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and thou shalt trow me afore you, sir judge, and afore you all, with a right wisdom of that that I shall say to you. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he forsaketh all, and asketh the law, and that liketh me much; and therefore, lord-

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ings that be here, hear me what I shall say. Ye know well that the knight bound him never by letter but that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding of blood; thereof was nothing spoke; and therefore let him set hand on him anon; and, if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh, forsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him. And when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my money, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she, thou shalt not have one penny; for afore all this company I proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it, and saidst with a loud voice, I shall have my covenant; and therefore do thy best with him; but look that thou shed no blood, I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no covenant was thereof. Then the merchant, seeing this, went away confounded. And so was the knight's life saved, and no penny paid."

As this work is not known to have been in print till put forth by Mr. Douce, it appears not but that the Poet may have read it in manuscript. This, to be sure, is no proof that he did so, for many things in print then have been lost altogether: but perhaps it should make men cautious how they limit his reading to such printed books of that time as have come down to us.

The same incident is again met with in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which was written as early as 1378, but not printed till 1550. The earliest known translation of this tale was made in 1755, which, together with the original, has been republished by Mr. Collier in his Shakespeare Library. No version of so early a date as the play having been heard of, we have no means of knowing whether the Poet read it in Italian or in English. In the novel the residence of the lady, who answers to Portia, is placed at Belmonte, an Italian seaport. Being mistress of the port and the country round, she offers herself and all that belongs to her in marriage upon certain conditions, which we cannot stay to repeat, and would not if we could. In the pursuit of this prize many gentlemen have been ruined, as all the wealth they brought with them was to be forfeited unless they fulfilled the conditions; which her wise ladyship still disabled them from doing by giving them sleeping potions. Her last suitor is a young Florentine named Giannetto, who, first for his father's sake, then for his own, is greatly beloved by Ansaldo, the richest merchant in Venice. Three times Ansaldo fits him out with fine ships and rich cargoes to trade in company with several friends at Alexandria, and as often the young gentleman, though a miracle of virtue and talents, contrives to steal away from his companions into the port of Belmonte. Twice he falls a victim to the lady's potions, and returns poor and ashamed to Venice, but keeps up his credit by inventing such causes of his miscarriage as leave him unblamed. To complete his third outfit, Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, and gave a bond that if payment were not made

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by a certain day, the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. This time, upon his arrival at Belmonte, one of the lady's maids whispers in his ear how to succeed The intoxication of his new state drowns the memory of his benefactor till the very day of payment comes. Being then by an accident reminded of it, and greatly troubled thereat, he makes known the cause of his distress, and forthwith sets out for Venice, with ten times the sum due. No sooner is he gone than his wife follows him in the disguise of a lawyer, and, arriving in Venice, gives herself out as a graduate of the law-school at Bologna. Lawyers being then rather scarce, she is called in to the trial, which under her conduct turns out much the same as in the play In his fulness of gratitude Giannetto offers her the ten thousand ducats, and she refuses them, declaring she will accept nothing but his marriage ring, which he at last gives her. Afterwards she banters him upon the loss of it, and then discloses what she has done; and finally Giannetto rewards his benefactor with the hand of the servant-maid who whispered in his ear the way of success.

This outline is enough to certify the reader that Shakespeare had access to the novel in some form or other; though no one can well conceive the wealth of his adding without reading the original story. It should be remarked withal, that evident as are the Poet's obligations in this quarter, he varies from it in such a way as to show an acquaintance with the similar tale in the *Gesta Romanorum;* while his substituting the caskets for the unhandsome conditions, imposed by the heroine of the novel, illustrates how well he understood the moral laws of his art; that whatsoever offends against virtue and honour is so far forth offensive to nature and good taste.

The matter of the bond and its forfeiture is again found in The Orator, a book containing "a hundred several Discourses," translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn by Anthony Munday, and published in 1598. A Christian merchant owed a Jew nine hundred crowns, which he bound himself to pay within three months, or to give him a pound of his flesh. The time being passed, the Jew refused the money, and stood upon the bond. The ordinary judge of the place appointed him to cut a pound of the merchant's flesh, and, if he cut either more or less, then his own head should be smitten off. The Jew appealed from this sentence to the chief judge; and the Discourse in question is made up of the Jew's argument and the Christian's answer. Shakespeare has no signs of obligation in that quarter; so that the matter as there handled is of no consequence in this connection, save as showing the commonness of the incident. Mr. Douce indeed says, "Shylock's reasoning before the senate is evidently borrowed" from The Orator; which breeds some doubt whether he had ever read the latter.

In Percy's Reliques, among the "ballads that illustrate Shakespeare," we have "A new Song, showing the cruelty of Gernutus.

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a Jew, wh.., lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed." Some question has been made whether the ballad or the play were written first; but we are satisfied, for reasons which need not be stated here, that the ballad was before the play; and the first stanza suggests the novel, of which we have given an outline, as the probable foundation of it:

> "In Venice towne not long agoe a cruel Jew did dwell,
> Which lived all on usurie, as *Italian writers* tell."

Here again the Poet is clearly traced by certain resemblances of expression: in the play we have,—"Go with me to a notary, seal me there your single bond; and in *a merry sport*," &c.; and again,—"Why dost thou *whet thy knife* so earnestly?" and in the ballad,—"But we will have *a merry jest* for to be talked long;" and again,—"The bloudie Jew now ready is with *whetted blade* in hand."—Some lines of the same story are traceable in various other quarters: in fact, it has been seen in so many places, that nobody can tell whence it came or where it was seen first. Probably it was of eastern origin; one of the many things which, originally set on foot by Arabian fiction or some neighbouring authority, have been happening from time to time ever since.

Thus far we have not seen the two incidents of the bond and the caskets united; yet it is by no means certain that Shakespeare was the first to unite them. In 1579, one Stephen Gosson, having, as would seem, been certified of his own election in such sort and manner as left him full leisure to hunt up and whip the faults of others, put forth a tract entitled "The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillers of the commonwealth." He was pleased, however, to except from the general censure "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers." No performance answering to this description has in modern times been discovered; but the expressions, "worldly choosers" and "bloody minds of usurers," look as if the two incidents in question had been combined before The Merchant of Venice was written. The praise which has been, perhaps justly, bestowed upon this feature of the play, naturally makes us curious to know how far it was original with Shakespeare; but there is little prospect that such curiosity will ever be gratified. Most likely, however, the knowledge of the whole truth would cause no great abatement in the Poet's fame.

Mr. Verplanck has raised an interesting inquiry as to what may have put Shakespeare upon such a choice of subject. The old form of a bond for the payment of money was an obligation to pay a larger sum, generally double, unless payment were made at

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the stipulated time. The common law held that on the forfeiture of the bond the whole penalty was recoverable; but here the courts of equity stepped in, and would not permit the lender to take more than "in conscience he ought;" that is, the sum lent, with interest and costs, and the damages, if any there were, caused by non-performance of some other contract. Hence a struggle between what were called the old-school and new-school lawyers, which began in the time of Henry VIII., and continued till the reign of Queen Anne, when it was settled by statute in favour of the equitable doctrine. This legal controversy was at its height in Shakespeare's time; and as it entered largely into the concerns of business, it became a matter of general popular interest. That there were many cases of hardship, in enforcing penalties, well known to the people of London, is quite probable; and something of the kind seems referred to in the ballad of Gernutus the Jew:

"Good people, that do hear this song, for truth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he doth live now at this day."

Mr. Verplanck thinks, and with great apparent reason, that this controversy may have suggested the subject of the play; not indeed that the Poet had any thought of writing a law-lecture or an argument on the point, but that he saw the advantage of using a traditionary plot involving a principle familiar to the minds of his audience, and pregnant with allusions of immediate interest.

The praise of The Merchant of Venice is in the mouth of nearly all the critics. That this praise is well deserved, appears in that, from the reopening of the theatres at the Restoration till the present day, the play has kept possession of the stage, while at the same time it is among the first of the Poet's works to be read, and the last to be forgotten, its interest being as inexhaustible in the closet as upon the stage. Well do we remember it as the very beginning of our acquaintance with Shakespeare; one of the dearest acquaintances that we have ever made, and which has been to us a source of more pleasure and profit than we should dare undertake to tell. Whatsoever local or temporary question may have suggested the theme, the work strikes at once upon cords of universal and perpetual interest: if it fell in with any prejudices or purposes of the time, this was to draw men's thoughts the more surely, because secretly, into the course and service of truth; to open and hold their minds, without letting them know it, to grave, solemn lessons of wisdom and humanity; thus, like a wise master-builder, using the transient and popular for the building up of the permanent and beautiful. It is this power of causing that men be really elevated while thinking they are but pleased; of raising us above our self-ends by seemingly ministering to them; that often renders poetry so much more effectual for moral instruction than lectures and sermons: these, by telling men they ought to be

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better, are apt to foster in them the conceit that they are so; whereas the other, even because it does not tell them this, is more apt to make them so: in a word, it instructs them all the better foras much as it does not stir up in them any notion or fancy that they have been instructed.

Critics, no doubt, have too often entertained themselves and others with speculations as to the Poet's specific moral purpose in this play or that. Wherein their great mistake is the not dul bearing in mind, that the special proposing of this or that mora. lesson is quite from or beside the purpose of art. As already hinted, a work of art, to be really deserving the name, must needs be mora., because it must be proportionable and true to nature, thus falling in with the preestablished harmonies between our inward being and the measures of external order and law: otherwise it is at strife with the compact of things; a piece of dissonance; a part all out of concert and tune with itself; a jarring, unbalanced, crazy thing, that will die with the screechings and gratings of its own noise. If, therefore, a work be morally bad, this proves the author more a bungler than any thing else; and if any one admire it or take pleasure in it, he does so, not from reason, but from passion, or from something within him which his reason, in so far as he hath any, necessarily disapproves: so that he is rather to be laughed at as a dunce, than preached to as a sinner.

Touching the moral design of The Merchant of Venice, critics have differed greatly, some regarding it as teaching the most large and liberal toleration, others as caressing the narrowest and bitterest prejudices of the age. This difference among the critics is a strong argument of the Poet's impartiality; for where no one view is specially prominent, there is the more room for men to attribute such as they may severally prefer, and for each to show his own mind in the work of interpretation. For our own part, we are satisfied that in this case, as in others, the choice and treatment of the subject were mainly for poetic and dramatic effect; but for such effect in the largest and noblest sense, — the sense intended by Ben Jonson in that great and most apt expression, — "He was not of an age, but for all time." And the highest praise that the nature of the work might allow is justly his, in that he did not let the prejudices of his age sway him either way from the just measures and proportions of art. On this point, therefore, we do greatly approve the remarks of Mr. Verplanck: "When the subject expanded itself in his mind, he described and he reasoned from his own observation of man and society. He therefore painted men as he had seen them; — the wisest and kindest blinded by the prejudices of their education or their country, and becoming hard ened to inflicting insolence and injury; — the injured, the insulted, the trampled upon, goaded by continual wrongs into savage malignity. Had the Poet invested the despised and injured man with the gentle and more amiable qualities of our nature, and

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enlisted our sympathies wholly on his side, he would have painted a far less true view of human nature, and have conveyed a much less impressive and useful lesson of practical morality."

In point of characterization The Merchant of Venice is exceedingly rich, whether we consider the quantity or the quality; and the more we think and study the work, the more we cannot but wonder that so much of human nature in so great a variety of development should be crowded into so small a space. The persons naturally fall into three several groups, with each its several plot and action; yet the three are most skilfully complotted, each standing out clear and distinct in its place, yet concurring with the others in dramatic unity, so that every thing helps on every other thing, without either the slightest confusion or the slightest appearance of care to avoid it. Of these three groups it is hardly needful to add that Antonio, Shylock, and Portia are respectively the centres; while the part of Lorenzo and Jessica, though strictly an episode, seems, nevertheless, to grow forth as an element of the original germ, a sort of inherent superfluity, and as such essential, not indeed to the being, but to the well-being of the work: in short, a fine romantic undertone accompaniment to the other parts, yet contemplated and provided for in the whole plan and structure of the piece; itself in harmony with all the rest, and therefore perfecting their harmony with one another.

It is observable that the first entry in the Stationers' Register speaks of the play as "a book of the Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice;" as if it were then in question whether to name the piece from Antonio or Shylock. Individually considered, Shylock is altogether *the* character of the play, and exhibits perhaps more strength and skill of workmanship than all the others. So that, viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called The Jew of Venice. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the pre-eminence, because, however inferior in himself, he is the centre and mainspring of the entire action: without him the Jew, great as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas the converse, if true at all, is by no means true in so great a degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and attractive personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, still there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic hero. A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil weighs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the coming on of some great calamity yet this strange, unwonted

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gloom, sweetened with his habitual gentleness and good-nature, has the effect of showing how dearly he is held by such whose friendship is the fairest earthly purchase of virtue. This boding, presentimental state of mind lends a certain charm to his character, affecting us something as an instance of second-sight, and coalescing with the mind's innate aptitude to the faith that

> "powers there are
> That touch each other to the quick — in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

And it is very considerable that upon spirits such as he even the smiles of fortune often have a strangely saddening effect; for in proportion as they are worthy of them they naturally feel that they are far otherwise, and the sense of so vast a discrepancy between their havings and deservings is apt to fill them with an indefinable oppressive dread of some reverse wherein present discrepancies shall be fully made up. So that wealth seldom dispenses such warnings save to its most virtuous possessors. And such is Antonio: a kind-hearted, sweet-mannered man; of a large and liberal spirit; affable, generous, and magnificent in his dispositions; patient of trial, indulgent to folly, free where he loves, and frank where he hates; in prosperity modest, in adversity cheerful; craving wealth for the uses of virtue, and as the organs and sinews of friendship, so that the more he is worth, the more he seems worthy, — his character is one which we never weary of contemplating. The only blemish we perceive in him is his treatment of Shylock: in this, though we cannot but see that it is much more the fault of the times than of the man, we are forced to side against him; than which it were not easy to allege a stronger case of poetical justice. Yet even this we blame rather as an abuse of himself than of Shylock, and think the less of it as wronging the latter, because, notwithstanding he has such provocations, he avowedly grounds his hate mainly on those very things which make the strongest title to a good man's love.

The friendship between Antonio and his companions is such a picture as Shakespeare evidently delighted to draw. And so noble a sentiment is not apt to inhabit ignoble breasts. Bassanio, Gratiano, and Salarino are each admirable in their way, and give a charming variety to the scenes where they move. Bassanio, though something too lavish of purse, is a model of a gentleman; in whose character and behaviour all is order and propriety; with whom good manners are the proper outside and visibility of a fair mind, the natural foliage and drapery of inward refinement, and delicacy, and rectitude. Well-bred, he has that in him which, even had his breeding been ill, would have raised him above it, and made him a gentleman. Gratiano and Salarino are two as

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clever, sprightly, and voluble persons as any one need desire to be with, the chief difference between them being, that the former *lets* his tongue run on from good impulses, the other *makes* it do so for good ends. If not so wise as Bassanio, they are more witty, and as much surpass him in strength, as they fall short in beauty, of character. It is observable that of the two Gratiano is the more heedless and headstrong in thought and speech, with less subjection of the individual to the well-ordered forms of social decorum: so that, if he behave not quite so well as the others, he gives livelier proof that what good behaviour he has is his own; a growth from within, not an impression from without. It is rather remarkable that one so talkative and rattle-tongued should therewithal carry so much weight of meaning; and he often seems less sensible than he is, because of his trotting volubility. But he has no wish to be "reputed wise for saying nothing;" and he often makes a merit of talking nonsense when, as is often the case, nonsense is the best sort of sense; being willing to incur the charge of folly, provided he can thereby add to the health and entertainment of his friends.

Lorenzo and Jessica are in such a lyrical state of mind as naturally keeps their characters in the background. Both are indeed overflowing with beauty and sweetness of mind, but more as the result of nuptial inspiration than of inherent qualities; though the instrument had need be pretty well tuned and delicately strung, to give forth such tones, be it breathed upon never so finely. Jessica has been well described as a "child of nature, hurried along by the deep enthusiasm of Eastern love and passion." Her elopement in itself and its circumstances forces us to the alternative, that either she is a very bad child, or Shylock a very bad father; and there are enough other things to persuade us of the latter, though not in such sort but that some share of the reproach falls upon her. For if a woman have so bad a home as to justify her in thus deserting and robbing it, it can scarce be but that the qualities of its atmosphere will have wrought themselves somewhat into her temper and character; so that she will seem without spot or blemish only while in a condition to move our pity. Jessica's lover stands fair in our sight, negatively, because he does nothing unhandsome, positively, because he has such good men for his friends. It is a curious instance of the Poet's subtlety, that what they thus do for him should be in some measure done for her by such a person as Launcelot Gobbo. The better parts of Jessica and the Clown are reflected from each other: we think the better of her that she has kindled something of poetry in such a clod, and of him, that he is raised above himself by the presence of such an object. And her conduct is further justified to our feelings by the odd testimony he furnishes to her father's badness;—a testimony which, though of no great weight in itself, goes far to confirm all that is testified against him by others. We see that

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the Jew is much the same at home as in the Rialto, that let him be where he will, it is his nature to snarl and bite. Such, in one view of the matter, is the dramatic propriety of this queer being his part, though often scouted as a hindrance by such critics as can see but one thing at a time, is necessary to the completeness of the work; since without him we could not so well have sufficient knowledge either of Jessica or of her father. But though his main title to the place he fills be on account of others, still he has a value in himself, quite independently of such reference; his own personal rights enter into the purpose of his introduction, and he carries in himself a part of the reason why he is so and not otherwise: for Shakespeare seldom if ever brings in a person *merely* for the sake of others. A mixture, indeed, of conceit and drollery, and hugely wrapped up in self, yet he is by no means a commonplace buffoon, but stands firm and secure in the sufficiency of his original stock. His elaborate nonsense, his grasping at a pun without catching it, yet feeling just as grand as if he did, is both ludicrous and natural: his jokes, to be sure, are mostly failures; nevertheless they are laughable, because he dreams not but that they succeed. Thus, as hath been well said, "he proves that the poverty of a jest may be enriched in a fool's mouth, owing to the complacency with which he deals it out; and because there are few things that provoke laughter more than feebleness in a great attempt at a small matter." In Launcelot, moreover, the principle and mother element of the whole piece runs out in broad humour and travestie; he exhibits under an intensely comic form the general aspect of surrounding humanity; his character being at the same time an integral part in that varied structure of human life, which it is the genius and office of the Romantic Drama to represent. On many accounts, indeed, he might not be spared.

In Portia Shakespeare seems to have tried what he could do in working out a scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and accomplished woman. And the result is a fine specimen of beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art. Eminently practical in her tastes and turn of mind, full of native, homebred sense and virtue, she unites therewith something of the ripeness and dignity of a sage, a rich, mellow eloquence, and a large, noble discourse, the whole being tempered with the best grace and sensibility of womanhood. As intelligent, therefore, as the strongest, she is at the same time as feminine as the weakest, of her sex. she talks like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she talks for all the world just like a woman. Nothing can be more fitting and well-placed than her demeanour, now bracing her speech with grave maxims of moral and practical wisdom, now unbending her mind in playful sallies of wit, or innocent, roguish banter. Partly from condition, partly from culture, she has grown to live more in the understanding than in the affections; for which cause she is a little more self-conscious than we exactly like; yet her character is scarce the less

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lovely on that account: she talks considerably indeed of herself, yet always so becomingly that we hardly wish she would choose any other subject; for we are rather agreeably surprised, that one so fully aware of her gifts should still bear them so meekly. Mrs. Jameson, with Portia in her eye, intimates plainly enough that she considers Shakespeare about the only artist, except nature, who could make women wise without turning them into men. And it may be worth remarking, that honourable as the issue of her course at the trial would be to a man, she shows no unwomanly craving to be in the scene of her triumph: as she goes there prompted by the feelings and duties of a wife, for the saving of her husband's honour and peace of mind, so she gladly leaves when these causes no longer bear in that direction. Being to act for once the part of a man, it would seem as though she could scarce go through the undertaking without more of self-confidence than were becoming in a woman; and the student may find plenty of matter for thought in the skill wherewith the Poet has managed to prevent such an impression. It is no drawback upon Portia's strength and substantial dignity of character, that her nature is all overflowing with romance: rather, this it is that glorifies her and breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious seeing to the eye which conducts her to such winning beauty and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the "rich-souled" creature that Schlegel so aptly describes her to be.

Shylock is a standing marvel of power and scope in the dramatic art; at the same time appearing so much a man of nature's making, that we scarce know how to look upon him as the Poet's workmanship. In the delineation Shakespeare had no less a task than to inform with individual life and peculiarity the broad, strong outlines of national character in its most fallen and revolting state. Accordingly Shylock is a true representative of his nation; wherein we have a pride which for ages never ceased to provoke hostility, but which no hostility could ever subdue; a thrift which still invited rapacity, but which no rapacity could ever exhaust; and a weakness which, while it exposed the subjects to wrong, only deepened their hate, because it left them without the means or the hope of redress. Thus Shylock is a type of national sufferings, sympathies, and antipathies. Himself an object of bitter insult and scorn to those about him; surrounded by enemies whom he is at once too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose; he can have no life among them but money; no hold on them but interest; no feeling towards them but hate; no indemnity out of them but revenge. Such being the case, what wonder that the elements of national greatness became congealed or petrified into malignity? As avarice was the passion in which he mainly lived, of course the Christian virtues that thwarted this were the greatest wrong that could be done him.

With these strong national traits are interwoven personal traits

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equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely Jewish, he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his hard, icy intellectuality, and his "dry, mummy-like tenacity" of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting sarcastic humour, we see the remains of a great and noble nature, out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries. With as much elasticity of mind as stiffness of neck, every step he takes but the last is as firm as the earth he treads upon. Nothing can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remonstrance cannot move, ridicule cannot touch, obloquy cannot exasperate him: when he has not provoked them, he has been forced to bear them; and now that he does provoke them, he is proof against them. In a word, he may be broken; he cannot be bent.

These several elements of character are so complicated in Shylock, that we cannot distinguish their respective influence. Even his avarice has a smack of patriotism. Money is the only defence of his brethren as well as himself, and he craves it for their sake as much as his own; feels indeed that wrongs are offered to them in him, and to him in them. Antonio has scorned his religion, thwarted him of usurious gains, insulted his person: therefore he hates him as a Christian, himself a Jew; as a lender of money gratis, himself a griping usurer; as Antonio, himself Shylock. Moreover, who but a Christian, one of Antonio's faith and fellowship, has stolen away his daughter's heart, and drawn her into revolt, loaded with his ducats, and his precious, precious jewels? Thus his religion, his patriotism, his avarice, his affection, all concur to stimulate his enmity; and his personal hate, thus reënforced, for once overcomes his avarice, and he grows generous in the prosecution of his design. The only reason he will vouchsafe for taking the pound of flesh is, "if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge;"—a reason all the more satisfactory to him, forasmuch as those to whom he gives it can neither allow nor refute it: and until they can rail the seal from off his bond, all their railings are but a foretaste of the revenge he seeks. In his eagerness to taste that morsel sweeter to him than all the luxuries of Italy, his recent afflictions, the loss of his daughter, his ducats, his jewels, and even the precious ring given him by his departed wife, all fade from his mind. In his cool, resolute, unrelenting, imperturbable hardness at the trial, there is something that makes our blood to tingle. It is the sublimity of malice! We feel, and tremble as we feel, that the yearnings of revenge have silenced all other cares and all other thoughts. Fearful, however, as is his malignity, he comes not off without moving our pity. In the very act whereby he thinks to avenge his own and his brethren's wrongs, the national curse overtakes him: in standing up for the law he has but strengthened his enemies' hands, and sharpened their weapons against himself; and the terrible Jew sinks at last into the poor, pitiable heart-broken Shylock.

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The Merchant of Venice is justly distinguished among Shakespeare's dramas for the beauty of particular scenes and passages For descriptive power, the opening scene between the Merchant and his friends is not easily rivalled, and can hardly fail to live in the memory of any one that has an eye for such things. Equally fine in its way is the scene between Tubal and Shylock, where the latter is so torn with the struggle of conflicting passions, his heart now sinking with grief at the account of his fugitive daughter's expenses, now leaping with malignant joy at the report of Antonio's losses at sea. The trial scene, with its tugging vicissitudes of passion and its hush of terrible expectation, now ringing with the Jew's sharp, spiteful snaps of malice, now made musical with Portia's strains of eloquence, now holy with Antonio's noble gushes of friendship, is hardly surpassed in tragic power any where; and as it forms the catastrophe, so it concentrates the interest of the whole play. Scarce inferior in its kind is the night scene of Lorenzo and Jessica, bathed as it is in love, moonlight, "touches of sweet harmony," and soul-lifting discourse, followed by the grave moral reflections of Portia, as she approaches her home, and sees its lights, and hears its music. The bringing in this passage of ravishing lyrical sweetness, so replete with the most soothing and tranquillizing effect, close upon the intense dramatic excitement of the preceding scene, is such a transition as we may find nowhere but in Shakespeare, and shows his unequalled mastery over the mind's capacities of delight. The affair of the rings, with the harmless perplexities growing out of it, is a well-managed device for letting the mind down from the tragic height, whereon it lately stood, to the merry conclusion which the play requires. Critics, indeed, may easily quarrel with this merry after-piece; but it stands justified by the tribunal to which criticism itself must bow, the spontaneous feelings of all such as are willing to be made happier and wiser, without beating their brains about the how and wherefore.

Before leaving this fruitful theme, it may be worth the while to consider, for a moment, what a wide diversity of materials are here drawn up and moulded into unity of life and impression. Ben Jonson, in his preface to The Alchemist, sets it down as "the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed." A principle very well illustrated in the play before us. One can hardly realize how many things are there brought together, they are ordered in such perfect concert and harmony; the greatness of the work being thus hidden in its fine proportions. In many of the Poet's dramas we are surprised at the great variety of character: here, besides this, we have also a remarkable variety of plot; and, admirable as may be the skill displayed in the characters, severally considered the interweaving of so many several plots, without the least confusion or embarrassment, evinces a still higher mastership. For many and various as are the forms and aspects of life, they all

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emphatically live together, as though they had but one circulation. So that the play is like a large, full-grown, fair-spreading tree, which we know is made up of divers smaller trees, all developed from and cohering in one common life.

Now, admitting the excellence of workmanship shown in the several plots and characters, there is a further question, namely. What business have they here? by what law or principle are they thus brought together? A question that has been handled with so much of ingenuity, or of something better, by Ulrici the German critic, as may well entitle his view to a place in this connection. He regards the whole play as a manifold working out of the principle, that all forms of right and justice, if pushed beyond a certain point, pass over into their opposites, so that extreme right becomes extreme wrong, thus verifying the old maxim, *summum jus summa injuria*. Which is best exemplified in Shylock, who has formal right on his side, in that he claims no more than Antonio has freely bound himself to pay; but in the strict rigid exacting of this claim he runs into the foulest wrong, because in his case justice is not justice unless it be tempered with mercy; that is, to keep its own nature, it must be an offshoot from the higher principle of charity. So, also, the tying up of Portia's hand to the disposal of chance, and robbing her of all share in the choice of a husband, rests ultimately on paternal right; yet this extreme right is an extreme wrong, because it might involve her in misery for life, but that chance, a lucky thought of the moment, leads to a happy result. Likewise in case of Jessica; her conduct were exceedingly wrong, but that she has good cause for it in the approved malignity of her father's temper; for justice cannot blame her for forsaking both the person and the religion of one, even though her father, whose character is so steeped in cruelty. Again, in the matter of the rings, the same principle is reflected, right and wrong being here driven to that extreme point where they pass over into each other: only Portia understands or feels this truth, because her mind lives in the harmonies of things, and is not poisoned with any self-willed abstraction. Which yields a further justification of the fifth act: "it effaces the tragic impression which still lingers on the mind from the fourth act; the last vibrations of the harsh tones which were there struck here die away; in the gay and amusing trifling of love the sharp contrarieties of right and wrong are playfully reconciled." Thus while the several parts are disposed with clearness and precision, each proceeding so naturally of itself, and alongside the others, that we never lose the thread, at the same time a free living principle pervades them all, rounding them off into a perfect organic whole. And the several parts and persons not only cohere with one another, but with the general circumstances wherein they occur. Thus in the character of Portia, for example, the splendour of Italian skies, and scenery, and art, is reproduced; their spirit lives in her imagination, and is complicated with all she does and says.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.
OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-woman.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice
Jailors, Servants, and other Attendants

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.[1]

Ant. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

[1] In the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first scene; and as no list of the Persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled how to put them. In the folio the first stage-direction is, — *Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.* In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.*, which is soon changed to *Sol.*; and then comes the stage-direction, — *Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.* And the names are spelt the same way in several other stage-directions; and after the first scene the abbreviated prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that we have abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of Salanio, as it is in most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Solanio*, we agree with Knight and Verplanck in transferring to *Salarino*, not only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but as according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because the quartos favor that arrangement. H.

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Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies[2] with portly sail, —
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea, —
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That courtesy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sol. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing[3] her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,

[2] *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or for war The name was probably derived from the classical ship Argo, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:

"Harder beset
And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks." H.

[3] To *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*: from the French *avaler*. The Venetian merchants, it would seem, were much used to name their ships for Andrew Doria, the great admiral. H

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Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But, tell not me: I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Sal. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Sol. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Sal. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

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Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?
Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN.
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part.
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio, —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks; —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

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As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio! I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when,[4] I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion. —
Come, good Lorenzo. — Fare ye well, awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[5]

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

[4] All the old copies read *when* here; and as in such cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood, the changing of *when* into *who*, though common, is hardly admissible. The following lines apparently refer to the judgment pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach *Fool-gudgeon*, a little below, appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught. The expression is commonly, but injuriously, changed to *fool's-gudgeon*. H.

[5] *Gear*, from the Anglo-Saxon *gearwe*, and originally meaning any thing *prepared* or made ready, was formerly used for any matter or business in hand. Thus, in an old ballad, entitled The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow:

"Now Robin Goodfellow, being plac'd with a tailor, as you beare
He grew a workman in short space, so well he ply'd his *geare*."

H

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In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible. [*Exeunt* GRATIA. *and* LOREN

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both.

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I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[6] unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks

[6] *Prest* is *prompt, ready*; from an old French word. Thus, in The Faerie Queene, B. iv. Can. 8, stan. 41:

"Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was *prest*,
With dreadful weapon aymed at his head."

And again, B. vi. Can. 7, stan. 19:

"The whyles his salvage Page, that wont be *prest*,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best." H

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Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,[1] but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

[1] That is, superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old We still say, how did he *come by* it?

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Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.[2]

Por. Ay, that's a colt,[3] indeed, for he doth noth-

[2] The Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.

[3] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth.*

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ing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county[4] Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An if you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;[5] and you will come into

[4] This may be an allusion to the *Count* Albertus Alasco a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.

[5] "A satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warburton: whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French nor Italian.'" ed.

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the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's[6] picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish[7] lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German,[8] the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

[6] A *proper* man is a *handsome* man.

[7] So in the quartos. In the folio *Scottish* was changed to *other*; doubtless on account of King James. H.

[8] The Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.

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Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. — How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[9] of a saint, and the complexion of a

[9] That is, *temper, disposition.* So, in Othello: "And then of so gentle a *condition!*" Likewise, in Tyndall's Works: "Let every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the best *conditioned*, and every woman her husband so too." W

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devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. — Sirrah, go before. —

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, — well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, — well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound, — well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no: — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad:[1] But ships are but boards, sailors but men:

[1] *Squandered* is not to be taken in a bad sense here: it means simply *scattered, dispersed.* Thus, in Howell's Letters: "The Duke of Savoy, though he pass for one of the princes of Italy, yet the least part of his territories lie there, being *squander'd* up

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there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is notwithstanding, sufficient: — three thousand ducats; — I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance[2] here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[3]

and down amongst the Alps." And, again, he speaks of the Jews as a people "*squander'd* all the earth over." H.

[2] "It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the yeare; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts."—Thomas's History of Italy 1561.

[3] This phrase seems to have originated from hunting, because

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I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest:[4] Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft! how many months
Do you desire? — [*To* ANT.] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,

when the animal pursued is seized upon the hip, it is finally disabled from flight. Dr. Johnson once thought the phrase was taken from the art of wrestling, but he corrected his opinion at a subsequent period, and in his Dictionary derives it from hunting.

[4] *Usance, usury,* and *interest* were all terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there being then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at whatsoever rate, was commonly esteemed, is shown in Lord Bacon's Essay of Usury, where he mentions the popular arguments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;' that *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize;* that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in Italic show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism; and perhaps nothing but the popular hatred of the Jews on other scores could account for the fast-rooted prejudice against a thing so firmly grounded in the laws of trade. These laws, like others, of course benefit those who observe them; and as no trading community could thrive unless they were observed, and as none but Jews would observe them, they of course had a monopoly of the benefit arising therefrom. H.

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By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd,[5]
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot: — three months; you told me so.
Well, then, your bond; and, let me see, — But hear you:
Methought, you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd[6] me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,[7]

[5] Informed.

[6] We here restore the original spelling, because it is the same as in the passage of Scripture referred to; Genesis xxx. 37 H

[7] *Kind* in Shakespeare's time was often used for *nature*. Thus in Fairfax's Tasso, B. xiv. stan. 42 and 48:

> "But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
> The hidden power I know and virtue great,
> And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."
>
> "And fair adorn'd was every part
> With riches grown by *kind*, not fram'd by art." H

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He stuck them up before the fulsome[8] ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood[9] hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats;—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto[10] you have rated me

[8] *Fulsome* is here apparently used in the sense of *rank, lusty, ruttish.* The word often occurs in the sense of *filthy, nauseous;*—a sense which might very well come from *full,* though some derive it from *foul.*—*Fall,* in the second line below, is for *let fall;* a common usage of the word in the Poet's time. H.

[9] *Falsehood* here means knavery, treachery, as *truth* is sometimes used for honesty.

[10] In this scene we have already had "*on* the Rialto," and "*upon* the Rialto." Concerning the place meant Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: "Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called

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About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet[11] upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies:" You say so
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me — dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,

and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster-bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says,—

'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me.'"

Mr. Knight says the "name is derived from *riva alta*, high shore, and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there, and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement." H.

[11] We concur with Knight and Verplanck in restoring this word as it is in all the old copies. It is the form which the Poet seems in this case to have chosen. H.

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To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed [12] of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell [13] in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O, father Abraham! what these Christians are,

[12] That is, *interest*, money *bred* from the principal
[13] That is, *continue*, or *abide*.

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Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's:
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful[14] guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

[14] *Fearful guard* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont.

A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her Attendants.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision[1] for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd[2] the valiant: by my love I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,

[1] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers as white as milk;* and an effeminate man is termed a *milksop*.

[2] That is, terrified.

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Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets*
To make me blest, or cursed'st among men.

[*Exeunt*

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SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[1]

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:" My conscience says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; "*Via!*" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens,[2] rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—"My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste:—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend; "budge not," says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the

[1] The old copies read,—*Enter the Clown alone;* and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his *entrances* or *exits*.

[2] *For the heavens* was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of.

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devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: — I will try confusions with him.[3]

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,[4] 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? — [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters: — [*To him.*] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his

[3] That is. I will try to *confuse*, perplex him, by misdirecting him. It is usually printed *conclusions*, following one of the quartos. The other quarto and the folio have *confusions*. Of course we interpret his speech by his act. H.

[4] God's *sonties* was probably a corruption of God's *saints*, in old language *saunctes*. Oaths of this kind are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. To avoid the crime of profane swearing, they sought to disguise the words by abbreviations, which ultimately lost even their similarity to the original phrase.

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father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.[5]

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? — [*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack! sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your

[5] So, in Love's Labour's Lost, Costard says, — "Your servant and Costard." It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in the next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* master Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by making the speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that Launcelot senior scruples to give his son the title of *master* H.

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blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse [6] has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest [7] to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very

[6] That is, *shaft*-horse, or horse that goes in the shafts. *Phill* is usually printed *thill;* the editors probably not knowing that *phill* or *fill* was a common form of *thill.* In our boyhood we knew *shafts* by no name but *fills.* H.

[7] That is, determined. In Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. sc. 5, Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest.* "The County Paris hath *set up his rest,* that you shall *rest* but little."

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Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.* — O, rare fortune! here comes the man: — to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

Bass. You may do so; — but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, — as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, — as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, — as

* To understand the appropriateness of these words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to find ground enough to run upon. H.

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my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves,[9] that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is, —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both: — What would you!

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son. —

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

[9] There has been no little speculation among the later critics, whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. Mr. Ch. A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a servant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes other passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country as could hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not follow but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with other travellers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow-actor, visited Italy. H

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My lodging out.—[*To his followers.*] Give him a livery
More guarded[10] than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well;—[*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table![11] which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to; here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas! fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes![12] Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.[13]—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

[10] That is, ornamented. *Guards* were trimmings, facings, or other ornaments, such as gold and silver lace.

[11] Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains this passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table*, breaks out into the following reflection:—"Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune'—that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that* I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence."

[12] Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have floated down to our day: well do we remember to have seen people trying to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands. Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favoured than they: in 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled "Briefe introductions, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manuel divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes." "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune, is in laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to think well of himself. H

[13] See Act i. sc. 1, note 5.

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Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee; go.
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONAR
Gra. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then, you must:—But hear thee Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal:—Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconster'd [14] in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signiór Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;

[14] So in all the old copies; generally but unwarrantably altered to *misconstrued* in modern editions. See Twelfth Night, Act iii sc. 1, note 5. M

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Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat,[15] and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[16]
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in SHYLOCK's House.

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jess. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

[15] It was anciently the custom to wear the hat on during the time of dinner.

[16] That is, grave appearance; *show* of staid and serious behaviour. *Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among old dramatic writers.

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Laun. Adieu! — tears exhibit my tongue. — Most beautiful pagan, — most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: But adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jess. Farewell, good Launcelot. —
Alack! what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us. —

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

[1] That is, get *possession* of thee. *Do* is the reading of both the quartos and the first folio. The second folio has *did*, which gives a very different sense; and its unhandsomeness has caused it to be generally received. H.

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Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: — Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her; — speak it privately;
Go. — Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse, —
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V. The same. Before SHYLOCK's House.

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me,—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together:—I will not say you shall see a mask; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday[1] last, at six o'clock

[1] Easter-Monday. The origin of the name is thus explained by Stowe, the chronicler: "In the 34th of Edward III., [1360,]

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i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,[2]
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. — By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. — Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.[3] [*Exit* LAUN.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!

the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been called *Black-Monday.*" — *Bleeding at the nose* was anciently considered ominous. H.

[2] One of the quartos and the folio have *squealing:* the other quarto has *squeaking*, which, though neither so appropriate nor so well authorized, has been generally retained in modern editions. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabe Rich's Aphorisms, 1618, which appears to settle the matter: "*A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument." H.

[3] The worth of a Jew's eye was the price with which the Jews used to buy themselves off from mutilation. The expression became proverbial, and was kept up long after its original meaning was lost. The quibble in this case is one of the best that Launcelot gets off H.

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Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch[4] is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps, I will return immediately.
Do, as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. The same.

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons[1] fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again

[4] That is, fool, or simpleton. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii. sc. 2, note 2.

Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus's *pigeons*. The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus's chariot is drawn.

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His tedious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo: — more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. — Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew: — Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For whom love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

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For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer

Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames!
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile,[2] and no Jew

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come? — On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you: —

[2] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born.*

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No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Belmont.

A Room in PORTIA's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince: —
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears; —
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries; —
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt; —
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give — For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,

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Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves? — Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! — Why, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here? —
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

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Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold,[1] but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll: I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:

[1] This is the angel referred to by Falstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man*. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of Wordsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine passage in one of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets:

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves
His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land." B.

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Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains; go:
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

Sal. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Sol. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sol. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

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Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, — his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, — in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd — "Do not so;
Slubber not[1] business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents[2] of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

[1] To *slubber* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's Worthies of Yorkshire: "Slightly *slubbering* it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 21 of Drayton's Poly-Olbion:

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And *slubberingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme." H.

[2] Shows, tokens. See sc. 2, note 16.

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Turning his face, he put his hand behind him.
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Sol. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness[2]
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX. Belmont.

A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Nerissa, *with a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

[2] The heaviness he is fond of, or cherishes.

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Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd[1] me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! — Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see: —
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire: — that many may be meant
By[2] the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force[3] and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump[4] with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!

[1] Prepared.
[2] *By* and *of*, being synonymous, were used by our ancestors indifferently.
[3] Power.
[4] To *jump* is to *agree* with.

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How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert: — Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,[a]
I will ever be your head:
So be gone; you are sped.

[a] The Poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any other woman.

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Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath.[6]

[*Exeunt Arragon and Train*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?[7]

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;[8]
To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath,)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,

[6] "*Wroath* is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune*. Thus, in Chapman's Version of the 22d Iliad: 'Born all to *wroth* of woe and labour.'" So says the Chiswick. But indeed the original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, any thing that makes one *writhe*; and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech, putting the effect for the cause. H.

[7] An humorous reply to the Messenger's "Where is *my lady*." So, in Richard II., Act v. sc. 5, the Groom says to the King,—"Hail, royal *prince!*" and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer*." And in 1 Henry IV., Act ii. sc. 4, the Hostess says to Prince Henry,—"O Jesu! *my lord*, the prince:" and he replies, "How now, *my lady*, the hostess!" H.

[8] Salutations

To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

Sol. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd[1] ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

[1] To *knap* is to *break short*. The word occurs in the Book of Common Prayer: "He *knappeth* the spear in *sunder*."

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Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha! — what say'st thou? — Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sol. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. —

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sol. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sol. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish: — But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; — a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart: — let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; — let him look to his bond:

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he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; — let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million;[2] laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Sol. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt* SOLAN., SALAR., *and Servant.*

[2] So in all the old copies. Modern editions generally encumber the passage by thrusting in *of* before *half*. M

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Enter TUBAL.

Shy How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall

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never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;[3] I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

[3] The *Turquoise* is a well known precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east. In old times its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. This is alluded to by Ben Jonson in his Sejanus: "And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring, look well or ill with him." Other virtues were also imputed to it. Thomas Nicols, in his translation of Anselm de Boot's Lapidary, says this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife." This quality may have moved Leah to present it to Shylock

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SCENE II. Belmont.

A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, *and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd[1] me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize[2] the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

[1] To be *o'erlook'd*, forelooked, or eye-bitten, was a term for being *bewitched* by an *evil eye*. It is used again in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. sc. 5, note 13.

[2] To *peize* is from *peser*, Fr.; to weigh or balance. So, in Richard III.: "Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow." In the text it is used figuratively for to *suspend*, to *retard*, or *delay* the time.

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Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth
Por. Well, then, confess, and live.
Bass. Confess, and love
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O, happy torment! when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away, then: I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out. —
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. —
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,[3]
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

[3] Alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to see undeceived.

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With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: — With much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Song.

Tell me, where is fancy[4] bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

[4] The Poet, in common with other writers of the time, often uses *fancy* for *love*

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Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,[5]
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind.
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.[6]
Thus ornament is but the guiled[7] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

[5] *Excrement*, from *excresco*, is used for every thing which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 1, note 12

[6] The Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. Several instances of this have already occurred. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 3, note 4. And his 68th Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:

"Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay." H.

[7] *Guiled* for *guiling*, that is, *beguiling*. The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa*. In Act i. sc. 3, of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden*. See, also, Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. 1, note 20. H

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Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest, than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. [*Opening the leaden casket.*] What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit?[8] What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes, —
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd:[9] Yet look, how far

[8] *Counterfeit* anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*. So, in The Wit of a Woman, 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother, — "The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."

[9] That is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletch

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. — Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
[*Kissing her.*
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,

er's Lover's Progress, Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:

"You are a noble gentleman.
Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*."

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's History of Faire Bellora; afterwards published under the title of A Paire of Turtle Doves: "If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that, quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished*."

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Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing;[10] which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers.

[10] So in the folio: the quartos read *something;* which would put *nothing* out of the question, but that the improbability of either word being misprinted for the other seems to infer an authorized correction in the folio. We lay no stress on the reason assigned by Mason for following the folio, that "Portia's intention is to undervalue herself;" because either word seems to agree well enough with the drift of her speech. H.

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As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

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Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What! and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither!
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour: For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

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I know he will be glad of our success:
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What! worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O! sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

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Sale Not one, my lord
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more!
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to Church, and call me wife,

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And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;[11]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear'd between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SOLANIO, ANTONIO, *and Jailor.*

Shy. Jailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy.—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—
Jailor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

[11] A merry countenance. For this use of *cheer* see A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii. sc. 2, note 9. H

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I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice: if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.[1] Therefore, go:

[1] For the due understanding of this passage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf

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These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —
Well, jailor, on. — Pray God, Bassanio, come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Belmont.

A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,

of citizens against strangers, would be putting the latter at a disadvantage, and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Capell and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of*, — a sense in which it is often used by the Poet. The passage is usually printed thus:

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of the state."

Where *commodity* is obviously the subject of *impeach*. Which greatly clogs and obscures the passage, though perhaps it may still be made to yield the same meaning. H.

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Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover[1] of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So, fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

[1] *Lover* was much used by Shakespeare and other writers of his time for *friend*. His sonnets are full of examples in point. B.

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Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica. —
Now, Balthazar, [*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Ballario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed[2]
Unto the tranect,[3] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men.
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,

[2] That is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third act of Henry V.: "Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies."

[3] This word evidently implies the name of a place where the passage-boat set out, and is in some way derived from *tranare* to draw. No other instance of its use has yet occurred. The Poet had most likely heard or read of, if indeed he had not seen the place on the Brenta, about five miles from Venice, where a boat was *drawn* over a dam by a crane. H.

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With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal:[4] — then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come; I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. The same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I

[4] A phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it.* So, in the *Morte Arthur:* "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall.*" And in Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: "*I cannot do withal;* I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." And in Palsgrave's Table of Verbes, quoted by Mr. Dyce: "I can not *do withall,* a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng is done." H.

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promise you, I fear you.[1] I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

[1] That is, fear *for* you, or on your account. So, in Richard III, Act i. sc. 1:

> "The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
> And his physicians *fear* him mightily."

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Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out: He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.[2] — Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your

[2] A shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns and verbal tricks, in which he so often indulges. He dis it to please others, not himself. S.

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coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.[3] How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then,
In reason he should never come to heaven.[4]
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

[3] Probably an allusion to the habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of the common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and of the state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely flourished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to censure than to avoid Launcelot is a good satire upon the practice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself. See our Introduction to Love's Labour's Lost. H.

[4] Such is the reading of one of the quartos. The common reading is that of the folio:

> "And, if on earth he do not mean it, *it*
> *Is* reason he should never come to heaven."

The meaning is the same either way. H.

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Lor I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the DUKE; *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's[1] reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

[1] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice;* a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible *ought* to know

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Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sol. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. —
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse,[2] more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where[3] thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,[4]
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal[5] merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,

[2] *Remorse* in Shakespeare's time generally signified *pity, tenderness;* the *relentings* of compassion.

[3] Whereas.

[4] So in the old copies, but generally printed *lose*. *Loose* is plainly used in the sense of *release*. H.

[5] This epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi. The "*princely* merchants of Boston" are well known in our time H.

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To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:[6]
But, say, it is my humour:[7] is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;[8]
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,[9]

[6] The Jew, being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.

[7] In Shakespeare's time the word *humour* was used, much as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and conditions of our social being, it was his *humour*. Corporal Nym is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's Epigrams:

"Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?
It is his humour, by the Lord, heele sweare." H.

[8] A pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's Elder Brother: "And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*." And in Nashe's Peirce Pennylesse: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table*."

[9] This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:

"And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masters of passion *sways* it to the mood," &c.

Where the discrepancy of *masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have

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Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen[10] bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such nevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

given, until Mr. Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favour of the received lection, Mr. Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine;* and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bagpipe, cannot contain their urine: and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." To this we may add that it seems hardly correct to say,—"Masters of passion sway it to the mood of what *it* likes or loaths;" for unless they sway it to the mood of what *they* like or loath, they can scarce be said to be its *masters*, or to *sway* it at all. The difficulty is avoided by making *affection* the subject of *sways*, and the second *it* refer to *affection*. All which may be deemed reason enough for the reading in the text. Mr. Collier is obliged to leave the final *s* out of *sways;* and there seems no reason but that it may as well be left out of *masters*. Of course *affection* is here used for natural disposition, or constitutional tendency. H.

[10] It was usual to cover with *woollen cloth* the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen*, the conjectural reading *swollen* was proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.

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Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten[11] with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: — Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: — Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

[11] So in both the quartos, but usually printed *fretted*. *Fretten* is apparently an old form of the word, like *waxen* in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act ii. sc. 1 note 14. S

Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. — So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,

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No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.[12] Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog![13]
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,

[12] Malice. See note 1, of this scene. This passage is well illustrated by one in 2 Henry IV., Act iv. sc. 4:

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life."

[13] The quartos and first folio all read *inexecrable*; which is adopted by Knight, and defended by some others, on the ground of *in* being, as it sometimes is, intensive, and thus giving the sense of *most execrable*. That this is good cannot well be denied. Nevertheless, we adhere to the ordinary reading. H.

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Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn[14] you, as you do proceed.—

[14] To *impugn* is to oppose, to controvert.

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[*To* ANT.] You stand within his danger,[15] do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.[16] I have spoke thus much,

[15] Richardson says,—"In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty, damages*, commissi pœna. Thus,—'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere;*' that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also.—'*In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocese.' And in R. Brunne,—'All was in the erle's *dangere.*' And again,—'He was never wedded to woman's *danger;*' that is, woman's dangerous power." Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his Venus and Adonis: "Come not within his *danger* by your will." H.

[16] 'Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.[17] And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be: There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! —
O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

the Chiswick editor, following Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius, "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest." H.

[17] That is, *honesty*. *A true* man in old language is an *honest* man We now call the jury good men and *true*.

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Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart: — Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour. —
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: By my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is: —
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond: — doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

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Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend.
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil to deliver you.

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Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
'Would any of the stock of Barrabas[18]
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
[*To* PORTIA.] We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! — A sentence! Come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little: — there is something else. —
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take, then, thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O, upright judge! — Mark, Jew! — O. learned judge!

[18] Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's Jew of Malta.

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Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O, learned judge! — Mark, Jew; — a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then: — pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice: — soft! — no haste.—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh:
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair, —
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel. —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

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Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop

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That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more: That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god fathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,[19]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

[19] That is, a jury of *twelve* men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke. So, in the Devil is an Ass, by

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Magnificoes, and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,[20]
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope[21] your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

[20] In consideration whereof, or in return for which. For this use of *lieu*, see The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 7, note 5. H.

[21] The only instance, that we remember to have met with, of the word *cope* being used in the sense of to *pay*, or *reward*. A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben Jonson's play, The Fox, Act. iii. sc. 5:

> "Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
> Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
> He would have sold his part of Paradise
> For ready money, had he met a *cope-man*.

Junius thinks the word is from the Anglo-Saxon *Ceap-an*, to traffic, to buy or sell; and that it may have been applied to any kind of *exchange*, and hence to the exchanging of *blows*, or fighting in which sense it is generally used. H.

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Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you: —
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir? — alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

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Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him,
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: — away! make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it: We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you. —
[*To* POR.] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,[1]

[1] *Old* was a common augmentative in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. sc. 2, note 7

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That they did give away the rings to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir; will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S House.

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: — In such a night as this,[1]
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;

[1] There is such an air of reality and of first-hand knowledge about this bewitching scene, as certainly lends some support to the notion of the Poet's having visited Italy; it being scarce credible that any one should have put so much of an Italian moonlight evening into a description, upon the strength of what he had seen in England. But, what is quite remarkable, the vividness of the scene is helped on by the very thing that would seem most likely to hinder it. The running of "in such a night" into such a variety of classic allusion and imagery, and gradually drawing it round into the late and finally into the present experiences of the speakers, gives to the whole the freshness and originality of an actual occurrence; the remembrance of what they have read being quickened by the inspiration of what lies before them. H.

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And saw the lion's shadow ere himself.
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.[2]

[2] One of the finest touches in the delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedded happiness with the charity

Lor. Who comes with her!

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo, ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! Where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit*

and humility of a religious and prayerful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's naturally sends us to Him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine*. A writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown in The Merry Devil of Edmonton:

> "But there are *crosses*, wife: here's one in Waltham,
> Another at the Abbey, and the third
> At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
> Any of these without a Pater-noster."

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Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; — why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. —
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[3] of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in,[4] we cannot hear it. —

[3] A small flat dish or plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist: it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt. The first folio and one of the quartos read *pattens:* the second folio reads *patterns*, which Collier strangely adopts, thus taking a poor authority for a worse reading. H.

[4] So in one of the quartos, giving a sense as clear as need be: the other quarto and the folio read *in it*, which Johnson thought should be *it in*, before he knew how it was in the quarto first mentioned. The Chiswick has "close *us* in," for which there is no authority. — A passage somewhat resembling that in the text occurs in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity: "Touching musical harmony such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." The Book containing this came out in 1597; so that there could not well be any obligation either way between Hooker and Shakespeare. — Of course every body has heard of "the music of the spheres," — an ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth

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Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with an idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression. Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turning of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, that it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, are still more apt to grow big with the conception. Thus Milton in befitting manner speaks of

"the celestial sirens' harmony
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

And Coleridge, in lines not unworthy of a place beside these speaks

"Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard;—
Fitliest unheard! For, O, ye numberless

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By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.[5] — Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings?"

And, finally, Wordsworth, in his magnificent lyric On the Power of Sound, thus refers to the same great theme:

"By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round." H.

[5] Steevens pounced rather unmercifully upon the poor Poet for this piece of "fine frenzy," and Douce very charitably stepped to his defence. Of course both had the best of the argument. "The solemn stupidity," with which the dispute was carried on, is funny enough; otherwise it is not of the slightest consequence. H.

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Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:[6]
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection! —
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

[6] Not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances.

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Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; —
Nor you, Lorenzo; — Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as a day is when the sun is hid.[7]

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! — You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend. —
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

[7] A writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare thus remarks upon this passage: "The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for 'the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap,' — an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation." H

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Int. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.[8]

Gra. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife,[9] "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,[10] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge!
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

[8] This complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, that is, words.

[9] Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. The *poesy*, or *posy*, of a ring was of course the motto.

[10] That is, *considerative*, *regardful*. Thus, in King John, Act i. sc. 1: "For new made honour doth forget men's names; 'tis too *respective* and too sociable." And in The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act iv. sc. 4: "What should it be that he *respects* in her but I can make *respective* in myself?"

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A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,[11]
No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.

[11] *Scrubbed* is here used in the sense of *stunted;* as in Holland's Pliny: "Such will never prove fair trees, but *scrubs* only." And Mr. Verplanck observes that the name *scrub oak* was from the first settlement of this country given to the dwarf or bush oak. How the word came to bear this sense doth not appear, unless because the thing originally signified by it was used for *scrubbing*. H

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Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[12] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,[13]
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:

[12] *Contain* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain*. So, in Bacon's Essays: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."
[13] A *civil doctor* was a doctor of the Civil Law.

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I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

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Bass. Nay, but hear me
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;[14]
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him; pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;

[14] That is, for his *advantage*; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* is only another form of *weal*; we say indifferently common-*weal* or common-*wealth*.

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And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory,

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That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

AS YOU LIKE IT.

In our Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing we have seen that As You Like It, along with two other of Shakespeare's plays and one of Ben Jonson's, was entered in the Stationers' Register August 4, 1600, and that opposite the entry was an order "to be stayed" In regard to the other two the stay appears to have been soon removed, as both were entered again, one on the fourteenth, the other on the twenty-third, of the same month, and were published in the course of that year. Touching As You Like It, the stay seems to have been kept up, perhaps because its continued success on the stage made the company unwilling to part with their interest in it. The play was never printed, so far as we know, till in the folio of 1623, where it stands the tenth in the division of Comedies, with the acts and scenes regularly marked.

This is the only contemporary notice of As You Like It that has been discovered. The play is not mentioned by Meres, which perhaps warrants the inference that it had not been heard of at the date of his list. And in Act v. scene 3, is a line quoted from Marlowe's version of Hero and Leander, which was first printed in 1598. So that we may perhaps safely conclude that the play was written in the latter part of 1598, or in the course of the next year.

One thing more there is, that ought not to be passed by in this connection. Gilbert Shakespeare, a brother of the Poet, lived till after the Restoration; and Oldys tells of "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas" the old man had of having once seen the Poet act a part in one of his own comedies, "wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one

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of them sung a song." This of course could have been none other than the "good old man" Adam, in and about whom we have so much of noble thought; and we thus learn that his character, beautiful enough in itself, yet more beautiful for this circumstance, was sustained by the Poet himself.

In regard to the originals of this play, two sources have been pointed out, namely, The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn, sometime attributed to Chaucer, but upon better advice excluded from his works, and a novel by Thomas Lodge entitled Rosalynd: Euphues' Golden Legacie. As the Tale of Gamelyn was not printed till more than a century later, it has been questioned whether Shakespeare ever saw it. Nor, indeed, can much be alleged as indicating that he did: one point there is, however, that may have some weight that way. An old knight, Sir Johan of Boundis, being about to die, calls in his wise friends to arrange the distribution of his property among his three sons. Their plan is, to settle all his lands on the eldest, and leave the youngest without any thing. Gamelyn being his favourite son, he rejects their advice, and bestows the largest portion upon him. Shakespeare goes much more according to their plan, Orlando, who answers to Gamelyn, having no share in the bulk of his father's estate. But this suits so well with the Poet's general purpose, and especially with the unfolding of Orlando's character, that we need not suppose him to have had any hint for it but the fitness of the thing itself. A few other resemblances may be traced, wherein the play differs from Lodge's novel, but none so strong but that they may well enough have been incidental. Nor, in truth, is the matter of much consequence, save as bearing upon the question whether Shakespeare was of a mind to be unsatisfied with such printed books as lay in his way. We would not exactly affirm him to have been "a hunter of manuscripts;" but we have already seen indications that he sometimes had access to them: nor is it at all unlikely that one so greedy of intellectual food, so eager and apt to make the most of all the means within his reach, should have gone beyond the printed resources of his time. Besides, there can be no question that Lodge was very familiar with the Tale of Gamelyn: he follows it so closely in a large part of his novel, as to leave scarce any doubt that he wrote with the manuscript by him; and if he, who was also sometime a player, availed himself of such sources, why may not Shakespeare have done the same?

Lodge's Rosalynd was first printed in 1590, and its popularity appears in that it was republished in 1592, and again in 1598. Steevens pronounces it a "worthless original;" but this sweeping sentence is so very unjust as to breed a doubt whether he had read it. A graduate of Oxford, Lodge was evidently something of a scholar, as well as a man of wit, fancy, and invention. Compared with the general run of popular literature then in vogue, his novel has much merit, and is very well entitled to the honour of

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contributing to one of the most delightful poems ever written. A rather ambitious attempt, indeed, at fine writing, pedantic in style, not a little overloaded with the euphuism of the time, and occasionally running into absurdity and indecorum, nevertheless, upon the whole, it is a varied and pleasing narrative, with passages of great force and beauty, and many touches of noble sentiment, and sometimes informed with a pastoral sweetness and simplicity quite charming. The work is inscribed to Lord Hunsdon, and in his Dedication the author says,—"Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I writ this book; rough, as hatch'd in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas." It has been lately republished in Mr. Collier's Shakespeare Library. In accordance with the plan we have hitherto followed, we will endeavour such an abstract from which the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations in this quarter may be pretty fairly gathered.

Sir John of Bordeaux, being at the point of death, called in his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divided his wealth among them, giving to the eldest fourteen ploughlands, with all his manor houses, and richest plate; to the next, twelve ploughlands; to the youngest, his horse, armour, and lance, with sixteen ploughlands; accompanying the testament with divers precepts and motives to a well-ordered life. The father being dead, Saladyne, after a short season of hypocritical mourning, went to studying how he might defraud his brothers and ravish their legacies. Acting as their guardian, he put Fernandine to school at Paris, and kept Rosader as his foot-boy. Having borne this patiently for three years, Rosader's spirit at length began to rise against it: he said to himself,—"Nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied me art to contemplate: I have strength to perform any honourable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my virtuous endeavours: those good parts that God hath bestowed upon me, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscurity. With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair on his face, and, perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery." While he was thus ruminating Saladyne came along, and began to jerk him with rough speeches, asking him,—"What, sirrah! is my dinner ready?" He answered,—"Dost thou ask me for thy cates? ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office. Let me question thee, why thou hast felled my woods, spoiled my manor houses, and made havoc of what my father bequeathed me? Answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy." Saladyne meeting this question with insulting threats, Rosader at last seized a great rake, and let drive at him, and soon brought him to terms. Feigning sorrow for what he had done, he drew the youth, who was of a free and generous nature, into a reconciliation, till

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he might gain time to finish him out of the way; and in this state they continued for a season.

Meanwhile, Torismond, who had driven his brother Gerismond the rightful king of France, into exile, and usurped his crown appointed a day of wrestling and tournament, to busy the people's thoughts, and keep them from running upon the banished king At that time, a Norman of tall stature and great strength, who had wrestled down as many as undertook with him, and often killed them outright, was to stand against all comers. Saladyne, thinking this an apt occasion to put his treachery in play, went to the Norman secretly, and engaged him with rich rewards to despatch Rosader, in case he came within his grasp. He then went to Rosader, to prick him on to the wrestling, telling him how much honour it would bring him, and how he was the only one to keep up the renown of the family. The youth, full of heroic thoughts, was glad enough of such an opportunity, and forthwith set out for the place. At the time appointed Torismond went forth to preside over the exercises, attended by the twelve peers of France, his daughter Alinda, Rosalynd, the daughter of the banished king, and all the most famous beauties of the kingdom. Rosalynd, "upon whose cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces," was the centre of attraction, the banquet of all eyes, "and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage." The tournament over, the Norman presented himself as a general challenger at wrestling. For some time none durst adventure with him, till at last there came in a lusty franklin of the country, with two tall young men, his sons. The champion soon smashed up these antagonists, killing them both; at which all were in a deep passion of pity but the father himself, who was more pleased at their bravery than grieved at their death. This done, Rosader alights from his horse, and presents himself, cheering the stout-hearted yeoman with the promise that he will "either make a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honourable triumph." He quickly puts an end to the Norman, though not till his eyes and thoughts have got thoroughly entangled with the beauty of Rosalynd. On the other side she is equally touched by his handsome person and heroic bearing. After the king and lords had learned who he was, and graced him with their embracings, she "took from her neck a jewel and sent it to him by a page, as an assurance of her favour."

Upon his brother's return, Saladyne, greatly chagrined at the unlooked-for issue, began forthwith to persecute him worse than ever, and the war was waged in any thing but a becoming manner on both sides. Of their long strife suffice it to say, that the Poet has shown good judgment in omitting it altogether. By this time Torismond grew jealous of his niece, and thought to banish her, saying to himself,—"Her face is so full of favour, that it pleads pity in the eye of every man;" for he feared lest some

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one of the peers should aim at her love, and then in his wife's right attempt the kingdom. Coming upon her in this mood, he charged her with treason, and ordered her into immediate exile; whereupon Alinda fell to entreating for her, telling him how "custom had wrought such an union of their nature, that they had two bodies and one soul;" and that if he banished her she would herself share the same sentence. He then turned his wrath upon her, telling her she did but "hatch up a bird to peck out her own eyes:" but she, nothing amazed, stood firm in defence of her cousin, assuring him that if he refused her prayer "she would either steal out and follow her, or end her days with some desperate kind of death." Seeing her so resolute, he then decreed the banishment of them both. After comforting each other as well as they could, they went to arranging for their flight. Alinda grieving that they were to have no male attendant, Rosalynd says to her,—"Thou seest I am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page: I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side; and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon." Thus they set forth, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, and at last came to the forest of Arden, where, after wandering about some time, and suffering many perils and privations, they found some verses pinned upon a tree, and soon came where they might overhear a conversation between two shepherds, Coridon and Montanus, the latter of whom had got so smitten with a shepherdess named Phœbe, that he could talk of nothing else. Coridon having grown somewhat old and wise in pastoral science, his rhetoric soon put Alinda in love with a shepherd's life; and when he told her his landlord was going to sell both the farm he tilled and the flock he kept, she resolved to buy them, and have him for overseer. This done, they lived in quiet, heeding their flock, and hearing Montanus warble the praises of his cruel mistress: "though they had but country fare and coarse lodging, yet their welcome was so great and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond."

At length Rosader, driven off by his brother's cruelty, betook himself to the same forest, accompanied by Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had been an old and trusty servant to Sir John of Bordeaux. Arriving there, Adam was so forespent with hunger and travel, that he sunk down in despair, and begged Rosader to look out for himself, and leave him alone to die. After bidding him be of good cheer, Rosader started off in quest of food Now "it chanced that Gerismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in the forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon-trees." To this place fortune brought Rosader, who, seeing the

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band of brave men so well provided, stepped boldly up to the table, and begged a supply for himself and his old friend who were perishing with hunger, at the same time saying,—"If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword." Gerismond, moved with pity, and rising from the table, took him by the hand, bade him welcome, and willed him to sit down in his place, and eat as much as he would. But he answered, he would not taste one crumb till his suffering friend were first relieved. So away he runs to Adam, and, finding him too feeble to walk, takes him upon his back and brings him to the place. Gerismond and his men greatly applauded this league of friendship; and the king's place being assigned to Rosader, he would not sit there himself, but gave it to Adam. The repast being over, Rosader at the king's request gave an account of himself, how he was the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, how he had been wronged by his elder brother, and closed by saying, —"And this old man, whom I so much love and honour, is Adam Spencer, an old servant of my father's, and one that never failed me in all my misfortunes." Hearing this the king fell on the neck of Rosader. and told him he was Gerismond, and how he loved Sir John. Then he asked about his daughter Rosalynd, and Rosader told him how Torismond had banished her, and how Alinda chose rather to share her exile than part fellowship; whereupon the unnatural father had banished her too.

When Torismond knew of Rosader's flight, and that Saladyne was now sole heir of Sir John's estates, he sought a quarrel with him, so as to come at his revenues. At first Saladyne was thrown into prison, where he was soon brought to repent his injuries to Rosader. Being sent for by the usurper, and questioned about his brother, he answered that he had fled, he knew not whither. Then Torismond said,—"Nay, villain, I have heard of the wrongs thou hast done thy brother: I spare thy life for thy father's sake, but banish thee forever from the court and country of France; and see thy departure be within ten days, else thou shalt lose thy head." Meanwhile, Rosader gets to feel quite at home in his forest life, his hands being busy with woodland pursuits, and his thoughts with the image of Rosalynd, in whose praise he carves sonnets in the bark of trees, till one day he chances to meet her disguised as Ganimede. After drawing out his thoughts about herself, she engages him to visit and talk with her as if she were Rosalynd indeed. One day, as he was in chase of a deer, he came where he saw a man lying asleep, and a lion couched near by, waiting for him to awake. Coming nearer, he perceived the man to be his brother Saladyne. He debated with himself awhile what he should do, but at last resolved to do right: he killed the beast, but got a bad wound himself. At the noise Saladyne awoke, and, not knowing who his deliverer was, went along with him, and, being asked, told the story of his life, how he had

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wronged his brother, moistening his discourse with tears, till Rosader, unable to smother the sparks of nature, made himself known. "Much ado there was between them, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving all former injuries." In this temper Saladyne was conducted to the king, and of course taken into the woodland society.

This business detained Rosader from his appointment with Rosalynd, which caused her a deal of distress; and when at last he came, he had not much more than told the story of the late events, before it appeared that his coming was in good time. For a gang of ruffians, who had fled from justice and were living secretly in the forest, thought to kidnap Aliena and her page for a present to the usurper, to buy out the law, knowing that he was a lecher, and delighted in the spoil of virgin beauty. Their onset found Rosader on the spot. But he was unable to stand against so many, and, being badly hurt, was expecting to see his friends borne away, when Saladyne came up, "having a forest bill on his neck," which he handled with such good aim as wrought a speedy rescue. Alinda and Saladyne being thus brought together, their acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual vow. While this was in the forge, Coridon took his mistress and her page where they might overhear what passed between Montanus and Phœbe. Rosalynd was much provoked at Phœbe's behaviour, and, their dialogue ended, went to chiding her, at the same time counselling her not to let slip so fair a chance. Phœbe, who all the while thought scorn to love, now gets as much enthralled to Ganimede as Montanus is to herself, when Rosalynd, seeing the effect of her speech, breaks off the interview, and leaves her sighing and weeping with this new passion. Then Phœbe presently reduces her love to writing, and asks Montanus to be her post to Ganimede, which he readily undertakes to do, though knowing how it makes against himself. For some time things go on thus, Montanus wooing Phœbe, and Phœbe Ganimede, till Phœbe is drawn into a promise, that if she leave to love Ganimede, she will fancy Montanus; Ganimede at the same time engaging that if he ever wed any woman it shall be Phœbe.

Meanwhile, the day being set and the preparations begun for the nuptials of Saladyne and Alinda, this puts Rosader in great tribulation, that he cannot be married to Rosalynd at the same time. He tells his grief to Ganimede, who replies,—"Be of good cheer, man: I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic: what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage: I will cause him to bring Rosalynd, if either France or any bordering nation harbour her;" at which Rosader frowned, thinking the page was jesting with him. When all are assembled for the wedding, Gerismond, observing the page, calls to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and sighs deeply. Rosader asking him the cause, he tells how the page reminds him of his daughter. Rosader

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then professing his love for her, the king declares that if she were present he would this day make up a marriage between them Thereupon Ganimede withdraws to put on her woman's attire, and, presently returning as Rosalynd, falls at her father's feet, and craves his blessing. Of course it is soon settled that she and Rosader shall be married that day. Phœbe being now asked if she be willing to give up the page, she replies that if they please she and Montanus will that day make the third couple in marriage. Hitherto Alinda has kept her disguise, and Saladyne sought her hand, thinking her to be what she seemed: now, seeing him look rather sorrowful, and supposing it to grow from the apparent disadvantage of his match, she makes herself known. By this time word is brought that the priest is at Church, and tarries their coming. The wedding well over, while they are at dinner Fernandine arrives, and informs them that the twelve peers of France are at hand with an army to restore Gerismond to the throne. The victory declaring for them, and the usurper being slain, all wrongs are soon righted, and the exiles return together to Paris.

From this sketch, which has been made with care, it will be seen that the Poet has here borrowed much excellent matter: perhaps it will also be seen that he has used with exquisite judgment whatsoever he took. Excepting, indeed, The Winter's Tale, there is none of his plays wherein he has drawn so freely from others; nor, we may add, is there any wherein he has enriched his drawings more liberally from the glory of his own genius. To appreciate his judgment as shown in what he left, one must read the whole of Lodge's novel. In our sketch will be found no traces of Jaques, or Touchstone, or Audrey: in truth, there is nothing in the novel, that could yield the slightest hint towards either of those characters. It need scarce be said that these superaddings are of themselves enough to transform the whole into another nature, pouring through all its veins a free and lively circulation of the most original wit, and humour, and poetry. And by a judicious indefiniteness as to persons and places, the Poet has greatly idealized the work, throwing it at a romantic distance, and weaving about it all the witchery of poetical perspective; and the whole falls in so smoothly with the laws of the imagination, that the breaches of geographical order are never noticed, save by such as cannot understand poetry without a map.

No one at all qualified to judge in the matter will suppose that Shakespeare could have been really indebted to Lodge, or whomsoever else, for any of the *characters* in As You Like It. He did but borrow certain names and forms for the bodying forth of conceptions purely his own. The resemblance is all in the drapery and circumstances of the representation, not in the individuals. For instance, we can easily imagine Rosalind in an hundred scenes not here represented, for she is a substantive personal being, such as we may detach and consider apart from the particular order

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wherein she stands; but we can discover in her no likeness to Lodge's Rosalynd, save that of name and situation: take away the similarity here, and there is nothing to indicate that he who drew the heroine of the play had ever seen the heroine of the novel. And it is considerable, that though he has here borrowed more than almost any where else, there is no sign of any borrowing in the work itself: we can detect no foreign influences, no second-hand touches, nothing to suggest that any part of the thing had ever been thought of before; what he took being so thoroughly assimilated into what he gave, that the whole seems to have come fresh from nature and his own mind: so that, had the originals been lost, we should never have suspected there were any.

This play is exceedingly rich and varied in character. The several persons standing out round and clear, yet their distinctive traits in a remarkable degree sink quietly into the feelings, without reporting themselves in the understanding; for which cause the clumsy methods of criticism can scarce reduce them to expression. Properly speaking, the drama has no hero; for, though Orlando occupies the foreground, the characters are strictly coördinate, the very design of the work precluding any subordination among them. Diverted by fortune from all their cherished plans and purposes, they pass before us in just that moral and intellectual dishabille, which best reveals their indwelling graces of heart and mind. Schlegel, indeed, remarks that "throughout the picture the Poet seems to have aimed at showing that nothing is wanting to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial restraint, and restore both to their native liberty." But it should be further observed, that the persons have already been "purified by suffering," and that it was under the discipline of social restraint that they developed the virtues that make them go right without it. Because they have not hitherto been free to do as they would, therefore it is that they are good and beautiful in doing as they have a mind to now.

Orlando is altogether such a piece of young manhood as it does one good to be with. He has no special occasion for heroism, yet we feel that there is plenty of heroic stuff in him. Brave, gentle, modest, and magnanimous; never thinking of his high birth but to avoid dishonouring it; in his noble-heartedness forgetting and making others forget his nobility of rank;—he is every way just such a man as all true men would choose for their best friend. The whole intercourse between him and his faithful old servant, Adam, is on both sides replete with the very divinity of the old chivalrous sentiment, in whose eye the nobilities of nature were always sure of recognition.

The exiled Duke exemplifies the best sense of nature, as thoroughly informed and built up with Christian discipline and religious efficacy, so that the asperities of life do but make his thoughts run the smoother. How sweet, yet how considerative and firm, is every

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thing about his temper and moral frame! he sees all that is seen by the most keen-eyed satirist, yet is never moved to be satirical, because he looks with wiser and therefore kindlier eye. Hence comes it that he "can translate the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style." In his philosophy, so bland benignant, and contemplative, the mind tastes the very luxury of rest, and has an antepast of measureless content.

Touchstone, though he nowhere strikes so deep a chord within us as the poor fool in Lear, is the most entertaining of Shakespeare's privileged characters. Richly indeed does his grave logical nonsense moralize the scenes wherein he moves. It is curious to observe how the Poet takes care to let us know from the first, that beneath the affectations of his calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. Used to a life cut off from human sympathies; stripped of the common responsibilities of the social state; living for no end but to make aristocratic idlers laugh; one, therefore, whom nobody respects enough to resent or be angry at any thing he says; — of course his habit is to speak all for effect, nothing for truth: instead of yielding or being passive to the natural force and virtue of things, his vocation is to wrest and transshape them out of their true scope. Thus a strange wilfulness and whimsicality has wrought itself into the substance of his mind. Yet his nature is not so "subdued to what it works in," but that, amidst the scenes and inspirations of the forest, the fool quickly slides into the man; the supervenings of the place so running into and athwart what he brings with him, that his character comes to be as dappled and motley as his dress. Even in the new passion which here takes him there is a touch of his old wilfulness: when he falls in love, as he really does, nothing seems to inspire and draw him more than the unloveliness of the object; thus approving that even so much of nature as survives in him is not content to run in natural channels.

Jaques, we believe, is an universal favourite, as indeed he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's happiest conceptions. Without being at all unnatural, he has an amazing stock of peculiarity. Enraptured out of his senses at the voice of a song; thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at sight of the motley-clad and motley-witted fool; taking no interest in things but for the melancholy thoughts they start up in his mind; and shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character; — he represents the abstract and sum total of an utterly useless yet perfectly harmless man, seeking wisdom by abjuring its first principle. An odd rich mixture of reality and affectation, he does nothing but think, yet avowedly thinks to no purpose; or rather thinking is with him its own end. On the

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whole, if in Touchstone there be much of the philosopher in the fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that Ulrici is not so wide of the mark in calling them "two fools." He is equally wilful, too, in his turn of thought and speech, though not so conscious of it; and as he plays his part more to please himself, so he is proportionably less open to the healing and renovating influences of nature. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms for him, because such moral discrepancies offer the most salient points to his cherished meditations. Still even his melancholy is grateful, because free from any dash of malignity. His morbid pruriency of mind seems to spring from an excess of generative virtue. And how racy and original is every thing that comes from him! as if it bubbled up from the centre of his being; while his perennial fulness of matter makes his company always delightful.

It is not quite certain whether Jaques or Rosalind be the greater attraction: there is enough in either to make the play a continual feast; though her charms are less liable to be staled by custom, because they result from health of mind and symmetry of character; so that in her presence the head and heart draw entirely together, and therefore move so smoothly as to render us happy without letting us know why. For wit this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal, perhaps superior, to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her. A soft, subtle, nimble essence, consisting in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither stings nor burns, but plays briskly and airily over all things within its reach, enriching and adorning them, insomuch that one could ask no greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible vivacity it waits not for occasion, but runs on forever, and we wish it to run on forever: we have a sort of faith that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies. And her heart seems a perennial fountain of affectionate cheerfulness: no trial can break, no sorrow chill her flow of spirits; even her deepest sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth; an arch, roguish smile irradiates her saddest tears. Yet beneath all her playfulness we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity, so that she never laughs away our respect. It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for the better concealing of what she is. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms of speech serve but to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character, than to keep strictly within it at the risk of causing a suspicion of her sex.—Celia appears well worthy of a place beside her whose love she shares and repays. Instinct with

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the soul of moral beauty and of female tenderness, the friendship of these more than sisters "mounts to the seat of grace within the mind."

The general scope and drift, or, as Ulrici would say, the ground idea, of this play is aptly hinted by the title. As for the beginnings of what is here represented, they do not greatly concern us, for most of them lie back out of our view, and the rest are soon lost sight of in what grows out of them; but the issues, of which there are many, are all exactly to our mind; we feel them to be just about right, and would not have them otherwise. For example, touching Oliver and Frederick, our wish is, that they should repent, and repair the wrong they have done; in a word, that they should become good, which is precisely what takes place; and as soon as they do this, they of course love those that were good before. Jaques, too, is so fitted to moralize the discrepancies of human life, so happy and at home, and withal so agreeable while doing it, that we would not he should follow the good Duke when in his case those discrepancies are composed: we feel that the best thing he can do is to leave him, and take to one who, growing better, and so resigning his ill-gotten wealth, resolves to do right, though it bring him to penury and rags. The same might easily be shown in regard to the other issues: indeed, we dare ask any genial, considerate reader, — Does not every thing turn out just *as you like it?* Moreover, there is an indefinable something about the play, that puts us in a passive and receptive temper and frame of mind; that opens the heart, smiles away all querulousness and fault-finding, and makes us easy and apt to be pleased. Thus the Poet disposes us to like things as they come, and at the same time takes care that they shall come as we like.

Much has been said by one critic and another about the improbabilities in this play. We confess they have never troubled us; and as we have had no trouble here to get out of, we do not well know how to help others out. Wherefore, if any one be still annoyed by these things, we will turn him over to the poet Campbell, wishing him nothing worse or better than that he may find that author's charming criticism just *as he likes it.* "Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia, — 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, — 'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire, until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind, — for until a late period my eyes were never touched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is, that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut

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them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabil ities, when the heart has been touched, and the fancy fascinated!

"In fact, though there is no rule without exceptions, and no general truth without limitation, it may be pronounced, that if you delight us in fiction, you may make our sense of probability slumber as deeply as you please. But it may be asked, whether nature and truth are to be sacrificed at the altar of fiction? No! in the main effect of fiction on the fancy, they never are or can be sacrificed. The improbabilities of fiction are only its exceptions, while the truth of nature is its general law; and unless the truth of nature were in the main observed, the fictionist could not lull our vigilance as to particular improbabilities. Apply this maxim to As You Like It, and our Poet will be found to make us forget what is eccentric from nature in a limited view, by showing it more beautifully probable in a larger contemplation."

Finally, we have to confess that, upon the whole, As You Like It is our favourite of Shakespeare's comedies. Yet we should be puzzled to tell why; for our preference springs, not so much from any particular points or features, wherein it is surpassed by several others, as from the general toning and effect. The whole is replete with a beauty so delicate, yet so intense, that we feel it every where, but can never tell especially where it is or in what it consists. For instance, the descriptions of forest scenery come along so unsought, and in such easy, natural touches, that we take in the impression, without once noticing what it is that impresses us. Thus there is a certain woodland freshness, a glad, free naturalness, that creeps and steals into the heart before we know it. We are persuaded, indeed, that Milton had this play especially in his mind when he wrote,—

> "And sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

Add to this, that the kindlier sentiments here seem playing out in a sort of jubilee. Untied from set purposes and definite aims, the persons come forth with their hearts already tuned, and so have nothing to do but let off their redundant music. Envy, jealousy, avarice, revenge, all the passions that afflict and degrade society, they have left in the city behind them. And they have brought the intelligence and refinement of the court, without its vanities and vexations; so that the graces of art and the simplicities of nature meet together in joyous loving sisterhood. Thus it answers to Ulrici's fine description: "The whole is a deep pervading harmony, while sweet and soul-touching melodies play around; all is so ethereal, so tender and affecting, so free, fresh, and joyous, and so replete with a genial sprightliness, that I have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most excellent compositions in the whole wide domain of poesy.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his usurping Brother.
AMIENS, } Lords attending upon the exiled Duke.
JAQUES, }
LE BEAU, a Courtier attending upon Frederick
CHARLES, his Wrestler.
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } Servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, } Shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
HYMEN.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the exiled Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country Wench.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

SCENE, at first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Orchard near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his[1] blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so

[1] That is, my father's. This use of the pronoun, without the word to which it refers, naturally carries the thoughts back to the preceding part of the conversation, which the Poet did not report, as if he but just then came where he could overhear it. Sir William Blackstone proposed to read, — "*He* bequeathed me;" Warburton, — "*My father* bequeathed me." No such change is necessary; on the whole, it is rather worse than useless. H.

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plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines[2] my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?[3]

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you, then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.[4]

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with

[2] *Mines* is here used in the sense of *undermines*. So, in Raleigh's History of the World: "The enemy *mined*, and they countermined." *Gentility* means noble birth: what an honourable parentage has done for me, he strives to undo with base breeding. H.

[3] That is, what *do* you here? See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii. sc. 1, note 15, and Act iv. sc. 2, note 5.

[4] "*Be naught*," says Mr. Nares, "or go and be naught, was formerly a petty execration of common usage between anger and contempt, which has been supplanted by others that are worse, as *be hanged*, *be cursed*, &c.; *awhile*, or *the while*, was frequently added merely to round the phrase." So in The Story of King Darius, 1565: "Come away, and *be naught a whyle*." And in Swetnam, a comedy, 1620: "Get you both in, and *be naught awhile*." See, also, Measure for Measure, Act v. sc. 1, note 28.

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them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O! sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[5]

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[6]

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. [*Advancing.*] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me My father charg'd you in his will to give me good

[5] That is, nearer to him in the right of that reverence which was his due. H.

[6] Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "There is a beauty here. The word *boy* naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and with the retort of *elder* brother, he grasps him with firm hands, and makes him feel he is no boy." H.

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education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

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Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O! no; for the duke's daughter,[7] her cousin, so loves her, — being ever from their cradles bred together, — that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,[8] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England.[9]

[7] That is, the *usurping* duke's daughter.

[8] *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Roeroy. Spenser, in his Colin Clout, mentions it.

> "So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
> Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul Arlo was."

In Lodge's Rosalynde the exiled king of France is said to be living as "an outlaw in the forest of Arden."

[9] This prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I., and had his chief residence in Sherwood forest, Notinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy;" and in Percy's Reliques is an old ballad entitled Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne, showing how his praises were wont to be sung. Of his mode of life the best account that we have seen is in the twenty-sixth song of Drayton's Poly-Olbion, where the nymph of Sherwood forest,

> "All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
> That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king

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They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.[10]

Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court.
The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell.
In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue;
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When, setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
The warbling Echoes wak'd from every dale and hill.
And of these archers brave there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amóngst the poor:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game."

Robin Hood's mode of life is well set forth in Ben Jonson's Sad Shepherd. H.

[10] Of this fabled golden age,—an ancient and very general tradition wherein the state of man in Paradise appears to have been shadowed,—some notion is given in Gonzalo's Commonwealth, The Tempest, Act ii. sc. 1, and note 12. The matter is further illustrated by a passage in Fanshawe's version of Guarini's Pastor Fido:

"Fair golden age! when milk was th' only food,
And cradle of the infant world the wood
Rock'd by the winds; and th' untouch'd flocks did bear
Their dear young for themselves! None yet did fear

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Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, —it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against

The sword or poison: no black thoughts begun
T' eclipse the light of the eternal sun:
Nor wand'ring pines unto a foreign shore
Or war, or riches, (a worse mischief,) bore.
That pompous sound, idol of vanity,
Made up of title, pride, and flattery,
Which they call honour, whom ambition blinds,
Was not as yet the tyrant of our minds.
But to buy real goods with honest toil
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
Was honour to those sober souls that knew
No happiness but what from virtue grew." H

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me his natural brother; therefore, use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester.[11] I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle[12] the boy thither, which now I'll go about.[13] [*Exit.*

[11] That is, frolicsome fellow.

[12] Spur him on. Thus, in Macbeth: "That, trusted home might yet *enkindle* you unto the crown."

[13] Upon this passage Coleridge has a very characteristic remark: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths, which it seems almost impossible that

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SCENE II. A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: Let me see: what think you of falling in love?

any mind should so distinctly have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it." H.

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Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No: When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? — Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.[1] — How now, wit? whither wander you?

[1] In modern editions generally this has been unaccountably changed to "*his* wits;" as if the fool's dulness were a sharpener of his own wits, not of other people's. We give the passage as in the original.

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Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old[2] Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: Speak no more of him: you'll be whipp'd for taxation,[3] one of these days.

[2] *Old* is here used merely as a term of familiarity; not meaning *aged*. H.

[3] It was the custom to whip fools, when they used their tongues too freely. *Taxation* is censure, satire. Thus, in Act ii. sc. 7, of this play, Jaques says,—"Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein *tax* any private party?" H.

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Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.[4]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for

[4] This is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do any thing without delicacy. If a man flatter grossly, it is a common expression to say he *lays it on with a trowel.*

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the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. — three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence: —

Ros. With bills on their necks,[5] — "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. — The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

[5] So in the old copies; but most editors are agreed that these words probably belong to Le Beau's speech, though the matter is not deemed so clear as to warrant a change. *Bills* were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 3, note 3. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their *necks*, not on their shoulders. Of course there is a quibble on the word *bills*, the latter part of the speech referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words, — "Be it known unto all men by these presents" H

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Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides?[6] is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. *Enter* FREDERICK, *Lords*, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

Fred. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Fred. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Fred. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Fred. Do so: I'll not be by. [*He goes apart.*

Johnson says, — "Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs, gradually shortening, and some musical instruments; and therefore calls *broken ribs* 'broken music.'" No better explanation has been offered. H.

[7] So in the original, meaning, of course, the man is so unequal. *Man* is usually but needlessly altered to *men*. H.

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Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.[8]

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,[9] the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein[10] I confess me much guilty,

[8] This is the only authorized text. The usual reading is, "the *princesses call* for you;" the text being thus changed, to make it agree with *them* in the next line. But the truth is, only *one* of the ladies calls for Orlando; and he says *them*, because he *sees* two, not because the request comes from them both. H.

[9] Coleridge says,—"Surely it should be '*our* eyes' and '*our* judgment;'" whereas the speaker's design apparently is, to compliment Orlando; the reverse of which would be the case in the reading proposed. The meaning, therefore, seems to be, that his own eyes and judgment, if he would use them about himself would give him better counsel than he is following. H.

[10] This *wherein* is not a little in the way. Some have understood it as referring to *thoughts;* which is clearly wrong. The only meaning it can well bear is that of *since*, or *in that*. We are apt to think that the printer's eye caught the *wherein* just below, and thus inserted it here out of place. To our mind the sense would run much clearer, should we leave out the first *wherein*, put a period after *thoughts*, and a semicolon after *any thing*. Nevertheless, we adhere to the original. H

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to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein, if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious;[11] if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Fred. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mock'd me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHA. *and* ORL. *wrestle.*

Ros. O, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Fred. No more, no more.

[11] That is, was never *in grace*, or in favour. Shakespeare elsewhere has similar uses of the word. H.

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Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breath'd.

Fred. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Fred. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Fred. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* FRED., *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. [*Giving a chain from her neck.*] Gentleman,

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Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
means. —
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay: — Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintaine,[12] a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my
fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir? —
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you. — Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.
Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;

[12] A *quintaine* was a figure set up for tilters to run at, in mock resemblance of a tournament. The first and simplest form was a tree or post with a shield or some object affixed to it: afterwards a cross bar was fixed to the top of the post turning upon a pivot, having a broad board at the one end, and a bag full of sand suspended at the other. Sometimes it was made in resemblance of a human figure holding in the one hand a shield and in the other a bag of sand. In the sport, if the figure were struck on the shield the quintaine turned on its pivot and hit the assailant with the sand bag. The skill consisted in striking the quintaine dexterously so as to avoid the blow.

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Yet such is now the duke's condition,[13]
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller[14] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!
[*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother. —
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit*

[13] Spirit, temper. See The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 2, note 9. M.

[14] The old copy reads *taller*, which is evidently wrong, for Rosalind says in the next scene that she is "more than common tall." The present reading is Malone's.

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SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind: — Cupid have mercy! — Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father.[1] O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in

[1] So in the original. Rowe suggested that it should be "my father's child," and that reading has been adopted in several editions. Coleridge says, — "Who can doubt that it is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? A most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason; — and besides, what a strange thought, and how out of place, and unintelligible!" With these remarks we fully agree, yet do not feel at liberty to admit the change. R

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time, in despite of a fall. — But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;[2] yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?[3]

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. — Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

Fred. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Fred. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,

[2] Shakespeare's use of *dear* in a double sense has been already illustrated. See Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1, note 3.

[3] Celia, be it observed, has already shown that she has no sympathy with her father's crime, and she here speaks ironically, implying the severest censure upon him; her meaning apparently being, — "It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, on your principle of reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?" H.

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Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Fred. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself: —
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Fred. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Fred. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse:[4]
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we have still slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

[4] *Remorse* was continually used by the old writers for *pity*, the relentings of compassion. H.

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Fred. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: Then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Fred. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself:
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* FREDERICK *and Lords.*

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,

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To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber[6] smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe[7] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing[8] and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do out-face it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Umber was a dusky, yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy.

[7] This was one of the old words for a *cutlass*, or short, crooked sword. It was variously spelled, *courtlas*, *courtlax*, *curtlax*.

[8] *Swashing* is dashing, swaggering. Thus, in Fuller's Worthies of England: "A ruffian is the same with a swaggerer, so called, because endeavouring to make that side swag or weigh down, whereon he engageth. The same also with *swash-buckle*, from swashing or making a noise on bucklers." H.

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Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.[1]

[1] So in the original. Theobald proposed to change *not* into *but*, and the change has been generally received. Boswell and Caldecott argue,—"Surely the old reading is right. 'Here we *feel not*, do *not suffer from*, the penalty of Adam, the seasons' difference; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile* and say,'" &c. To which it may be replied, if he did *not feel* the things in question, why should he say,—"These are counsellors that *feelingly persuade* me what I am?" So that with *not* we cannot make the sentence harmonize, as it is usually pointed: if *seasons' difference* be read as in apposition with *penalty of Adam*, we see no way but to change *not* into *but*. On the other

The seasons' difference, as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, —
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery, — these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;[2]
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

hand, *but* makes the passage equally incongruous, not indeed with itself, but with the matter referred to. The Poet had no authority for regarding the *seasons' difference* as the *penalty of Adam: that* was ordained in the constitution of nature, not superinduced after the fall. The *penalty* which the Duke and his co-mates were exempt from, is — "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And this exactly agrees with what is said of them in the first scene of the play, that they "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." On the whole, therefore, we have little hesitation in following the pointing proposed by Mr. Whiter and adopted by Knight. H.

[2] The "precious jewel" in the toad's head was not his bright eye, as is sometimes supposed, but one of the "secret wonders of nature," which exist no longer "in the faith of reason." According to Edward Fenton, it was found in the heads of old, and large, and especially he toads, and was of great value for its moral and medicinal virtues. Of course so precious a thing, being rather hard to find, was often counterfeited, and there was an infallible test for distinguishing the counterfeit from the true: "You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap towards it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." H.

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And yet it irks[3] me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[4]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques!
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

[3] That is, it gives me pain. The verb *irk* has gone out of use but its sense survives in the adjective *irksome.* H.

[4] Barbed arrows. H.

[5] It was an ancient notion that a deer, being closely pursued, fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and *wepeth*, when he is take." Drayton in the thirteenth song of his Poly-Olbion has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up with an allusion to the same matter:

> "He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
> Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."

And in a note upon the passage he adds.—"The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine" H.

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1 *Lord.* O! yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless[6] stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which hath too much."[7] Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;
"'Tis right," quoth he; "this misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

[6] That is, the stream that *needed not* such a supply.

[7] So in 3 Henry VI., Act v. sc. 4:

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength *to that which hath too much*"

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This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can:
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,[2] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O, good old man! how well in thee appears

[2] That is, blood turned out of a course of nature: affections alienated.

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The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of[3] all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:[4]
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *for Ganymede*, CELIA *for Aliena, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and

[3] In return for. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii sc. 1, note 5.

[4] An indefinite period; *somewhat* too late.

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hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage! good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,[1] if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you; who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,

[1] A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a cross; on this Shakespeare often quibbles. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act i sc. 2, note 3.

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Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler,[2] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom[3] I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal[4] in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

[2] An instrument with which washers beat clothes.

[3] That is, from his mistress. *Cod* was formerly used for the *shell* of peas, what we now call the *pod*. Pea-pods seem to have been worn sometimes for ornament. Thus Camden, speaking of Richard II., in his Remains: "He also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, and the peas out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster. H.

[4] *Mortal* is here used in the sense of *extreme*; as we still sometimes say *mortal* great, *mortal* tall. H.

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Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond' man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace! I say.—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks[5] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote,[6] his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice[7] most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

[5] Little *cares*. The sense of *reck* appears in our word *reckless*. H.

[6] That is, *cot* or *cottage*; the word is still used in its compound form, as *sheepcote* in the next line.

[7] As far as I have a voice, have the power to bid you welcome

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Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn[1] his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can

[1] Pope altered *turn* to *tune*. That the old copy was right appears from a line in Hall's Satires:

"While threadbare Martial *turns* his merry note."

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suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing:[2] Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please my self.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[3] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

[2] This has the appearance of being a legal phrase, and Mr. Caldecott says it refers to the words *nomina facere*, in the Roman law. In the Pandects, *nomina facere* means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the names of the parties are entered. Cicero uses *nomina facere* for to lend money, and *nomen solvere* for to pay a debt; and in Livy we have *nomen transcribere in alium* for to transfer a debt to another. H.

[3] That is, disputatious. The use of the passive form in an active sense and *vice versa*, was quite common in the Poet's time H.

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Song.

All. Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme:[4]
Here shall he see gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.[5]

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*

[4] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *duc ad me*, bring him to me, which gives the right meaning; but the transposition was doubtless intentional. H.

[5] A proverbial expression for *high-born* persons.

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SCENE VI. The same.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said![1] thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. The same.

A table set out.

Enter DUKE, AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

Duke. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

[1] A phrase of the time, meaning the same as our *well done!*

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We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. —
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What! you look merrily.
Jaq. A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; — a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune."[1]
And then he drew a dial from his poke,[2]
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. — O, noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

[1] Alluding to the proverb, *Fortuna favet fatuis.*
[2] *Pocket*, or *pouch.*

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Duke. What fool is this?

Jaq. O, worthy fool! — One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. — O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;[3]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish Church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd,
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,[4] would I do, but good?

[3] A quibble between *petition* and *dress* is here intended.

[4] About the time when this play was written, the French *counters*, i. e., pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning were brought into use in England

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Duke. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery[6] is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There, then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.[7] — But who comes here?

[6] So in the original: a strange reading, hard to retain, but harder to alter. Pope changed it to "*very* very means," which is flat enough: nevertheless, it has been generally adopted. *Weary*, if it be the right word, doubtless means *exhausted*. Mr. Whiter explains it, — "Till the very means, being *wearied out*, do ebb;" which justifies the sense, though not the language, of the passage. H.

[6] *Brarery* is fine showy dress and equipage.

[7] Ben Jonson's Every Man out of His Humour was first acted in 1599, and probably written before As You Like It. The character of Asper, wherein the author clearly personates himself, is in some respects quite similar to that of Jaques; insomuch that a writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare thinks the latter to have been

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Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet I am inland bred,
And know some nurture.[8] But forbear, I say:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

meant partly as a satire upon the former. Asper's satire is perfectly scorching, his avowed purpose being to "strip the ragged follies of the time naked as at their birth;" and the Induction has some lines bearing so strong a resemblance to this speech of Jaques', as might well suggest that the Poet had them in his mind:

"If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
As lick up every idle vanity." H.

[8] *Nurture* is education, culture, good-breeding. Thus, in Prospero's description of Caliban: "A devil, a born devil, on whose nature *nurture* can never stick." And in Baret's Alvearie, 1573: "It is a point of *nourtour* or good manners to salute them that you meete." — *Inland*, the commentators say, is here opposed to *upland*, which meant rude, unbred. We should be apt to think that the use of the word grew from the fact, that up to the Poet's time all the main springs of culture and civility in England were literally *inland*, remote from the sea. H

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Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to Church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to Church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command[9] what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while.
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—

[9] That is, at your own command.

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Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, —
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.[10]

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.[11] At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail

[10] Pleonasms of this kind were by no means uncommon in the writers of Shakespeare's age. Thus Baret: "I was afearde *to* what end his talke would come *to*." In Coriolanus, Act ii. sc. 1: "*In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in?*" And in Romeo and Juliet, Act i. Chorus: "That fair *for* which love groan'd *for*." And a little before in this scene: "*Of* what kind should this cock come *of?*"

[11] In the old play of Damon and Pythias we have, — "Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts." In The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times, 1613, is a division of the life of man into *seven ages*, said to be taken from Proclus: and it appears from Browne's Vulgar Errors, that Hippocrates also divided man's life into seven degrees or stages, though he differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each stage. Dr. Henley mentions an old emblematical print, entitled The Stage of Man's Life divided into Seven Ages, from which he thinks Shakespeare more likely to have taken his hint than from Hippocrates or Proclus; but he does not tell us that this print was of Shakespeare's age. The Poet has again referred to it in The Merchant of Venice:

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play his part."

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Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern [12] instances;
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,[13]
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

[12] Trite, common.
[13] The *pantaloon* was a character in the old Italian farces; it represented, as Warburton observes, a thin, emaciated old man, in *slippers*.

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Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,[14]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benéfits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[15]
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

[14] Johnson thus explains this line, which some of the editors have thought corrupt or misprinted: "Thou winter wind, says Amiens, thy rudeness gives the less pain, as *thou art not seen*, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult."

[15] In the Poet's time the verb *warp* was sometimes used for to *weave*, — a sense now retained only in the substantive. In this sense it is used in Florio's Dictionary to explain *ordire*, and in Cotgrave to explain *ourdir;* and Nares has pointed out two instances of like use in Sternhold's version of the Psalms: "While he doth mischief *warp*," and "Such wicked wiles to *warp;*" where we should say *weave*. — In Hickes' Thesaurus is found a Saxon proverb, — "Winter shall *warp water*." And Propertius has a line containing the same figure: "Africus in glaciem frigore *nectit aquas*." The appropriateness of the figure may be seen in the fine network appearance which water assumes in the first stages of crystallization. H.

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As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. — Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. — Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Fred. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Fred. More villain thou. — Well, push him out of doors:

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And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent[1] upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,[2] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Forest of Arden

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[1] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[2] she. [*Exit.*

[1] A law phrase, thus explained by Blackstone, Com. B. iii. ch. 26: "The process hereon is usually called an *extent* or *extendi facias*, because the sheriff is to cause the lands, &c., to be appraised to their full *extended* value, before he delivers them to the plaintiff." H.

[2] That is, *expeditiously*. *Expedient* is used by Shakespeare throughout his plays for *expeditious*. So, in King John: "His marches are *expedient* to this town." And in Richard II.: "Are making hither with all due *expedience*."

[1] This passage seems to evince a most intimate knowledge of ancient mythology; but Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with Chapman's Hymns to Night and to Cynthia, which, though over-informed with learning, have many highly poetical passages, among which is the following:

> "Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul,
> That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell."

[2] That is, *inexpressible*. See Act ii. sc. 5, note 3, of this play. Also Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 1, note 4. H.

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Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of[3] good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural[4] philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope, —

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

[3] In Ben Jonson's play, The Sad Shepherd, Lionel says of Amie: "She's sick *of* the young shepherd that bekist her;" i. e sick *for* him, or *wanting* him.

[4] A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone quibbles on the word.

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Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous[5] state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,[6] you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! — Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee,

[5] *Parlous* is evidently a corruption of *perilous.* H.

[6] Hides or skins; as in Ben Jonson's Discoveries: "A prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flea his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their *fells.*" H.

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shallow man! God make incision in thee![7] thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

[7] A passage that has not been made altogether clear. The most common explanation is, that *incision* refers to the proverbial phrase of *cutting for the simples;* which has some support in what Touchstone says afterwards,—"That is *another simple* sin in you." Of course the being *raw* is the reason why *incision* should be made. The best illustration, then, that we can think of, is in one of Dr. South's Sermons, where he remarks upon the passage,—"Having their conscience seared with a hot iron:" "Others more significantly, make it an allusion to the practice of surgeons and physicians, who use *cuttings* and burnings for the healing of corrupt flesh; which, being once thus cauterized or seared, becomes afterwards insensible." So, also, in The Times Whistle, a manuscript, quoted by Dr. Farmer:

"Let ulcer'd limbes and goutye humors quake,
Whilst with my pen I doe *incision* make."

Bearing in mind that *raw* is used in the double sense of *green* and *sore*, perhaps this will render the passage clear enough; at least give it a meaning H.

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Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,[8]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together dinners, and suppers, and sleeping-hours excepted it is the right butter-women's rank[10] to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then, to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses:[11] Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

[8] That is, most fairly *delineated*.

[9] *Fair* is beauty.

[10] That is, the *jog-trot rate*, as it is vulgarly called, with which butter women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market.

[11] So in Nashe's Pierce Pennilesse, 1593: "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*, but that if I should retort the rime doggrel aright, I must make my verses (as he doth) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

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Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country;[12] for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?[13]
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil[14] sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age:
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,

[12] Upon this passage Steevens remarks,—"Shakespeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening: the medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November." True, O George! and Shakespeare most manifestly knew it. Do not the words,—"*Then* it will be the earliest fruit,"—clearly infer that it is not so *now?* Moreover, though the *latest* of fruits to *ripen*, is it not one of the *earliest* to *rot?* and does not Rosalind mean that when the tree is graffed with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever? H.

[13] The *a* in this line was supplied by Pope.

[14] Johnson says,—"*Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say, *civil* wisdom and *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life."

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Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little[15] show.
Therefore, Heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,[16]
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

[15] That is, in miniature. So, in Hamlet: "A hundred ducats a-piece for his *picture in little*."

[16] Critics have wondered and discussed a good deal what Atalanta's *better part* might be. As that celebrated lady had a good many parts, all of them very good, it is not easy to settle which was the better. It is not for us to decide so weighty a matter; but we should not be surprised to learn that her better part was that wherein she was better than Helen and Cleopatra. The story of Atalanta represents her as singularly beautiful, chaste, and swift-footed: her beauty imperilled her virgin treasure, which she was anxious to preserve even with the death of her lovers; and she found safety in her fleetness; had no lovers but what she could outrun. From all which Mr. Whiter concludes that in the ancient portraits of that heroine the most perfect expression of virgin purity was united with exquisite proportion and symmetry of person. Lucretia, he says, was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages, which is here referred to under the title of modesty. His summing-up of the matter is best given in his own words: "Such, then, are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress, that the ripe and brilliant beauties of Helen should be united with the elegant symmetry and virgin graces of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the majestic mien of Cleopatra, and the matron modesty of Lucretia." H.

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Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! — what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends: — Shepherd, go off a little: — Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I never was so be-rhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,[17] which I can hardly remember.

[17] This romantic way of killing rats in Ireland is mentioned by Ben Jonson and other writers of the time. Thus, in the Poetaster "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats in drumming tunes." And, in Bartholomew Fair, one of the persons, commenting on a ballad he is singing, says, — "The *rat-catcher's charms* are all fools and asses to this." Whatever strange gifts the rats of old Ireland may have had that way, we have heard of actual instances in our day of musical mice, as they were called, at the music of a violin coming forth from their hidings, going into an ecstasy and dancing themselves to death. H

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Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.[18]

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.[19]

Ros. Good my complexion![20] dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.[21] I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

[18] In Holland's translation of Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two *hills* removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise."

[19] To *whoop* or hoop is to cry out, to exclaim with astonishment. *Out of all cry* seems to have been a similar phrase for the expression of vehement admiration.

[20] This was probably only a little unmeaning exclamation similar to Goodness me!

[21] That is, if you keep me in suspense any longer, my curiosity will shape to itself a region as wide as the *South Sea*. The South Sea, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for *discovery*. H.

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Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.[22]

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?[23] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's[24] mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

[22] Speak *seriously* and *honestly*, that is, with a *serious* countenance, and as a true virgin.

[23] That is, how was he dressed?

[24] The giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad.

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Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,[25] as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla![26] to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[27]

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

[25] "An *atomie* is a mote flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse." Bullokar's English Expositor, 1616.

[26] This was a term by which the rider restrained and *stopped* his horse.

[27] A quibble between *hart* and *heart*, then spelt the same.

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Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[28] from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

[28] To answer *right painted cloth* is to answer sententiously. We still say, she talks *right* Billingsgate. *Painted cloth* was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms, which has generally been supposed and explained to mean *tapestry*, but was really *cloth* or canvas *painted* with various devices and mottos. The verses, mottos, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in our old writers. Thus, in Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More: "Mayster Thomas More, in hys youth. devysed in hys father's house in London a goodly hangyng of *fyne paynted clothe*, with nyne pageauntes, and verses over every of these pageauntes." Shakespeare again mentions it in Tarquin and Lucrece:

> "Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
> Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe."

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Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQ. — CEL. *and* ROS. *come forward.*

Ros. [*To* CEL.] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — [*To* ORL.] Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then, there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid,

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between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed [29] a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland [30] man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and

[29] That is, sequestered.
[30] That is, civilized. See Act ii. sc 7, note 8.

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I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye,[31] and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,[32] which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger

[31] That is, a blueness about the eyes, an evidence of anxiety and dejection.

[32] That is, a reserved, unsociable spirit, the reverse of that in Hamlet: "Thou comest in such a *questionable* shape that I will speak to thee."

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brother's revenue.—Then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device [33] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner: He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I,

[33] That is, *precise, exact;* dressed with finical nicety. See Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 5, note 14.

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being but a moonish [34] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving humour of madness; [35] which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind: — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

[34] That is, as changeable as the moon.

[35] The original reads "*living* humour of madness," the meaning of which is not altogether clear, unless *living* have the sense of *lasting*. Johnson suspected that there was some antithesis lost in the printing, and proposed *loving*, which, as it involves but a change of a single letter, we venture to adopt. Mr. Collier found the change made in an old manuscript note in the copy owned by Lord Francis Egerton. H.

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SCENE III. The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY;[1] JAQUES *at a distance, observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?[2]

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious[3] poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house![4]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and

[1] *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda.* The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.

[2] Mr. Nares's explanation of this passage is, that the word *feature* is too learned for the comprehension of Audrey, and she reiterates it with simple wonder. *Feature* and *features* were then used indiscriminately for the proportion and figure of the whole body.

[3] Shakespeare remembered that *caper* was Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. There is also a quibble between *goats* and *Goths.*

[4] An allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 5. *Ill-inhabited* is used for *ill-lodged.*

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what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool![5]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[6]

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text,[7] the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a

[5] A *material fool* is a fool with matter in him.

[6] Honest Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair;* that is, for *plain, homely.* She had good authority for doing so. Thus, in Thomas' History of Italy: "If the maiden be *fair,* she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul,* they advance her with a better portion." H.

[7] For the use of *Sir* as a clerical title, see The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 1, note 1 H.

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fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Are horns given to poor men alone? — No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[8] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence[9] is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.[10]

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver. — Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master What-ye-call't: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you[11] for your last company: I am very

[8] Lean deer are called *rascal* deer.

[9] That is, the art of fencing.

[10] The learned Fool appears to use *horn* in a threefold sense, for the ideal horn, which the Poet so often assigns to abused husbands, the horn of plenty, *cornucopia*, and such horns as are commonly worn by horned cattle. M

[11] That is, God yield you, God reward you.

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glad to see you: — Even a toy in hand here, sir — Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[12] sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to Church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver! Not —

O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
But — wend away; begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.[13]

[*Exeunt* JAQ., TOUCH., *and* AUDREY.

[12] That is, his *yoke*, which, in ancient time, resembled a bow or branching horns. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. sc. 5, note 15.

[13] The ballad of "O sweete Olyver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says, I will sing — *not* that part of the ballad which says — "Leave me not behind thee;" *but* that which says — "Begone, I say," probably part of the answer

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Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit*

SCENE IV. The same. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:[1] Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips[2] of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

[1] Judas was constantly represented in old paintings and tapestry, with red *hair* and *beard*. So in The Insatiate Countess: "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*."

[2] There is humour in the expression *cast lips;* which Theobald rightly explained *left off*, as we still say *cast* clothes.

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Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is:* besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He ask'd me of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose:[3] but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.— Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well; and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

[3] An allusion to tilting, where it was held disgraceful for a knight to break his lance *across* the body of his adversary. See Much Ado about Nothing. Act v. sc. 1, note 11. H.

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Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives[1] by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a distance*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes — that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies —
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!

[1] That is, he who, to the very end of life, continues a common executioner.

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Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O! dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty, —
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?[2]

[2] The commentators have made much ado over this innocent passage, all of which only goes to show that they did not understand it. Some would strike out *no* before *beauty*, others would change it into *mo*, or *more*: whereas the peculiar force of the passage is, that Rosalind, wishing to humble Phebe, takes for granted that she is herself aware she has no beauty, and is therefore proud, even because she has none. Rosalind knows that to tell her she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her prouder; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud because she lacks it. Need we add, that the best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have any thing to be proud of? H.

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Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work: — Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too. —
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. —
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her.
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,[3]
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her. —
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.[4]
So, take her to thee, shepherd: — Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.[5] If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll

[3] *Proper* was often used in Shakespeare's time for *handsome*. H.

[4] That is, the ugly seem most ugly, when, as if proud of their ugliness, they set up for scoffers. H.

[5] The first clause of this sentence is addressed to Phebe; the other to the rest of the company. *Your* is commonly changed to *her*; whereas the very strength of the speech lies in its being spoken *to* the person herself. H

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sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not : If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by. —
Will you go, sister ? — Shepherd, ply her hard : —
Come, sister : — Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.[6]
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

Phe. Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might ;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ? "[7]

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phe. Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

[6] If all men could see you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he.

[7] This line is from the first Sestiad of Marlowe's version of Hero and Leander, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection. The passage runs as follows :

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin
We wish that one should lose, the other win :
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows : let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight :
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ? "

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By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot[6] once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy; — yet he talks well: —
But what care I for words? — yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: — not very pretty: —
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

[6] This word is printed in Italics as a proper name in the old edition. It is, however, apparently formed from *carle*, a peasant

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He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.[9]
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

[9] Shakespeare apparently has reference to the *red rose*, which is red all over alike, and the *damask rose*, in which various shades of colour are *mingled*. H.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern[1] censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

[1] *Modern* is here used in the sense of common, ordinary, trite, as before in this play: "Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."

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Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable[2] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarcé think you have swam in a gondola.[3] [*Exit* JAQUES.] — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! — An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly,

[2] *Disable* was sometimes used by the old writers in the sense of disrepute, detract from, or impeach. H.

[3] That is, been at Venice, then the resort of all travellers, as Paris now. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of our youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Quo Vadis?* to stem the fashion.

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he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[4] than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

[4] *Leer* was anciently used simply for *look*, its original meaning being face, countenance, complexion. Thus in The Merry Wives of Windsor Falstaff says of Mrs. Ford,—"She gives the *leer* of invitation." And in an old ballad. The Witch of Wokey:

"Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly *leer*."

Again, in Holland's Pliny: "In some places there are no other thing bred or growing but brown and duskish, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *leere*, but also the corne upon the ground, and other fruits of the earth." M.

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Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

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Ros. Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando: — What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, — "Will you, Orlando,"—

Cel. Go to: — Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, — "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest;[5] and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. Forever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are

[5] That is, goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what was to be said first by Celia. H.

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maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain;[6] and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen,[7] and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors[8] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, — "Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say, — she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer,[9]

[6] Figures, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in The City Match: "Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamentations." Such an image of Diana, "with water *prilling* from her naked breast," was set up at the cross in Cheapside in 1596, according to Stowe. Torriano defines "*Figura in Fontana che butti acqua*, as an antike image, from whose teats water trilleth."

[7] The bark of the hyæna was thought to resemble a loud laugh.

[8] That is, *bar* the doors, make them fast.

[9] This bit of satire is also to be found in Chaucer's Marchantes Tale, where Proserpine says of women on like occasion:

"For lacke of answere none of us shall dien."

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unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,[10] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways: — I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: — that flattering tongue of yours won me: — 'tis but one cast away, and so, — come, death! — Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: Adieu!

[*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose

[10] That is, make her husband the occasion of her fault; a thing by no means confined to the matrimonial relation. H.

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pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love. — I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Another part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES *and Lords, like Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory: — Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear:
Then sing him home.[1]

[1] In the original we have here, — "Then sing him home, the

Burden, sung by the rest. } Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando![1]

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth — to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth. —
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action

rest shall bear this burthen," — printed all in one line, and as part of the song. All editors are agreed, as they well may be, that the latter part of the line was meant for a stage-direction, and they print it as such. Knight and Collier think that the words, "Then sing him home," are evidently a part of the stage-direction, and treat them accordingly: we think they are evidently no such thing, but a part of the song. Nor are we at all shaken herein by the fact, that those words are not in the song as set to music by John Hilton, and printed in Playford's Musical Companion, 1673: for Hilton arranged it as a round for four voices, and therefore was obliged to leave out the line in question; but the Poet makes no sign that it should be sung as a round. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Verplanck, that *Then sing him home* refers to the escorting of the lord who killed the deer to their home in the wood, and is given by the singer of the first part as a direction to those that sing the rest. H.

[1] *Much* is used ironically; as we still say, — "A good deal you will," — meaning, of course, "No, you won't." H.

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Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? — Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest; I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance: — Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes

> "Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
> That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"

Can a woman rail thus?

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Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. "Why, my godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing? —

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me." —

Meaning me a beast. —

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[9]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? — What! to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured! — Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her: — That if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. — If you be a true lover,

[9] *Kind* for *nature*, or *natural affection*. See The Merchant of Venice. Act i. sc. 3, note 7.

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hence, and not a word; for here comes more com
pany. [*Exit* SILVIUS

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin: Are you he?
Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,

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Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,[3]
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.[4]
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;

[3] Love is always thus described by our old poets as made up of contraries.

[4] The bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical licence, which the critics of course have not failed to grow big withal. Perhaps they did not see that the very grossness of the thing proves it to have been designed. By this irregular combination of actual things he informs the whole with ideal effect, giving to this charming issue of his brain "a local habitation and a name," that it may link in with our flesh-and-blood sympathies, and at the same time turning it into a wild, wonderful, remote, fairy-land region, where all sorts of poetical things may take place without the slightest difficulty. Of course Shakespeare would not have done thus, but that he saw quite through the grand critical humbug, which makes the proper effect of a work of art depend upon our belief in the actual occurrence of the thing represented. H.

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And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: — Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling[5]
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin? —

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd;
As, how I came into that desert place; —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love:
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;

[5] That is, jostling or clashing encounter. In Julius Cæsar we have, — "The noise of battle *hurtled* in the air"

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And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede! [ROSALIND *faints.*

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it: — Cousin — Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither. — I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: — You a man? — You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh ho! —

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards: — Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: — Will you go.

[*Exeunt*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God; — a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent

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good: — and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar, leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is, company, — of this female, — which in the common is, woman, — which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

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Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey: — I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?[1]

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all's contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

[1] Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot. In Lodge's novel the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians; without this circumstance the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.

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Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he show'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that?

Ros. O! I know where you are:—Nay, tis true: there never was any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,[2] or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.[3]

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through

[2] *Incontinent* here signifies *immediately*, without any stay or delay, out of hand; so Baret explains it. But it had also its now usual signification, and Shakespeare delights in the equivoque.

[3] It was a common custom in Shakespeare's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, "clubs, clubs," to part the combatants. So in Titus Andronicus: "*Clubs, clubs!* these lovers will not *keep the peace.*" It was the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices. So, in The Renegado, Act i. sc. 2: "If he were in London among the *clubs*, up went his heels for striking of a prentice."

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another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer, then, with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:[4] I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:[5] Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will

[4] *Conceit* in the language of Shakespeare's age signified *wit*, or *conception*, and *imagination*.

[5] She alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practising magic, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. The Poet refers to his own times, when it would have brought her life in danger.

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be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service,
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;[6]
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

[6] The old copy reads *observance*, but it is very unlikely that word should have been set down by Shakespeare twice so close to each other. Ritson proposed the present emendation.

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Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. [*To* ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. [*To* PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to,—"Why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—[*To* SIL.] I will help you, if I can:—[*To* PHE.] I would love you, if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—[*To* PHE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—[*To* ORL.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—[*To* SIL.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—[*To* ORL.] As you love Rosalind, meet;—[*To* SIL.] As you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt*

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SCENE III. The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[1] Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit; sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring-time,[2]

[1] That is, a married woman. See Much Ado about Nothing Ac ii. sc. 1, note 20.

[2] *Ring-time* is time for marriage. The original has *rang*, which has generally been changed to *rank*. In the original, moreover the last stanza is printed as the second. Both corrections are from a manuscript in the Signet-Office Library, Edinburgh, which we are told, "cannot have been written later than sixteen years after this play was printed, and may have existed at a much earlier period." The song as there given has been published in Chappell's Collection of National English Airs. Before the dis

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When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.[3]

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt*

covery of the manuscript, the misplacing of the stanzas had been conjectured by Dr. Thirlby, and rectified. H.

[3] From the Page's reply Monck Mason concluded that *untuneable* was a misprint for *untimeable:* but *time* and *tune* were sometimes used indifferently. Thus, in Massinger's Roman Actor, Act ii. sc. 1: "The motions of the spheres are out of *time*, her musical notes but heard." Besides, Touchstone would hardly say the *note* was *untimeable.*" S

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SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear[1]

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.—
[*To the* DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [*To* ORLANDO.] And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To* PHEBE.] You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,

[1] Henley thought this line should read thus: "As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear;" Heath thus: "As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear." We give the line just as it stands in the original, which seems as clear as any of the readings proposed. The meaning, though rather subtle, appears to be,—"As those that fear lest they may believe a thing because they wish it true, and at the same time know that this fear is no better reason for disbelief than their hope is for belief. Who has not sometime caught himself in a similar perplexity of hope and fear? H.

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You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To* SILVIUS.] You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke! to give your daughter; —
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: —
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd: —
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Duke. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

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Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure;[2] I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.[3] I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks. — A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

[2] The *measure* was a kind of grave, solemn dance, something like the *minuet*, elsewhere described as "full of state and ancientry,' and therefore comporting well with the dignity of the court See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 2. and Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 2, note 12. H.

[3] A mode of speech quite common in the Poet's time. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii. sc. 1, note 12. "God'ild you' means, God *yield* you, God *reward* you. H.

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Touch. According to the fool's bolt,[4] sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed; — bear your body more seeming,[5] Audrey; — as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is call'd the "Retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is call'd the "Quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the "Reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the "Reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is call'd the "Countercheck quarrelsome:" and so the "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the "Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "Lie direct;" and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O! sir, we quarrel in print, by the book,[6]

[4] There was an old proverb, — "A fool's bolt is soon shot.' See Much Ado about Nothing, Act i. sc. 1, note 5. H.

[5] Seemly.

[6] The Poet has in this scene rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address. The book alluded to is entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Saviolo," 1594. The first part of which is "A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard

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as you have books for good manners:[7] I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as "*If* you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,[8] and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of Honour, and the right *Understanding of Words*, which here is set down." The eight following chapters are on the Lie and its various circumstances, much in the order of Touchstone's enumeration; and in the chapter of Conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says,—"Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words: *if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes, whereof no sure conclusion can arise."

[7] The Booke of Nurture; or, Schoole of Good Manners for Men, Servants, and Children, with *stans puer ad mensam*, 12mo., without date, in black letter, is most probably the work referred to. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, and first published in the reign of Edward VI.

[8] A picture of a horse, which the hunter carried before himself, to deceive the game See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1 note 8.

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Enter HYMEN,[9] *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Still music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.[10]
Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To the* DUKE.] To you I give myself, for I am yours: —
[*To* ORL.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
Duke. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, — my love, adieu!
Ros. [*To the* DUKE.] I'll have no father, if you be not he: —
[*To* ORL.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he: —
[*To* PHE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she: —
Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:

[9] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

[10] That is, *at one; accord*, or *agree* together. This is the old sense of the phrase; "an *attonement*, a loving againe after a breach or falling out Reditus in gratia cum aliquo." *Ba et.*

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Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[11]
[*To* ORL. *and* ROS.] You and you no cross shall part:
[*To* OLI. *and* CEL.] You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* PHE.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[*To* TOUCH. *and* AUD.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O, blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke. O, my dear niece! welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,[12]

[11] That is, if there be *truth* in *truth*.
[12] In the old copies this Jaques is introduced as the *Second*

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That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd[13] a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,[14]
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

Brother, in accordance with what he here says of himself. Though the third brother brought into the play, he is the second in order of birth. His name is given in the first scene, and he is spoken of as being then "at school." Which might seem to make Orlando too young to have smashed up the great wrestler; but, as Mr. Verplanck observes, *school* was then a common term for any place of study or institution of learning, whether academical or professional. In Lodge's novel Fernandine is represented as "a *scholar* in Paris." He, also, is the second of three brothers, and, like Jaques de Bois, arrives quite at the end of the story. H.

[13] That is, prepared.

[14] In Lodge's novel the usurper is not turned from his purpose by any such pious counsels, but conquered and killed by the twelve peers of France, who undertake the cause of Gerismond, their rightful king. Here is a part of Fernandine's speech: "For know, Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troop'd with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join: therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and show yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers: so shall you for the benefit of your country discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honourable a parent." H.

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To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry: —
Play, music! — and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —
[*To the* DUKE.] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To* ORL.] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
[*To* OLI.] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To* SIL.] You to a long and well deserved bed:
[*To* TOUCH.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. — So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: — what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.[15] [*Exit.*

[15] The reader feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in

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Duke. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,[16] 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them,) that be-

this manner; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel makes him captain of the king's guard.

[16] It was formerly the general custom in England, as it is still in France and the Netherlands, to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a vintner: there was a classical propriety in this; *ivy* being sacred to Bacchus. So in Summer's last Will and Testament 1600: "Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors." Again, in The Rival Friends, 1632: "'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern." The custom is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c., by people who sell ale at no other time. The manner in which they were decorated appears from a passage in Florio's Italian Dictionary, in voce *Tremolo* "gold foile or thin leaves of gold or silver, namely thinne plate as *our vintners adorn their bushes with.*"

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tween you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,[17] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtesy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[17] The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE only probable contemporary notice that has come down to us of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL is in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, under the title of Love's Labour Won. Dr. Farmer, in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare, 1767, first gave out the conjecture, that the two titles belonged to one and the same play; and this opinion has since been concurred or acquiesced in by so many good judgments, that it might well be let pass unsifted. There is no other of the Poet's dramas extant, to which that title so well applies, while, on the other hand, it certainly fits this play better than the title it now bears. The whole play is emphatically love's labour: its main interest throughout turns on the unwearied and finally-successful struggles of affection against the most stubborn and disheartening drawbacks. It may perhaps be urged that the play entitled Love's Labour Won has been lost; but this, considering what esteem the Poet's works were held in, both in his time and ever since is so very improbable as to be hardly worth the dwelling upon.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has spent a deal of learning and ingenuity in trying to show, that the play referred to by Meres in 1598 as Love's Labour Won was The Tempest. Among Shakespeare's dramas he could scarce have pitched upon a more unfit subject for such a title. There is no *love's* labour in The Tempest. For though a lover does indeed labour awhile in bearing logs, this is not from love, but simply because he cannot help himself. Nor does he thereby *win* the lady, for she was won before,—"at the first sight they have chang'd eyes;"—and the labour was imposed for the testing of his love, not for the gaining of its object; and was all the while refreshed with the "sweet thoughts" that in heart and will she was already his. In short, there is no external evidence whatsoever in favour of Mr. Hunter's conjecture, while the internal evidence makes strongly against it. The probable date

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of The Tempest has been argued in our Introduction to that play, from which the reader can judge whether it was likely to have been written so early as 1598.

Coleridge in his Literary Remains sets down this play as "originally intended as the counterpart of Love's Labour's Lost; which would seem to imply that he thought it to be the play mentioned by Meres. And Mr. Collier tells us it was the opinion of Coleridge, first given out in 1813, and again in 1818, though not found in his Literary Remains, "that All's Well that Ends Well, as it has come down to us, was written at two different and rather distant periods of the Poet's life;" and that "he pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression." The same opinion has since been enforced by Tieck; and the grounds of it are so manifest in the play itself, that no considerate reader will be apt to question it. In none of the Author's plays do we meet with greater diversities of manner; one must be dull indeed not to observe them.

We have seen, in the Introduction to Love's Labour's Lost, that in 1598 that play had been "newly corrected and augmented." The probable truth, then, seems to be, that All's Well that Ends Well underwent a similar process. There being no external proofs, the date of this revisal must needs be uncertain; but one can scarce doubt that it was some years later than in case of the former play. We have also seen that Love's Labour's Lost was acted at court "between New-Year's Day and Twelfth Day," 1605. The reviving of this might naturally enough draw on a revival of its counterpart. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Collier in the conjecture — for it is nothing more — that All's Well that Ends Well was revived with alterations and additions about the same time, and its title changed, perhaps with a view to give an air of greater novelty to the performance. It is true, indeed, as Mr. Hunter argues, that the play twice bespeaks its present title: but both instances occur precisely in those parts which taste most strongly of the Poet's later style; and in both the phrase, "All's well that ends well," is printed in the same type as the rest of the text. And the line near the close, "*All is well ended*, if this *suit be won*," may be fairly understood as intimating some connection between the two titles which we suppose the play to have borne.

As to the rest, this play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it makes the twelfth in the list of Comedies. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And there are several dark and doubtful words and passages, which cause us again to regret the want of earlier copies to correct or confirm the reading as it there stands. In one or two places both the first writing and the subsequent correction appear to have been printed together, thus making the sense very perplexed and obscure.

The only known source, from which the Poet could have borrowed any part of this play, is a story in Boccaccio's Decameron

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entitled *Giglietta di Nerbona*. In 1566 William Paynter published the first volume of his Palace of Pleasure, containing an English version of this tale; an outline of which will show the nature and extent of Shakespeare's obligations.

Isnardo, count of Rousillon, being sickly, always kept in his house a physician named Gerardo of Narbona. The count had a son named Beltramo, the physician a daughter named Giglietta, who were brought up together. The count dying, his son was left in the care of the king and sent to Paris. The physician dying some while after, his daughter, who had loved the young count so long that she knew not when she began to love him, sought occasion of going to Paris, that she might see him; but being diligently looked to by her kinsfolk, because she was rich and had many suitors, she could not see her way clear. Now the king had a swelling on his breast, which through ill treatment was grown to a fistula; and, having tried all the best physicians and being only made worse by their efforts, he resolved to take no further counsel or help. The young maiden, hearing of this, was very glad, as it suggested an apt reason for visiting Paris, and showed a chance of compassing her secret and most cherished wish. Putting at work such knowledge in the healing art as she had gathered from her father, she rode to Paris, and repaired to the king, praying him to show her his disease. He consenting, as soon as she saw it she told him that, if he pleased, she would within eight days make him whole. He asked how it were possible for her, being a young woman, to do that which the best physicians in the world could not; and, thanking her for her good will, said he was resolved to try no more remedies. She begged him not to despise her knowledge because she was a young woman, assuring him that she ministered physic by the help of God, and with the cunning of master Gerardo of Narbona, who was her father. The king, hearing this, and thinking that peradventure she was sent of God, asked what might follow, if she caused him to break his resolution, and did not heal him. She said,—"Let me be kept in what guard you list, and if I do not heal you let me be burnt; but if I do, what recompense shall I have?" He answered, that since she was a maiden, he would bestow her in marriage upon some gentleman of right good worship and estimation. To this she agreed, on condition that she might have such a husband as herself should ask, without presumption to any member of his family; which he readily granted. This done, she set about her task, and before the eight days were passed he was entirely well; whereupon he told her she had deserved such a husband as herself should choose, and she declared her choice of Beltramo, saying she had loved him from her youth. The king was very loth to grant him to her; but because he would not break his promise, he had him called forth, and told him what had been done. The count, thinking her stock unsuitable to his nobility, disdainfully

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said, — "Will you, then, sir, give me a physician to wife?" The king pressing him to comply, he answered, — "Sire, you may take from me all that I have, and give my person to whom you please, because I am your subject; but I assure you I shall never be contented with that marriage." To which he replied, — "Well you shall have her, for the maiden is fair and wise, and loveth you entirely; and verily you shall lead a more joyful life with her than with a lady of a greater house;" whereupon the count held his peace. The marriage over, the count asked leave to go home, having settled beforehand what he would do. Knowing that the Florentines and the Senois were at war, he was no sooner on horseback than he stole off to Tuscany, meaning to side with the Florentines; by whom being honourably received and made a captain, he continued a long time in their service.

His wife, hoping by her well-doing to win his heart, returned home, where, finding all things spoiled and disordered through his absence, she like a sage lady carefully put them in order, making all his subjects very glad of her presence and loving to her person. Having done this, she sent word thereof to the count by two knights, adding that if she were the cause of his forsaking home, he had but to let her know it, and she, to do him pleasure, would depart from thence. Now he had a ring which he greatly loved, and kept very carefully, and never took off his finger, for a certain virtue he knew it had. When the knights came he said to them churlishly, — "Let her do what she list; for I do purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ring upon her finger, and a son of mine in her arms." The knights, after trying in vain to change his purpose, returned to the lady and told his answer: whereat she was very sorrowful, and bethought herself a good while how she might accomplish those two things. Then, assembling the noblest of the country, she told them what she had done to win her husband's love; that she was loth he should dwell in perpetual exile on her account; and therefore would spend the rest of her life in pilgrimages and devotion; praying them to let him understand that she had left his house with purpose never to return. Then, taking with her a maid and one of her kinsmen, she set out in the habit of a pilgrim, well furnished with silver and jewels, telling no man whither she went, and rested not till she came to Florence. She put up at the house of a poor widow; and the next day, seeing her husband pass by on horseback with his company, she asked who he was. The widow told her this, and that he was a courteous knight, well beloved in the city, and marvellously in love with a neighbour of hers, a gentlewoman that was very poor, but of right honest life and report, and because of her poverty was yet unmarried, and dwelt with her mother, a wise and honest lady. After hearing this she was not long in determining what to do. Repairing secretly to the house, and getting a private interview with the mother, she said, — "Madam, methinks

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fortune doth frown upon you as well as upon me; but, if you please, you may comfort both me and yourself." The other answering, that there was nothing in the world she was more desirous of than of honest comfort, she then told her whole story, and how she hoped to thrive in her undertaking, if the mother and daughter would lend their aid. In recompense she proposed to give the daughter a handsome marriage portion, and the mother, liking the offer well, yet having a noble heart, replied,—"Madam, tell me wherein I may do you service; if it be honest, I will gladly perform it, and, that being done, do as it shall please you." The interview resulted in an arrangement, that the daughter should encourage the count, and signify her readiness to grant his wish, provided he would first send her the ring he prized so highly, as a token of his love. Proceeding with great subtlety as she was instructed, the daughter in a few days got the ring, and at the time appointed for the meeting the countess supplied her place; the result of which was, that she became the mother of two fine boys, and so was prepared to claim her dues as a wife upon the seemingly impossible terms which her husband himself had proposed. When in reward of the service thus done the mother asked only a hundred pounds, to marry her daughter, the countess gave five hundred, and added a like value in fair and costly jewels.

Meanwhile, the count, hearing how his wife was gone, had returned to his country. In due time the countess also took her journey homeward, and arrived at Montpellier, where resting a few days, and hearing that the count was about to have a great feast and assembly of ladies and knights at his house, she determined to go thither in her pilgrim's weeds. Just as they were ready to sit down at the table, she came to the place where her husband was, and fell at his feet, weeping, and said,—"My lord, I am thy poor unfortunate wife, who, that thou mightest return and dwell in thine house, have been a great while begging about the world. Therefore I now beseech thee to observe the conditions which the two knights that I sent to thee did command me to do: for behold, here in my arms, not only one son of thine, but twain, and likewise the ring: it is now time, if thou keep promise, that I should be received as thy wife." The count knew the ring, and the children also, they were so like him, and desired her to rehearse in order all how these things came about. When she had told her story, he knew it to be true; and, perceiving her constant mind and good wit, and the two fair young boys, to keep his promise, and to please his subjects, and the ladies that made suit to him, he caused her to rise up, and embraced and kissed her, and from that day forth loved and honoured her as his wife.

From this sketch it will be seen that the Poet anglicized Beltramo to Bertram, changed Giglietta to Helena, and closely followed Boccaccio in the main features of the plot, so far as regards both these persons and the widow and her daughter. Beyond this

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the story yields no hints towards the play; the characters of Lafeu the Countess, the Clown, Parolles, and all the comic proceedings being, so far as we know, purely his own. And it is quite remarkable what an original cast is given to his development of the former characters by the presence of the latter; and how in the light shed from each other the conduct of all becomes, not indeed right or just, but consistent and clear. Helena's native force and rectitude of mind are made out from the first in her just appreciation of Parolles, and her nobility of soul and beauty of character are reflected all along in the honest sagacity of Lafeu and the wise motherly affection of the Countess, who never see or think of her, but to turn her advocates and wax eloquent in her behalf. Thus her modest, self-sacrificing worth is brought home to our feelings by the impression she makes upon the good, while in turn our sense of their goodness is proportionably heightened by their noble sensibility to hers. Parolles, again, is puffed up into a more magnificent whiffet than ever, by being taken into the confidence of a haughty young nobleman; while on the other side the stultifying effects of Bertram's pride are seen in that it renders him the easy dupe of a most base and bungling counterfeit of manhood. It was natural and right that such a shallow, paltry word-gun should ply him with impudent flatteries, and thereby gain an ascendency over him, and finally draw him into the shames and the crimes that were to whip down his pride; and it was equally natural that his scorn of Helena should begin to relax, when he was brought to see what a pitiful rascal, by playing upon that pride, had been making a fool of him. It is plain that he must first be mortified, before he can be purified. The springs of moral health within him have been overspread by a foul disease; and the proper medicine is such an exposure of the latter as shall cause him to feel that he is himself a most fit object of the scorn which he has been so forward to bestow. Accordingly, the embossing and untrussing of his favourite is the beginning of his amendment: he begins to distrust the counsels of his cherished passion, when he can no longer hide from himself into what a vile misplacing of trust they have betrayed him. Herein, also, we have a full justification, both moral and dramatic, of the game so mercilessly practised upon Parolles: it is avowedly undertaken with a view to rescue Bertram, whose friends know full well that nothing can be done for his good, till the fascination of that crawling reptile is broken up. Finally, Helena's just discernment of character, as shown in case of Parolles, pleads an arrest of judgment in behalf of Bertram. And the fact that with all her love for him she is not blind to his faults, is a sort of pledge that she sees through them into a worth which they hide from others. For, indeed, she has known him in childhood, before his heart got pride-bound through conceit of rank and titles; and therefore may well have a reasonable faith that beneath the follies and vices which have overcrusted his

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character there is still an undercurrent of sense and virtue, a wisdom of nature, not dead, but asleep, whereby he may yet be recovered to manhood. So that, in effect, we are not unwilling to see him through her eyes, and, in the strength of her well-approved wisdom, to take upon trust, that he has good qualities which we are unable of ourselves to discover. — Thus the several parts are drawn into each other, and in virtue thereof are made to evolve a manifold rich significance; so that the characters of Helena and Bertram, as Shakespeare conceived them, cannot be understood apart from the others with which they are dramatically associated.

Coleridge incidentally speaks of Helena as "Shakespeare's loveliest character;" and Mrs. Jameson, from whose judgment we shall take no appeal to our own, sets her down as exemplifying that union of strength and tenderness, which Foster describes in one of his Essays as being "the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity;" — a character, she adds, "almost as hard to delineate in fiction as to find in real life." Without either questioning or subscribing these statements, we have to confess, that for depth, sweetness, energy, and solidity of character, all drawn into one, Helena is not surpassed by any of Shakespeare's heroines. Her great strength of mind is finely apparent in that, absorbed as she is in the passion that shapes her life, scarce any of the Poet's characters, after Hamlet, deals more in propositions of general truth, as distinguished from the utterances of individual sentiment and emotion. We should suppose that all her thoughts, being struck out in such a glowing heat, would so cleave to the circumstances as to have little force apart from them; yet much that she says holds as good in a general application as in reference to her own particular. And perhaps for the same cause, her feelings, strong as they are, never so get the upper hand as to betray her into any self-delusion; as appears in the unbosoming of herself to the Countess, where we have the sweet reluctance of modesty yielding to a holy regard for truth. In her condition there is much indeed to move our pity; yet her behaviour and the grounds thereof are such that she never suffers any loss of our respect; one reason of which is, because we see that her fine faculties are wide awake and her fine feelings keenly alive to the nature of what she undertakes. Thus she passes unharmed through the most terrible outward dishonours, firmly relying on her rectitude of purpose; and we dare not think any thing to her hurt, because she has taken the measure of her danger, looks it full in the face, and nobly feels sécure in that apparelling of strength. Here, truly we have somewhat very like the sublimity of moral courage. And this precious, peerless jewel in a setting of the most tender, delicate, sensitive womanhood! It is a clean triumph of the inward and essential over the outward and accidental; her character being radiant of a spiritual grace which the lowest and ugliest situation cannot obscure.

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There needs no scruple, that the delineation is one of extraordinary power: perhaps, indeed, it may stand as the Poet's masterpiece in the conquest of inherent difficulties; and it is observable that here for once he does not conquer them without betraying his exertions. Of course, the hardness of the task was to represent her as doing what were scarce pardonable in another, yet as acting on such grounds, from such motives, and to such issues, that the undertaking not only is but appears commendable in her. And the Poet seems to have felt, that something like a mysterious, supernatural impulse, together with all the reverence and authority of the good old Countess, were needful to bring her off with dignity and honour. And, perhaps, after all, nothing but success could vindicate her course; for such a thing, to be proper, must be practicable; and who could so enter into her mind as to see its practicability till it be done? — While on the subject we may as well remark, that though Helena is herself all dignity and delicacy, some of her talk with Parolles in the first scene is neither delicate nor dignified: it is simply a foul blemish, and we can but regret the Poet did not throw it out in the revisal; sure we are, that he did not retain it to please himself.

Almost every body falls in love with the Countess. And, truly one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? or who, if he can resist her, will dare to own it? We can almost find in our heart to adore the beauty of youth; yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade us that age may be more beautiful still. Her generous sensibility to native worth amply atones for her son's mean pride of birth: all her honours of rank and place she would gladly resign, to have been the mother of the poor orphan left in her care: Campbell says, — "She redeems nobility by reverting to nature." Mr. Verplanck thinks, as well he may, that the Poet's special purpose in this play was to set forth the precedence of innate over circumstantial distinctions. Yet observe with what a catholic spirit he teaches this great lesson, recognizing the noble man in the nobleman, and telling us that none know so well how to prize the nobilities of nature, as those who, like the King and the Countess in this play, have experienced the nothingness of all other claims.

Dr. Johnson says, — "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." A terrible sentence indeed! and its vigour, if not its justice, is attested by the frequency with which it is quoted. In the first place, the Poet did not mean we should reconcile our hearts to Bertram, but that he should not unreconcile them to Helena; nay, that her love should appear to the greater advantage for the unworthiness of its

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object. Then, he does not marry her as a coward, but merely because he has no choice; and does not yield till he has shown all the courage that were compatible with discretion. Nor does he leave her as a profligate, but to escape from what is to him an unholy match, as being on his side without love; and his profligacy is not so much the cause as the consequence of his flight and exile. Finally, he is not dismissed to happiness, but rather left where he cannot be happy, unless he have dismissed his faults. And, surely, he may have some allowance, because of the tyranny laid upon him, and that, too, in a sentiment where nature pleads loudest for freedom, and which, if free, yields the strongest motives to virtue; if not, to vice. For his falsehood there is truly no excuse, save that he pays a round penalty in the shame that so quickly overtakes him; which shows how careful the Poet was to make due provision for his amendment. His original fault, as already indicated, was an overweening pride of birth; yet in due time he unfolds in himself better titles to honour than ancestry can bestow; and, this done, he naturally grows more willing to allow similar titles in another. Thus Shakespeare purposely represents him as a man of very mixed character, in whom the evil for a while gets a sad mastery; and he takes care to provide the canon whereby he would have us judge him: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues."

Several critics have managed somehow to speak of Parolles and Falstaff together. A foul sin against Sir John! Schlegel, however, justly remarks, that the scenes where our captain figures contain matter enough for an excellent comedy. Such a compound of volubility, impudence, rascality, and poltroonery, is he not a most illustrious *pronoun* of a man? And is it not a marvel that one so inexpressibly mean, and withal so fully aware of his meanness, does not cut his own acquaintance? But the greatest wonder about him is, how the Poet could run his own intellectuality into such a windbag without marring his windbag perfection. That the goddess whom Bertram worships does not whisper in his ear the unfathomable baseness of this "lump of counterfeit ore," is a piece of dramatic retribution at once natural and just. Far as the jòke is pushed upon Parolles, we never feel like crying out, Hold! enough! we make the utmost reprisals upon him without compunction; for "that he should know what he is, and be that he is" seems an offence for which infinite shames are a scarce sufficient indemnification.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING of France.
DUKE of Florence.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord.
PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.
French Envoy, } serving with Bertram.
French Gentleman. }
RINALDO, Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, belonging to her Household.
A Gentle Astringer.
A Page.

COUNTESS of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
A Widow of Florence.
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow
MARIANA, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS *of Rousillon*, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Count. IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[1] evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; — you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam;

[1] Under the old feudal law of England, the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. The same was also the case in Normandy, and Shakespeare but extends a law of a province over the whole nation. H.

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under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, — O, that *had!* how sad a passage [2] 'tis! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so, — Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly: He was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. — Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their

[2] *Passage* is occurrence, event, any thing that *passes*; a good old use of the word, now obsolete. M

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simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.[3]

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season[4] her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.[5]

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.[6]

[3] Some of the terms in this passage are used in such senses as to render the meaning of the whole rather obscure. *Dispositions* are what belongs to her nature; the *clean mind* that was born with her: *fair gifts* are the same as *virtuous qualities;* the results of education and breeding. And such graces of art, if grafted into a vicious nature, are traitors, inasmuch as they lodge power in hands that are apt to use it for evil ends: the unclean mind yields motives to turn the fruits of good culture into a snare. But in Helena these fair gifts and virtuous qualities are the better for their *simpleness*, that is, for being unmixed with any such native ugliness. Thus she is naturally *honest;* her nature is framed to truth, as yielding no motive to seem other than she is; whereas *goodness*, as the term is here used, is a thing that cannot be, unless it be *achieved.* H.

[4] Of course to keep it fresh and sweet. Some editors think this "a coarse and vulgar metaphor:" alas, what a pity! For this use of *season*, see Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 1, note 7. H.

[5] Helena's *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief related to Bertram and his departure.

[6] This speech, enigmatical enough at best, is rendered quite unintelligible, both in the original and in modern editions, by being put into the mouth of the Countess. We therefore concur with Tieck and Knight in assigning it to Helena. It is in the same style of significant obscurity as her preceding speech; and we can see no meaning in it apart from her state of mind; absorbed, as

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Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—[*To* LAF.] My lord
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—
Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. [*To* HELENA.] The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, be servants to you![7] Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* BER. *and* LAF.

she is, with a feeling which she dare not show and cannot suppress. Of course she refers to Bertram, and means that the grief of her unrequited love for him *makes mortal*, that is, kills the grief she felt at her father's death. The speech is so mysterious that none but the quick, sagacious mind of Lafeu is arrested by it: he at once understands that he does not understand the speaker. Coleridge says,—"Bertram and Lafeu, I imagine, both speak together." Whether this be the case or not, there can be no doubt that Lafeu's question refers to what Helena has just said. H.

[7] That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.

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Hel. O, were that all! — I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.[8] What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in't, but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[9] heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:[10]
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,

[8] That is, they grace his remembrance, in that they are thought to flow for him; whereas Bertram's departure is the real cause of them. H.

[9] Helena considers her heart as the *tablet* on which his picture was drawn.

[10] *Favour* is here used, as a little before, for *countenance*. *Trick*, the commentators say, here bears the sense of *trace*; an heraldic use of the word, found in Ben Jonson: but why may it not have the ordinary meaning of a *snare*, or any taking device that captivates the beholder? *Capable* is *susceptible*, apt to receive. H

That they take place, when virtue s steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.[11]

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.[12]

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain[13] of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by

[11] *Cold* for *naked*, as superfluous for overclothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis.

[12] Perhaps there is an allusion here to the fantastic Monarcho mentioned in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. sc. 1, note 6.

[13] That is, some *tincture*, some little of the hue or colour of a soldier

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being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'Tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within one year it will make itself two,[14] which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.[15] 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge,

[14] The old copy reads, "within ten years it will make itself *two*." The emendation is Hanmer's. *Out with it* is used equivocally. Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies *put it out to interest*, it will produce you ten for one.

[15] Parolles plays upon the word *liking*, and says, "She must do ill to *like* him that *likes* not virginity."

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than in your cheek:[16] and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.[17]

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,[18]

[16] A quibble on *date*, which means age, and a candied fruit then much used in pies.

[17] That is, my virginity is not yet a wither'd pear. *There*, in the next line, apparently refers to some words that have been lost. Hanmer and Johnson thought they might be,— *You're for the court*, or something to that effect. That *there* means the court, is plain enough from what she says afterwards: "The court's a learning-place." H.

[18] *Christendoms* is here used in the sense of *christenings*. So in Bishop Corbet's verses To the Lord Mordaunt:

> "One, were he well examin'd, and made looke
> His name in his own parish and church booke,
> Could hardly prove his *christendome*."

Gossip was formerly used as a verb, meaning, of course, *to stand sponsor for*. *Sib* or *syb* is the Anglo-Saxon for *kin*. Thus Verstegan, in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence: "Our Christian ancestors, understanding a spiritual affinity to grow between the parents and such as undertook for the child in baptism, called each other by the name of *godsib*, which is as much as to say, they were *sib* together, that is, of kin together through God." How the common use of the word sprung up, is not quite clear: probably from the propensity of people to get together for religious ends, and then wax in the virtue of chatting scandal; the piety that sends them there being of that kind which is most apt to untie that unruly member, the tongue. Junius says, that under the cloak of

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That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not what he shall: — God send him well! —
The court's a learning-place; — and he is one —

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well. — 'Tis pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and

this spiritual relationship female *gossips* used to meet to tell stories and tipple over them; and hence the English phrase, to go *a-gossipping* H.

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fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,[19] and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable[20] of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.[21]
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

[19] This is a metaphor from Shakespeare's favourite source, falconry. A bird of *good wing* was a bird of swift and strong flight.

[20] *Capable* and *susceptible* were synonymous.

[21] *The mightiest space in fortune* appears to mean those farthest asunder in fortune. *Likes* is used for equals. *Native things* are things of the same nativity. So that the meaning of the whole is, — Nature brings those that are farthest asunder in fortune to join like equals, and makes them kiss like things bred out of the same stock. H.

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SCENE II. Paris.

A Room in the KING's Palace.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the KING *of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys[1] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

[1] The citizens of the small republic of which Sienna is the capital. The *Sanesi*, as Boccaccio calls them, which Paynter translates *Senois*, after the French method

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Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand:[2] who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man

[2] The figure of a clock is kept up, *his* hand being put for *its* hand. The *tongue* of the clock speaks the hour to which the *hand* points. H

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Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approof[3] lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,[4]) "Let me not live,"—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, — "let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions." — This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir:
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. — How long is't count,

[3] The *approbation* of his worth lives not so much in his epitaph as in your royal speech.

[4] Evidently written with an eye to one of the Collects at the close of the Communion Office: "That the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth in us the fruit of good living," &c H.

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Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, *Steward, and Clown.*[1]

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,[2] I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do

[1] The *Clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in great families to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between Olivia and the Clown in Twelfth Night:

> "Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
> I'th' *lady's* questions, and the *fool's* replies,
> Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
> In trunk-hose, which our fathers call'd the *clown.*"

[2] To act up to your desires.

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not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,[3] Isbel the woman and I will do as we may

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for they say bairns are blessings.[4]

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

[3] A phrase of the time, meaning to get married. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 20. H.

[4] *Bairns* is a Scotch word for children. The adage referred to by the Clown probably grew from the passage in the 127th Psalm: "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.' H.

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Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i'the herd.[5]

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:[6]

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.[7]

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

[5] It used to be thought in Shakespeare's time that the Puritans and Papists stood so far apart as to meet round on the other side, as extremes are apt to do. And something like fifty years later Dr. Jackson, a man of great candour and moderation, said "the great aim and endeavour of the Jesuits had long been to draw the Church into Calvinism." H.

[6] The nearest, or readiest way.

[7] *Kind* was often used for *nature*. See The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 3, note 7 M.

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Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you? of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good sooth it was,
Was this king Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for[9] every blazing star, or at an earthquake, twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! — Though honesty be no

[8] *Fond done* is foolishly done. This line seems incomplete, and Warburton proposed to add, *for Paris he*, on the ground that Paris, not Helen, was *Priam's joy*. Of course the name Helen brings to the Clown's mind this fragment of an old ballad. H.

[9] The original reads *ore*. Mr. Dyce says, — "Mr. Knight has, I have no doubt, given the right reading, viz., *for*." Mr. Collier has *ere;* upon which Dyce remarks, — "*Blazing stars* are mentioned by our old writers as portending prodigies, not as coming after them." H.

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puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.[10] — I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they

[10] The controversy touching such things as kneeling at the Communion and wearing the surplice was raging quite fiercely in Shakespeare's time: every body was interested in it; so that the allusion in the text would be generally understood. The Puritans would have compelled every one to wear the black gown, which was to them the symbol of Calvinism. Some of them, however, conformed so far as to *wear the surplice over the gown*, because their conscience would not suffer them to officiate without the latter, nor the law of the Church without the former. It is hard to conceive why they should have been so hot against these things, unless it were that the removing of them was only a pretence, while in reality they aimed at other things. And we learn from Jeremy Collier, that when Sir Francis Walsingham offered in the queen's name to concede so far, they replied, — "Ne ungulam esse relinquendam; they would not leave so much as a hoof behind." How the war was kept up may be judged from what Jeremy Taylor wrote sixty years later: "But there are amongst us such tender stomachs that cannot endure milk, but can very well digest iron; consciences so tender, that a ceremony is greatly offensive, but rebellion is not; a *surplice drives them away* as a bird affrighted with a man of clouts, but their consciences can suffer them to despise government, and speak evil of dignities, and curse all that are not of their opinion, and disturb the peace of kingdoms, and commit sacrilege, and account schism the character of saints."

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touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward.[11] This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence,[12] in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, though then we thought then none.
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

[11] The words, *Diana, no,* and *to be,* in this sentence, were supplied by Theobald, and have been universally received. *Virgins* were sometimes called Diana's *knights.* See Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. sc. 3, note 3. B.

[12] The old and unabridged form of *since.*

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Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care. —
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?[13]
Why? —— that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

[13] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this reference to the suffusion of colours which glimmers around the eye when wet with tears. The Poet has described the same appearance in his Rape of Lucrece:

> "And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky."

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Hel. You are my mother, madam: would you were,
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother! — or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for,[14] than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,[15]
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head.[16] Now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so: — for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, the one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind[17] they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam!

[14] There is a designed ambiguity; I care as much for.
[15] That is, "can it *be* no other *way?*"
[16] The source, the cause of your grief.
[17] In their language.

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Count. Go not about: my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.[18]

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son. —
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,[19]
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but, if yourself,

[18] *Appeach* is an old word for *accuse*. H.

[19] *Captious* is plainly from the Latin *capio*, and means *apt to take in* or *receive*: *intenible*, *unable* to *hold* or *retain*. A singular use, indeed, of *captious*, but every way a legitimate and appropriate one. The usual meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time was *deceitful*. Singer insists on giving it that meaning here and Mr. Verplanck concurs with him, objecting to the explanation we have adopted, that it makes *intenible* contradict *captious*. Wherein he seems rather captious; for does not a sieve receive all the water one can pour in, and let it out as fast as it is poured in? On the other hand, how may a *sieve*, a thing so easily seen through, be said to *deceive*, unless it be in the sense of *taking in?* which is the sense we have supposed *captious* in this case to bear. H.

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Whose aged honour cites[20] a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O! then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, — speak truly, —
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfulest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note:[21] Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd, set down
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,

[20] Infers, proves.

[21] Receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.

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If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[22] have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,[23]
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt*

[22] Exhausted of their skill.
[23] The old copy reads—*in't*. The emendation is Hanmer's

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ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris.

A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the KING, *with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: — and you, my lords, fare well. —
Share the advice betwixt you: if both[1] gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd.
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege.[2] Farewell, young lords
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let highor Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy[3]) see, that you come

[1] Both *parties* of lords.

[2] That is, as the common phrase runs, *I am still heart-whole*, my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence. *Owes* for *owns*.

[3] Upon this dark passage Coleridge makes a rare piece of conjectural criticism: "It would be, I own, an audacious and unjustifiable change of the text; but yet, as a mere conjecture, I venture to suggest *bastards*, for *'bated*. As it stands, I can make little or nothing of it. Why should the King except the then most illus-

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Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.[4]

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. — Come hither to me.

[*The* KING *retires to a couch*

1 Lord. O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;[5]

trious states, which, as being republics, were the more truly inheritors of the Roman grandeur? With my conjecture, the sense would be, — 'Let higher, or the more northern part of Italy,' — (unless *higher* be a corruption for *hir'd*, the metre seeming to demand a monosyllable,) — 'those bastards that inherit but the ufamy of their fathers, see,' &c. The following *woo* and *wed* are so far confirmative as they indicate Shakespeare's manner of connection by unmarked influences of association from some preceding metaphor. This it is which makes his style so peculiarly vital and organic. Likewise, *those girls of Italy* strengthens the guess." As to the word *bastards*, the same "guess" had been made before by Hanmer. The most common explanation, which to our mind is also the best, takes *abated* in the sense of *cast down* or *humbled;* so that the meaning is, — "Let upper Italy, where you are going to act, see that you come to gain honour, those *being subdued* that inherit but the ruins of their former state." *The last monarchy* probably refers to the Roman empire. The old writers often use *abate* in the sense here supposed. H.

[4] Be not captives before you are soldiers.

[5] To be *kept a coil with* is to be vexed with a *stir* or *noise*

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"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock.
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with![6] By Heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.[7]

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, good metals:— you shall find, in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! What will you do?

Ber. Stay with the king.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time;[8]

[6] In Shakespeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.

[7] Our parting is as it were to dissever or torture a body.

[8] They are the foremost in the fashion.

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there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure,[9] such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt* BER. *and* PAR

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see[10] thee to stand up.

Laf. Then, here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across.[11] But, my good lord 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

[9] Henley, explaining this passage, says its obscurity arises from the fantastical language of Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges him from one allusion to another, without giving him time to judge of their congruity. *The cap of the time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait*, manner of *eating*, *speaking*, &c., are the several ornaments which they *muster*, or arrange in *time's cap*. This is done under the influence of the most approved fashion-setter; and such are to be followed in the *measure* or dance of fashion, even though the devil lead them. For *measure*, see Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 2. H.

[10] So in the old copies, but usually printed *fee*. The meaning appears to be, I'll see you on your feet. H

[11] This word, which is taken from breaking a spear *across* in chivalric exercises, is used elsewhere by Shakespeare where a pass of wit miscarries. See As You Like It, Act iii. sc. 4, note 8.

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Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen
A medicine[12] that's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,[13]
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: — now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you.
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways:

[12] *Medicine* is here used ambiguously for *a female physician*.
[13] The canary was a kind of lively dance.

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This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,[14]
That dare leave two together: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye[15]
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden
But may not be so credulous of cure:
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate, I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.

[14] That is, Pandarus [15] A third eye.

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I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest [16] 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.[17] Great floods have flown
From simple sources; [18] and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.[19]
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid:
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;

[16] That is, "Since you have *made up your mind* that there is no remedy."

[17] Evidently an allusion to St. Matthew xi. 25: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou *hast hid* these things from the *wise* and *prudent*, and *hast revealed* them unto *babes*." See, also, 1 Cor. i. 27. H.

[18] That is, when Moses smote the rock in Horeb.

[19] This must refer to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.

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But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;[20]
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; the worst of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay

[20] That is, proclaim one thing and design another.

[21] *Ne* is an old form of *nor*. *Worse of worst extended* means much the same as our phrase, Let worse come to worst; that is, let the loss of my good name be extended to the worst of evils death by torture. For similar uses of *sear'd*, see Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 4, note 2. H.

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In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:[22]
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all[23]
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke,[24] unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then, shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

[22] That is, may be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee.

[23] The beauty of this line is, that eight syllables are allowed the time of ten; all which the metre-mongers have spoilt by foisting in *virtue* after *courage*. *Prime*, in the next line, simply means *youth*, a sense in which it is often used. H.

[24] That is, *the* property, or ability, of *which* I spoke.

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More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and Clown.*

Count. Come on, sir: I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg,[1] put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;[2] the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

[1] *Making a leg* was an old ceremony of respect, ridiculed in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman. H.

[2] This is a common proverbial expression.

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Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,[3] as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris[4] for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir![5] — there's a simple putting off. — More, more, a hundred of them.

[3] *Tom* and *Tibb* were apparently common names for a *lad* and *lass:* the *rush ring* seems to have been a kind of love token, for plighting of troth among rustic lovers. In Green's Menaphon the custom is alluded to: "Well, 'twas a goodly worlde when such simplicitie was used, sayes the olde women of our time, when a *ring of rush* would tie as much love together as a gimmon (*gimmal*) of golde."

[4] The *morris* was a dance. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act iii. sc. 1, note 6. H.

[5] A ridicule on this silly expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. Thus Clove and Orange, in Every Man in His Humour "You conceive me, sir? — O Lord, sir!" And Cleveland in one of his songs: "Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk play-book oaths."

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Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my — "O Lord, sir!" I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally*

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SCENE III. Paris.

A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern[1] and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing[2] ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists, —

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic[3] fellows, —

Par. Right; so I say.

[1] *Modern* is here used in the sense of trite, common; as in the line, — "Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." — Coleridge has a characteristic remark upon this passage: "Shakespeare, inspired, as might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word *causeless* in its strict philosophical sense; — cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, not of *noumena*, or things supernatural." — Lord Bacon, in his Essay, Of Atheism, has a remark apparently born of the same experience that dictated the passage in the text: "It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." The topic seems to have been often in the thoughts of that wonderful man: he has it again in his Meditationes Sacræ, and his Advancement of Learning. H.

[2] *Sconce* being a term in fortification for a chief fortress, to *ensconce* literally signifies *to secure as in a fort.*

[3] *Authentic* is *allowed, approved;* and seems to have been the proper epithet for a physician regularly bred or licensed.

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Laf. That gave him out incurable, —

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, —

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an —

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in — what do you call there? —

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect —

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the —

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak —

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be —

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter the KING, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick,[4] as the Dutchman says: I'll like

[4] *Lustick* is the Dutch for active, lusty, vigorous. Mr. Collier says the word came into common use from Holland in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Capell found the word several times in an old play entitled The Weakest Goeth to the Wall, printed as early as 1600. A Dutchman named Jacob van Smelt is one of the characters. H.

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a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head:
Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.[5]

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court. —
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! — marry, to each but one![6]

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,[7] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

[5] *Coranto* was the name of a very brisk, lively dance. See Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 3, note 10. H.

[6] She *be-outs*, excepts, one, Bertram, to whom she wishes herself, and therefore shrinks from applying the terms *fair* and *virtuous* in his case, as savouring of self-praise. H.

[7] A *curtal* was the common name for a horse: "I'd give my bay *horse*, &c., that my age were not greater than these boys" — *A broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

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All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid. —
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:
We'll ne'er come there again."[8]

King. Make choice; and, see
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. — Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace[9] for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. [*Aside.*] Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd, or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

[8] That is, but, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never visit them again. *Be refused* means the same as *thou being refused*, or *be thou refused*. The *white death* is the paleness of death.

[9] "*Ames-ace*, or *both aces*," says Collier, "was the lowest throw upon two dice: to throw *ames-ace* is an expression often met with indicating ill luck. Lafeu contrasts it with the happy chance of being Helena's choice." W

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Hel. [*To* 3 *Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. [*Aside.*] These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. [*Aside.*] There's one grape yet, — I am sure, thy father drank wine. — [*To* PAR.] But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.[10]

Hel. [*To* BERTRAM.] I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. — This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

[10] This speech is usually printed as if the whole of it referred to Bertram; which seems to us to render the latter part of it unintelligible. To get over the difficulty, Theobald, and Hanmer and Warburton after him, broke it into three speeches, giving to Lafeu "There's one grape yet," to Parolles "I am sure thy father drank wine," and the rest to Lafeu. There is no authority for this: besides, taking the latter part of the speech as addressed to Parolles, all seems clear enough, and agrees well with what afterwards passes between them. Of course, during this part of the scene Lafeu and Parolles stand at some distance from the rest, where they can see what is done, but not hear what is said: therefore Lafeu has been speaking as if Helena were the refused, not the refuser. W.

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King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! — Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title[11] thou disdain's in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,[12]
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair:
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,

[11] That is, the want of title.

[12] That is, where great titles *swell us*, and there is no virtue The original has *swell's*, but the contraction *'s* for *us* has been left out of most editions.

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When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat [13]
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand.
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good;
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care forever
Into the staggers,[14] and the careless lapse

[13] *Which* of course refers not to *honour*, but to the preceding *clause*, or to the *danger implied* in it. A similar construction occurs in Othello: "She dying gave it me, and bid me, when my fate would have me *wive*, to give it *her*." H.

[14] The commentators here kindly inform us that *the staggers* is a violent disease in horses; but the word in the text has no rela-

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Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract: whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,[15]
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt the* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? — My lord? my master?

tion, even metaphorically, to it. The reeling and unsteady course of a drunken or sick man is meant. Shakespeare has the same expression in Cymbeline, where Posthumus says: "Whence come these *staggers* on me?"

[15] That is, the brief *contract* or *troth-plight* now made. The Poet often uses *brief* in this way; as in the last act of this play, "She told me in a sweet verbal *brief*." H.

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Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[16] to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up,[17] and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee, —

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

[16] That is, while I sat twice with thee at dinner

[17] To *take up* is to *contradict*, to *call to account*.

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Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,[18] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.[19] [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! — Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of — I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

[18] At a need.

[19] "Doing I am *past*," says Lafeu, "as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave;" that is, "as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able:" and he immediately goes out.

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Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me!—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

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Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky[20] here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.[21]

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.
— 'Tis hard;
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

[20] A cant term for a wife.

[21] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. In 1 Henry IV. Hotspur says of Glendower,—

"he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a *railing wife;*
Worse than a *smoky house.*"

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SCENE IV. The same.

Another Room in the same.

Enter HELENA *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. — O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

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Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.[1]—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;[2]
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,[3]
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.[4]

[1] Perhaps the old saying, "better fed than taught," is alluded to here, as in a preceding scene, where the clown says, "I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught."

[2] That is, puts it off *in obedience* to an *enforced* restraint; the passive, *compell'd*, for the active, *compelling*. H.

[3] The meaning appears to be, that the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The *curbed time* means the time of restraint: *whose want* means *the want of which*; referring to *prerogative* and *rite*.

[4] A specious appearance of necessity.

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Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another Room in the same.

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.[1]

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have, then, sinn'd against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To* BERTRAM.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to* PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?

[1] The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark; but has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark.

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Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure.
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.[2]

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. — God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard;[3] and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe

[2] In the old copies this line is printed, — "*And*, ere I do begin;" as if it were a broken sentence. For the happy correction we are indebted to Mr. Collier, who took it from an old manuscript note in Lord Francis Egerton's copy of the first folio. As it is but putting an E for an A, and gives a sense at once clear and apt, we have no scruples in adopting it. H.

[3] It was a piece of foolery practised at city entertainments, when an allowed fool or jester was in fashion, for him to jump into a large deep custard set for the purpose, to cause laughter among the spectators. Ben Jonson mentions it in his play, The Devil is an Ass, Act i. sc. 1:

"He may, perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing.
And take his *Almain-leap into a custard*,
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

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this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think not so.

Par. Why, do you know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting: only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother
[*Giving a letter*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

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Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;[4]
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and scarce so much: — nothing, indeed. —
I would not tell you what I would, my lord — 'faith, yes; —
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell.
[*Exit.*
Ber. Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum. —
Away! and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio!
[*Exeunt*

[4] Possess, or own.

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ACT III.

SCENE I. Florence.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke *of Florence, attended; French Envoy, French Gentleman, and Soldiers.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

Gent. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Env. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,[1]
But like a common and an outward man,[2]
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore, dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Env. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,[3]

[1] That is, I cannot inform you of the reasons.
[2] One not in the secret of affairs: so, *inward* in a contrary sense.
[3] As we say at present, our young fellows.

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That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt*

SCENE II. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace

Enter COUNTESS *and Clown.*

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,[1] and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

[1] The tops of the boots in Shakespeare's time turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding part or top was the *ruff*. It was of softer leather than the boot, and often fringed.

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Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter HELENA *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *G.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *G.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. — 'Pray you, gentlemen, —

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I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman[2] me unto't: — where is my son, I pray you?

2 *G.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*.

This is a dreadful sentence!

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *G.* Ay, madam,
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. — Towards Florence is he?

2 *G.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *G.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

'Tis bitter!

Count. Find you that there?

[2] That is, affect me as our sex are usually affected.

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Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *G.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 *G.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *G.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *G.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.[3]

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *G.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.[4]
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and the two Gentlemen.*

[3] An obscure passage indeed; but perhaps it can be understood well enough, if the reader bear in mind that Parolles' greatest having is in impudence, and at the same time make *him* emphatic. The fellow has a deal too much of impudence; and yet it holds, behooves *him* to have a large stock of that, inasmuch as he has nothing else. H.

[4] In reply to the gentlemen's declaration that they are her servants, the countess answers — no otherwise than as we return the same offices of civility.

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Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O! you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-pierced air,[5]
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: Better 'twere
I met the ravin[6] lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere

[5] That is, the air that is *continually pierced* with bullets, and sings with the *piercing*. The passage has caused a great deal of controversy. In the original the two lines stand thus, *literatim*:

"Fly with false ayme, move the still-peering aire
That fings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:"

In the second folio *still-peering* was changed to *still-piercing*; which is preferred by many, and among others by Nares, who explains it as meaning "constantly *pierced*;" the active form being used for the passive, as is quite common in the old poets. Touching the *sense* of the passage, this appears the most satisfactory explanation that has been offered. We have ventured to suit the *form* to the *sense*, on the ground that the printer's eye may have caught the ending *ing* in the next line, and thus inserted it here instead of *ed*. Mistakes of this kind are not unfrequent in old books; for an instance of which see The Tempest, Act ii. sc. 2, note 13

H.

[6] That is, the *ravenous* or ravening lion. So in Macbeth:

"The *ravin'd* salt sea shark."

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That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all:[7] I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. Florence.

Before the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke *of Florence*, Bertram, Parolles, *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.[1]

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,[2]
As thy auspicious mistress!

[7] The sense is, "From that place, where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."

[1] So in Shakespeare's 116th Sonnet: "But bears it out even to the *edge* of doom." And Milton's Par. Reg. B. i.: "You see our danger on *the utmost edge of hazard.*"

[2] In Richard III: "*Fortune* and victory sit on thy *helm.*"

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Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Rousillon.

A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess *and Steward.*

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques'[1] pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I, his despiteful Juno,[2] sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words! —
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice[3] so much.

[1] At Orleans was a church dedicated to St Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort to adore a part of the cross pretended to be there.
[2] Alluding to the story of Hercules
[3] That is, discretion or thought

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As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. — Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband, of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh[4] too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger. —
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. — Provide this messenger. —
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

[4] *Weigh* here means to value or esteem.

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Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions[1] for the young earl: — Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:[2] many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her. —
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

[1] *Suggestions* are *temptations.*
[2] That is under the names of.

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Hel. To St. Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers[3] lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid. At the St. Francis here, beside the port.
Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*
Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you! they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg d;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The count Rousillon: know you such a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.[4]
Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

[3] Pilgrims; so called from a staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem.

[4] Touching this passage, Coleridge asks,—"Shall we say here, that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?" Whatsoever may be the truth in this case, such, no doubt, is often the result of overstraining the rule against deceiving others; it puts people upon skulking behind subterfuges for the deceiving of themselves. We have often seen them use great art to speak the truth in such a way as to deceive, and then hug themselves in the conceit that they had not spoken falsely. H.

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He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for[5] the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O! I believe with him;
in argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right: good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes[6] with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine Army, BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come.—

[5] Shakespeare often uses *for* in the sense of *because*. M.
[6] Practises *brokerage*.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier: — Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BER., PAR., *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,[7]
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt*

[7] *Of* was often used in the sense of *on*

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SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *French Envoy, and French Gentleman.*

Env. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

Gent. If your lordship find him not a hilding,[1] hold me no more in your respect.

Env. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Env. Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

Gent. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Gent. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Env. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[2] of the

[1] *A hilding* is a paltry fellow, a coward. Horne Tooke derives it from the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, to *crouch*. H.

[2] The *camp*. An apt illustration of this term has been given by Mr. Douce from Sir John Smythe's Discourses, 1590: "They will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by

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adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Gent. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[3] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

Env. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

the Dutch name of *Legar*; nor will not affoord to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard*." H.

[3] This was an old proverbial phrase for some such practical joking as is now called *drumming out*. Master Drum had different names, Tom, Jack, and John. Holinshed thus praises the hospitality of the Mayor of Dublin in 1551: "His jester or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house *Tom* Drum his entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." In an old play called The Three Ladies of London, 1584, Dissimulation says to Simplicity, — "Pack hence, away, — Jack Drum's entertainment." It was also made the subject of a play entitled Jack Drum's Entertainment, and first printed in 1601; in which Jack Drum the hero passes through a series of inverted exploits not unlike this of Parolles. H.

[4] A phrase for *at any rate*. "The *honour* of his design" is the honour he thinks to gain by it. *Honour* has been usually printed *humour*; a change, says Collier, "without either warranty or fitness." H.

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Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Gent. A pox on't! let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! — There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

Gent. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*[5]

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will pres-

[5] I would recover the lost drum or another, or die in the attempt. An epitaph then usually began *hic jacet.*

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ently pen down my dilemmas,[6] encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.[7] Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Env. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done? damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

Gent. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Env. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: But we have almost emboss'd him;[8] you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

Gent. We will make you some sport with the

[6] The *difficulties* of the enterprise, and his *plans* for overcoming them. H.

[7] Bertram's meaning is, that he will vouch for his doing all that it is possible for soldiership to effect.

[8] That is, *almost run him down.* An *emboss'd* stag is one so hard chased as to foam at the mouth.

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fox, ere we case him.[9] He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

Env. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.[10]

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Env. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

Gent. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,[11]
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

Gent. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[9] Before we strip him naked, or unmask him.

[10] So in the third scene of this act: "They are limed with the *twigs* that threaten them." To *lime* is to catch or entangle; and *twigs* was a common term for the trap or snare, whether it were made of twigs or of thoughts; of material or mental *wicker-work.* H.

[11] This proverbial phrase is thus explained by Cotgrave: "*Estre sur vent,* To be in the wind, or to have the wind of. *To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee.*"

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SCENE VII. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA *and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.[1]
Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now, his important[2] blood will nought deny

[1] That is, by discovering herself to the count.
[2] *Important*, here and in other places, is used for *importunate*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1. note 1.

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That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:[3]
But let's about it. [*Exeunt*

[3] The explanation of this riddle is, that Bertram was to do a lawful deed with a wicked intent; Helena, the same deed with a good intent; and that what was really to be on both sides a lawful embrace, was to seem in them both an act of adultery. H

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter French Envoy, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

Env. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Env. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

Env. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

Env. He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.[1] Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough.[2] As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

[1] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay.

[2] The sense of this passage appears to be: "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient." The *chough* is a bird of the jack-daw kind.

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Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Env. [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance?[3] Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute,[4] if you prattle me into these perils.

Env. [*Aside.*] Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

[3] That is, what *evidence* shall I produce? in what shall I *instance*, to bear out my pretence? This passage has been greatly obscured in all modern editions, by printing *wherefore* thus, "wherefore?" as if it were an interrogative adverb; whereas it is plainly a relative adverb, as it is printed in the original, and refers to the preceding sentence. Parolles is in a quandary: slight wounds will not serve his turn; great ones he dare not give himself; and so he is casting about what scheme he shall light upon next. He then goes on to lecture his tongue for getting him into such a scrape. H.

[4] The original has *mule*. This was changed by Warburton to *mute*, which falls in so well with the context, that it has been generally received. The allusion was probably understood at the time, but nothing has been found in modern times to render it intelligible. H.

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Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword

Env. [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard;[5] and to say it was in stratagem.

Env. [*Aside.*] 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

Env. [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel —

Env. [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. — thirty fathom.

Env. [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recover'd it.

Env. [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

Env. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom! — Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment.
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

[5] That is, the *shaving* of my beard. To *bare* anciently signified to *shave*. So in Measure for Measure, Act iv. sc. 2: "*Shave* the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so *bar'd* before his death."

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1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:* —
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. —
Kerelybonto: — Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1 *Sold.* O! pray, pray, pray.
Manka revania dulche.

Env. *Oscorbidulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.* —
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

Env. Go, tell the count Rousillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

Env. He will betray us all unto ourselves: —
Inform on that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

Env. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess!
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:[1]
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn?
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

[1] His vows never to treat Helena as his wife

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What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.[2] Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such a war,[3]
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

[2] Few passages in Shakespeare have been more belaboured than this. To understand it, we must bear in mind what Bertram has been doing and trying to do. He has been swearing love to Diana, and in the strength of that oath wants she should do that which would ruin her. This is what she justly calls *loving* her *ill*, because it is a *love* that seeks to *injure* her. She therefore retorts upon him, that oaths in such a suit are but an adding of perjury to lust. As to the latter part of the passage, we agree entirely with Mr. Collier, that "these lines have not been understood on account of the inversion." The first *him* refers to *Jove*, and *whom*, not to this, but to the second *him*; or rather *whom* and the latter *him* are correlative. The meaning, then, at once appears, if we render the sentence thus: "This has no holding, this will not hold, to swear by Heaven that I will work against him, or seek his hurt, whom I protest to love." What, therefore, does she conclude? why, that his *oaths* are no oaths, but mere *words* and *poor*, *unseal'd*, unratified *conditions*. H.

[3] That is, in such a *strife* or *contest* as the one in hand. The original here reads, "make *ropes* in such a *scarre*;" which Knight and Collier retain, though both suspect it to be a corruption. Sev-

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Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring;
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:

eral corrections have been proposed, of which that in the text is by far the best. It was made by Singer, who rightly suggests that *warre*, as it was always written by Shakespeare, might easily get turned by the printer into *scarre*. Yet we have to own that *make hopes* is not a very Shakespearian expression: it carries a tameness hardly to be looked for in one so apt to deal in bold, strong metaphors. Which may lend some weight to the suggestion that both *ropes* and *scar* may be right, as expressing the strange means men will resort to, to overcome great difficulties. Camden says "scarr is a craggy, stony hill;" and Ray calls "a *scarre* the cliff of a rock," and says it is so used in *Scarborough* And the word thus occurs in Drayton's Poly-Olbion, Song 27:

"To fence her furthest point from that rough Neptune's rage,
The isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth 'swage
His fury when his waves on Furness seem to war,
Whose crooked back is armed with many a rugged *scarr*
Against his boist'rous shocks."

That Shakespeare may have meant to use the figure of a man framing a *ladder of ropes* to surmount a *steep, rugged cliff*, is therefore possible, though we can scarce think it probable. H.

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I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart: she says all men
Have the like oaths: He has sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[1]

[1] Richardson derives *braid* from the Anglo-Saxon *brægan*, and explains it to mean hasty, sudden, violent. Mr. Dyce accepts his derivation, but thinks its meaning here to be "violent in desire, lustful." But the balance of authority seems to be with Steevens and Singer, who make it another word, from the Anglo-Saxon *bred*, and explain it as meaning false, deceitful, perfidious. This agrees very well with the old character which foreign writers from Tacitus to Coleridge have generally set upon the French as a nation. And it is noticeable that Diana speaks as if she had now found an individual example of what she considered a national characteristic. In The Winter's Tale, Act iv. sc. 3, the Clown, referring to Autolycus, asks,—"Has he any *unbraided* wares?" where *unbraided* evidently means *genuine, undamaged*. It is there shown in a note that *braided wares* meant *false, deceitful wares*. To show that the adjective is here used in the same sense, Singer quotes from a very ancient Carol for St. Stephen's Day, where Herod asks the saint who is prophesying the Saviour's birth,—

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Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise, I think't no sin,
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The Florentine Camp.

Enter French Envoy, French Gentleman, and two or three Soldiers.

Gent. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Env. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he chang'd almost into another man.

Gent. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

Env. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Gent. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Env. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

Gent. Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Env. Merely our own traitors: And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them

'What eyleth the, Stevyn, art thou wood? or thou gynnist to *brede?*" And to the same purpose Steevens cites from Green's Never too Late, 1616:

> "Dian rose with all her maids,
> Blushing thus at Love his *braids*." M.

reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends;[1] so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.[2]

Gent. Is it not most damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not, then, have his company to-night.

Env. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

Gent. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[4] anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.[5]

Env. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Gent. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Env. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Gent. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Env. What will count Rousillon do, then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

Gent. I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

Env. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

Gent. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled

[1] This may mean, "they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it."

[2] That is, betrays his own secrets in his talk.

[3] *Damnable* for *damnably;* the adjective used adverbially.

[4] *Company* for *companion;* referring of course to Parolles.

[5] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how ill he has judged, will be less confident and more open to admonition. *Counterfeit,* besides its ordinary signification of a person pretending to be what he is not, also meant a *picture:* the word *set* shows that it is used in both senses here.

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from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplish'd; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Env. How is this justified?

Gent. The stranger part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, — was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

Env. Hath the count all this intelligence?

Gent. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Env. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

Gent. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

Env. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

Gent. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues. —

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

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Env. They shall be no more than needful there if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

Gent. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. — How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congé'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Env. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?[6] Come, bring forth this counterfeit module:[7] he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Env. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Env. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that

[6] Mr. Collier thinks this probably refers to some popular stage performance of the time.

[7] *Module* and *model* were synonymous. The meaning is, bring forth this counterfeit *representation* of a soldier.

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had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks; and what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

Env. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

Gent. Hoodman[8] comes! — *Portotartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

Gent. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general. — Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong?" What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

[8] The game at blind man's buff was formerly called *Hoodman blind.*

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Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

Gent. Y'are deceiv'd, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape[9] of his dagger.

Enr. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I will say true, — or thereabouts, set down, — for I'll speak truth.

Gent. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,[10] in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,[11] I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so

[9] The *chape* is the catch or fastening of the sheath of his dagger.

[10] That is, I am not beholden to him for it. To *con thanks* exactly answers to the French *savoir gré*. It is found in several writers of Shakespeare's time. To *con* and to *ken* are from the Saxon *cunnan*, to know, to may or can, to be able.

[11] Perhaps we should read, "if I were *but* to live this present hour;" unless the blunder be meant to show the fright of Parolles.

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many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,[12] lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Gent. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain[13] be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to cor-

[12] Soldier's cloaks or upper garments. There was a plebeian *cassock*, or gaberdine, worn by country people, which is carefully distinguished from this by Nicot and his follower Cotgrave.

[13] We thus learn at last that the French gentleman's name is Dumain. We have already seen, in Act iii. sc. 6, that the French Envoy is his brother. In the original there is a good deal of confusion, both in their entrances, and in the prefixes to their speeches. We first meet with them in Act iii. sc. 1, where they are introduced as "the two Frenchmen," and their prefixes are "French E." and "French G." In the second scene of the same act, they are introduced as "two Gentlemen," and their prefixes as before. In the sixth scene again they are introduced as "the Frenchmen," and their prefixes are "Cap. E." and "Cap. G." In Act iv. sc. 1, we have "Enter one of the Frenchmen," &c., and his prefix is "Lord E." And, finally, in the present scene they are introduced as "the two French Captains," and their prefixes again become "Cap. E." and "Cap. G." We have made their entrances and prefixes uniform, setting down the latter as they are in the first scene where they appear, and have sometimes been not a little puzzled to keep up their identity. In modern editions generally they are introduced as "the two French Lords," and distinguished in the prefixes as "1 Lord" and "2 Lord."

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rupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool[14] with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.[15]

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy

Gent. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o'the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper: Shall I read it to you?

[14] Not an "allowed fool," or a fool by art and profession, but a natural fool; probably assigned to the sheriff's care and keeping. H.

[15] In Whitney's Emblems there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when a tile suddenly falling put an end to her existence

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Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

Gent. Excellently.

1 *Sold.* "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold," —

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale [16] to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it: [17]
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this.
Men are to mell [18] with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

[16] There is probably an allusion here to the Story of Andromeda in old prints, where the monster is frequently represented as a *whale*.

[17] That is, a match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.

[18] The meaning of the word *mell*, says Ruddiman, is "to fight, contend, meddle, or *have to do with*." So in The Corpus Christi Play, acted at Coventry:

"And fayre young qwene herby doth dwelle
Both fresh and gay upon to loke,
And a tall man with her doth *melle*,
The way into her chawmer ryght evyn ne toke"

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Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

Env. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.[19]

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumain. You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister:[20] for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.[21] He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Gent. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A

[19] For some account of such as "are mad if they behold a cat," see The Merchant of Venice, Act iv. sc. 1. H.

[20] That is, he will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however ho y.

[21] The Centaur killed by Hercules.

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pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,[22] — to belie him, I will not, — and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile End,[23] to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Gent. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[24] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

Env. Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

[22] In Shakespeare's time the players usually went about the country preceded by *a drum*, to give notice of their arrival in any town where they wished to perform. H.

[23] *Mile End* was the place for public sports and musters.

[24] The fourth part of the smaller French crown, about eightpence. For this use of law terms, see The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. sc. 2, note 16.

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1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, coun Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition [25] of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: The general says, you, that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held. can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir! let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you; and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you: Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Env. God bless you, captain Parolles.

Gent. God save you, noble captain.

Env. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

Gent. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd com pel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt all but* PAROLLES and 1 *Soldier*

[25] To deceive the opinion.

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1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit*

SCENE IV. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,

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His grace is at Marseilles;[1] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy[2] trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,[3]—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,

[1] It appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced as a word of three syllables. In the old copy it is written *Marcellæ*.

[2] *Saucy* was sometimes used in the sense of *wanton*.

[3] Blackstone proposed to read,—"Yet I *fray* you but with the word," referring, of course, to the word *suffer*. To *fray* is to *frighten*. There is something of plausibility in this; but, besides that it does not fadge very well with what Diana has just said, the sense runs clear enough, if with Warburton we understand *but with a word* to mean *in a very short time*. H.

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And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time invites us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;[4]
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:[1] your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

[4] A translation of the common Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus.* Of course *fine* is used in its primitive sense, for *end.*

[1] In The Winter's Tale, Act iv. sc. 2, the Clown says,—"I must have *saffron* to colour the warden *pies.*" From which it appears that in Shakespeare's time *saffron* was used to colour pastry with. The phrase "*unbak'd and doughy* youth" shows that the same custom is alluded to here. Reference is also had to the coxcombical finery, "the scarfs and the bannerets," which this strutting vacuum cuts his dashes in. *Yellow* was then the prevailing colour in the dress of such as Parolles, whose soul was in their clothes. Various passages might be cited in proof of this. Thus Sir Philip Sidney has "*saffron*-coloured coat," and Ben Jonson in one of his songs speaks of "ribands, bells, and *safrond* lynnen." The concluding part of Lafeu's description identifies *red* as the colour of a fantastical coxcomb's hose. H.

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Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.[2]

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble,[3] sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

[2] That is, herbs to be *smelt of*, not herbs to be *eaten*. *Salad* is not in the original copy: it was supplied by Rowe, and has been universally received. *Herb of grace*, in the preceding speech, is *rue*. And in the following speech the original has *grace*, which was also corrected into *grass* by Rowe. H.

[3] The fool's *bauble*, says Douce, was "a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport.'

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Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter[4] in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest[5] thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.[6]

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.[7]

Count. So a' is. My lord that's gone made

[4] Warburton thought we should read *honour'd*; but the Clown's allusion is double; to Edward *the black prince*, and to the *prince of darkness*. The presence of Edward was indeed *hot* in France: the other allusion is obvious.

[5] To tempt.

[6] So in Macbeth, Act ii. sc. 3: "That go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." H.

[7] *Unhappy* was often used for *mischievous*, and *unhappiness* in like manner for *mischief*; as in Much Ado about Nothing: "She hath often dream'd of *unhappiness*, and wak'd herself with *laughing*." See that play, Act ii. sc. 1, note 21. H

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himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: His highness hath promis'd me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty: a' will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar

[8] That is, no prescribed course; he has the unbridled liberty of a fool

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under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half,[9] but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.[10]

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time; —

[9] Referring to the pile of the velvet patch. See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 2, note 3. H.

[10] *Carbonadoed* is "slashed over the face in a manner that fetcheth the flesh with it;" metaphorically from a *carbonado*, or collop of meat.

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Enter a gentle Astringer.[1]

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. — God save you, sir

Ast. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France

Ast. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Ast. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Ast. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Ast. Not, indeed
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel I do beseech you, sir,

[1] That is, a gentleman falconer, called in Juliana Barnes' Book of Huntyng, *Ostreger*. The term is applied particularly to those that keep goshawks. Cowel, in his Law Dictionary, says that we usually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk an *austringer*.

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Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Ast. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. — We must to horse again: —
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon.

The Inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch,[1] give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,[2] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.[3]

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir: I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

[1] Perhaps a corruption of *La Vache.*

[2] *Fortune's mood* is several times used by Shakespeare for the whimsical *caprice* of fortune.

[3] That is, stand to the leeward of me.

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Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.[4] — Cox my passion! give me your hand: — How does your drum?

[4] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French signifies *words*.

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Par. O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil! one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. — Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The same.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, *Lords Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem[1]
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.[2]

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze[3] of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,

[1] That is, in losing her we lost a large portion of our esteem, which she possessed.

[2] Completely, in its full extent.

[3] The old copy reads *blade*. Theobald proposed the present reading.

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I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, —
But first I beg my pardon, — the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes;[4] whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him hither:
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.[5] — Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my liege.
[*Exit Gentleman.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

[4] So in As You Like It: "To have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." Those who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty.

[5] That is, the first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.

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King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I am not a day of season,[6]
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can affect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd:

[6] That is, a *seasonable day;* a mixture of sunshine and hail, of winter and summer, is *unseasonable.*

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That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love that comes too late
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.[7]
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O, dear Heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse![8]

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. — By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,[9]
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,

[7] This obscure couplet seems to mean that our love awaking to the worth of the lost object too late laments: our shameful hate or dislike having slept out the period when our fault was remediable.

[8] *Cesse* is an old form of *cease;* retained here for the sake of the rhyme. H.

[9] The last *time* that ever *I took leave of her* at court.

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While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't. —
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen
I bade her,[10] if her fortune ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me[11]
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,[12]
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,

[10] I *told* her.

[11] Johnson remarks that Bertram still has too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

[12] The philosopher's stone. Plutus, the great alchymist, who knows the secrets of the *elixir* and *philosopher's stone*, by which the alchymists pretended that base metals might be transmuted into gold

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Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.[13]—Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BER., *guarded.*

Enter a gentle Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Ast. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not

[13] The *proofs which I have already had* are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have unreasonably feared *too little*

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Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,[14] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll:[15] for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.— Seek these suitors: —
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Astringer and some Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, for[16] wives are monsters to you,

[14] *Removes* are *journeys* or *post-stages;* she had not been able to overtake the king on the road.

[15] That is, *pay toll* for him on the purchase. The second folio has *for him* after *toll.* H.

[16] Shakespeare often uses *for* in the sense of *because.* The original

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And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. — What woman's that?

Re-enter Astringer, with Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease,[17] without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [*To* BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highness

here reads, — "I wonder, sir, *sir*, wives are monsters," &c. The second *sir* is evidently a misprint, and is generally changed to *since*. Mr. Collier took *for* from a manuscript correction in Lord Egerton's copy of the first folio. And he rightly observes that *sir*, as formerly written, with a long *s*, would be easily misprinted for *for*. — *As*, in the next line, means *as soon as*. H.

[17] Decease, die.

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Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O! behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,[18]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:[19]
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

[18] That is, value.

[19] The original has *hit*, which Pope changed to *his*, and was undoubtedly right. H.

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He's quoted[20] for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is, I lik'd her.
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace,[21]
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife
May justly diet me.[22] I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

[20] *Quote* was often used for *note, observe*, as in Hamlet,—"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not *quoted* him." H.

[21] Shakespeare frequently has *modern* in the sense of common, ordinary; but here it seems to have the force of *youthful, fresh.* Thus Florio: "Modernaglie, moderne things; also taken for *young* wenches." The meaning, however, may be, that though her beauty be but common, yet her solicitation was such, so artful, as to subdue me. H.

[22] *Diet* appears to have been sometimes used as synonymous with *fast.* Thus in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 1, Speed tells Valentine,—"You have learn'd to *fast*, like one that takes *diet.*" H.

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Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you. —
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come; to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. — What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

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Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine[23] in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.

[23] Too full of *finesse*. So in Bacon's Apothegms: "Your majesty was *too fine* for my Lord Burleigh."

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Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away: I do not like her now.
To prison with her; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

King. She does abuse our ears: To prison with her!

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—[*Exit Wid.*]
Stay, royal sir.
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I 'quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So, there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

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Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist[94]
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord:
'Tis but the shadow of the wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both! O, pardon!

Hel. O! my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O! my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.—[*To* PAROLLES.] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—

[94] *Exorcist* and *conjurer* were synonymous in the Poet's time Thus in Julius Cæsar: "Thou like an *exorcist* hast *conjur'd* up my mortified spirit." And in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 "*Essorcista*, a conjurer, an exorcist."

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[*To* DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience, then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt*

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW makes the eleventh in the division of Comedies in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed; or, if there were an earlier impression, no copy of it has reached us. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And the text is in general so clear as to leave little room for critical controversy.

No certain contemporary notice of this play having been discovered, we have no external guide to the probable date of the composition. So that here we must make the best we can out of such judgments as come recommended to our hands. Malone at first thought the play was written in 1606, but this opinion did not hold: he says,—"On a more attentive perusal of it, and more experience in our author's style and manner, I am persuaded that it was one of his very early productions, and near, in point of time, to The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Farmer thought the Induction to be in the Poet's best manner, and a great part of the play in his worst, or even below it; that more than one hand was concerned in it, and that Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes where Katharine and Petruchio are not engaged. To which Steevens replies,—"I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakespeare was not its author: I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio." Mr. Collier, whose judgment in such matters is always deserving of respect, was once of the opinion that it should be set down to 1606; but his later sentence is for 1601, or 1602. We should attach more weight to his judgment herein, had he withheld the reasons thereof One of which is, that in Hamlet Shakespeare used Baptista as the name of a woman, but, before he wrote The Taming of the Shrew had found out the mistake. He adds,—"The great probability

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is, that Hamlet was written at the earliest in 1601, and 'The Taming of the Shrew perhaps came from his pen not very long afterwards." The other reason is as follows. In "The pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill," which was written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, in 1599, one of the persons says,—"I will learn your medicines to tame shrews." In July, 1602, Dekker received payment of Henslowe for a play he was then writing, entitled "A Medicine for a curst Wife." From whence Mr. Collier conjectures, "that Shakespeare produced his Taming of the Shrew soon after Patient Grissill had been brought upon the stage, and as a sort of counterpart to it; and that Dekker followed up the subject in the summer of 1602 by his Medicine for a curst Wife, having been incited by the success of Shakespeare's play at a rival theatre." There is much ingenuity, perhaps some force, in these reasons; but surely not enough to stand against the internal evidence of the play; which is too strong to admit of the belief that the whole could have been written by Shakespeare at that time. Mr. Collier is sensible of this, and therefore supposes that some parts of the play must have come from another hand; a supposition for which there is no authority, save that the assigning so late a date renders it necessary. Our persuasion, therefore, is, that the best parts of the play do not relish much of Shakespeare as he was at the period in question; and that none are so bad but they may well enough have been written by him several years before. And we should much sooner think he wrote it at different times, than that he had any help in writing it then.

That no certain contemporary notice of this play should have come down to us, is the more remarkable forasmuch as we have several such of an earlier play, called The Taming of a Shrew, which was first published in 1594, again in 1596, and a third time in 1607. The title-page of 1594 reads thus: "A pleasant-conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew: As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1594." Of this play there are, also, three several entries in the Stationers' Books; and Sir John Harrington in his Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596, says,—"Read the book of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her." All which argues the play to have been popular enough. And Shakespeare may have taken the more pains to keep his play out of print, and therefore out of the Stationers' Books, because it was so like one already printed.

The old Taming of a Shrew evidently furnished Shakespeare the plot, order, and incidents of his play, so far as these relate to the Lord, the Tinker, Petruchio, Katharine, and the whole taming process. The scene of the first is at Athens, of the other at

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Padua, both of which are represented as famous seats of learning Alphonsus, an Athenian merchant, has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son to the duke of Sestos, goes in quest of Phylema, Polidor of Emelia: as for Kate, she is such a terrible shrew nobody seems likely to want her; which puts the father upon taking an oath not to admit any suitors to the younger, till the elder be disposed of. Presently one Ferando, hearing of her fame, offers himself as her lover, and proceeds to carry her by storm. The wooing, the marriage, the entertainment of the bride at Ferando's country house, the passages with the tailor and haberdasher, the trip to her father's, and Kate's subdued and pliant behaviour, all follow, in much the same style and strain as in Shakespeare's play. The underplot, however, is quite different. Aurelius and Polidor do not carry on their suits in disguise; though the former brings in a merchant to personate his father, who arrives in time to discover the trick, and lets off plenty of indignation thereat. All the parties being at length married, the play winds up with a wager between the three husbands respecting the obedience of their several wives, and the tamed Kate reads her sisters a lecture on the virtue and sweetness of wifely submission.—The persons and proceedings of the Induction, also, are much the same in both, save that in the first Sly continues his remarks from time to time throughout the play, and finally, having drunk himself back into insensibility, is left where he was found, and upon awaking regards it all as a glorious dream; whereas in Shakespeare this part is not carried beyond the first act.

This close similarity of title, matter, and interest, shows that the Poet had no thought of concealing his obligations; rather, it looks as if he meant to turn the popularity of the old play to the advantage of his company. Nevertheless, excepting a very few lines and phrases imitated or adopted, the dialogue, language, and poetry are all his own: the characters, even when partly borrowed, are wrought out into a much more determinate and specific individuality; and the whole is quickened and permeated with the briskness and vigour of his genius: even in the poorest parts there is a clean evolving of the thought, an energetic directness of style, and a driving right straight at the point, that lift it immeasurably above its model. So that the thing is emphatically a new substance cast in a borrowed mould; and that, too, with as little disturbing as might be of those associations that would be apt to make it tell on the receipts of the theatre. Yet the old play must be owned to have considerable merit: probably few of the English dramas then in being should take rank much before it: it has occasional blushes of genuine poetry, some force and skill of characterization, and a good deal of sound stage-effect; though, upon the whole, the style is very stiff, frigid, pedantic, and artificial; and often, in setting out to be humorous, it runs into flat vulgarity and vapid common-place.

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There is no telling with certainty when or by whom the old play was written. Malone conjectured it to be the work of Robert Greene, who died September 3, 1592, at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate. The weight of probability bears strongly in favour of that conjecture. An argument of no mean force has been drawn from the title-page to the Orlando Furioso, which is known to have been Greene's, because it was spoken of as such by a contemporary writer. Both were anonymous, were issued the same year, and by the same publisher; and both are called histories. Knight, after stating this point, asks,—"Might not the recent death of Greene, the reputation he left behind him, the unhappy circumstances of his death, and the remarkable controversy between Nash and Harvey, in 1592, 'principally touching Robert Greene,' have led the bookseller to procure and publish these plays, if they were both written by him? It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the resemblance of these performances, in the structure of the verse, the excess of mythological allusion, the laboured finery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy." And he thereupon quotes from the two plays several passages, a comparison of which certainly goes to bear out his view.

To our mind this view has been strengthened by an anonymous writer of our own country, who has pointed out a number of passages in The Taming of a Shrew that were evidently copied or taken from Marlowe's Faustus and Tamburlaine. From these the writer himself infers the play to have been by Marlowe. Against this we could start many arguments; but probably all of them would not weigh so much with considerate readers as the judgment of Mr. Dyce, who, after giving his opinion the other way, remarks as follows: "I find enough in The Taming of a Shrew to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptation to adopt the very words of his favourite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his more trifling plagiarisms from Marlowe,—recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts: but the case was certainly otherwise when he transferred to his own comedy whole passages of Tamburlaine or Faustus."

Marlowe was killed June 1, 1593. Of his Faustus the earliest known edition was in 1604. Henslowe's Diary has several entries concerning it, the earliest of which is dated September 30, 1594. From one of these entries it appears that twenty shillings were paid to Thomas Dekker, December 20, 1597, for making additions to Faustus. The play was also entered in the Stationers' Register January 7, 1601. All which seems to warrant the conclusion that it had not been printed in 1594, when The Taming of a Shrew first came out. So that the author of the latter play, whoever he might be, must have had access to the manuscript of Faustus

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And as this was probably written as early as 1588 or 1589, there appears no reason but that the above-mentioned plagiarisms from it may have been made several years before The Taming of a Shrew came from the press. The question, then, rises, who would be more likely to have such a freedom with Marlowe's manuscript, than his admiring friend and fellow-dramatist Robert Greene?

The upshot of all this argument, so far as regards our present purpose, is, that Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew *may have been* written before Greene's death. If this be granted, (and it can scarce be denied that the internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date,) then we may not unfairly presume The Taming of the Shrew to have been one of the plays referred to in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a million of Repentance." Part of the passage was quoted in our Introduction to The Two Gentlemen of Verona; but the whole is so remarkable, that it may well enough bear to be quoted again. He is exhorting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, "those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays."

"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnish'd in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tigre's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms."

That the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare, is on all hands allowed. And the general opinion is, that the second and third parts of King Henry VI. are the plays in which the Poet more especially drew upon the labours of Greene and his friends. Yet the originals of those plays are not nearly so much in Greene's manner, as the old Taming of a Shrew. This, to be sure, noway infers but they were among the writings meant; for Greene complains of others' grievances as well as his own. But the passage quoted certainly conveys the impression that the writer had himself suffered by the purloining of his plumes; that his own work had been specially invaded. In case of those he seems to have

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had little if any cause to complain on his own account, however he might resent a wrong done to his friends; and it is natural to suspect that Shakespeare had remodelled or appropriated some other work in which Greene had a stronger personal interest, and felt himself more nearly touched.

For our own part, though we cannot quite say we *believe* that Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew was one of the plays referred to in The Groatsworth of Wit, yet we have to admit there are some pretty strong reasons for believing so. And from the early publication of the older play we are apt to suspect that it may have been in a manner superseded on the stage by Shakespeare's improvement upon it; while in turn the printing of that may have served to discourage the acting of this. It is to be further observed that Henslowe's Diary has an entry showing that "the taminge of a shrewe" was performed at Newington Butts, June 11, 1594. Now Henslowe was notoriously careless in the form of his accounts. So that if it be not certain that this entry related to Shakespeare's play, neither is it at all improbable that such was the case. Henslowe's accounts at the time in question were of performances by "my lord admirell men and my lord chamberlen men." The Lord Admiral was the Earl of Nottingham; the Lord Chamberlain's men were the company to which Shakespeare belonged: and the title-page of the older play in 1594 reads,—'As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the *Earl of Pembroke his servants;*" a company quite distinct from both the former.

The most that seems able to be said against so early a date as we have been arguing for, is, that the play was not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and that the express purpose of his list would scarce have allowed him to omit The Taming of the Shrew, had it been in existence then. There is indeed much force in this, as Mr. Collier observes; nor should we well know how to answer it but for the fact that there was then another play, twice printed, well known, with almost the same title, and therefore very liable to be confounded with it. Besides, it were natural enough, in the circumstances, for Meres himself to doubt whether Shakespeare had written any such play, knowing there was one of that name that he did not write. But indeed nothing is plainer than that there might be ever so much mistaking between two performances so alike in title and all the main points of stage-effect.

It hath been already remarked how Shakespeare varies from his predecessor in the matter of the underplot. Here he has been traced to The Supposes, a play translated from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, by Gascoigne, and acted at Grey's Inn in 1566. There he probably found the names of Petruchio and Licio, and learnt how to make Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant for Vincentio.—There is no likelihood that the Poet went beyond The Taming of a Shrew for the material of his Induction; since al

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that any body but himself could have been the author of, is to be found there. The main features of this part, however, were by no means original in that play: it is one of the old stories that seem to be always on the go, being told of divers persons and at sundry times. If it have not travelled all round the globe, it has been to Arabia, and perhaps was born there; as the earliest known traces of it are met with in The Sleeper Awakened, of the Thousand and One Nights, but suspected by Mr. Lane not to be a genuine tale. But the most available version of it is in Goulart's Admirable and Memorable Histories, translated by E. Grimestone in 1607, though it had appeared in English as early as 1570, in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, being at Bruxelles, and taking a walk one night after supper with some of his favourites, found a certain artisan lying drunk and sound asleep upon the stones. It pleased him in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused the sleeper to be taken up and carried into his palace; to be laid in one of the richest beds; a rich night-cap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and one of fine holland to be put on him. He having digested his wine and beginning to awake, there came about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, make many courtesies, and ask him if it please him to rise, and what apparel he will put on that day. This new *Monsieur*, amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dream or wake, lets himself be dressed, and led out of the chamber. Then come noblemen who salute him with all honour, and conduct him to the mass, where with great ceremony they give him the book of the Gospel, and Pixe to kiss, as they usually did to the Duke. Brought back thence to the palace, he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, cards are brought in, with a great sum of money, and he, a duke in his own fancy, plays with the chief of the court. This done, he is taken to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk; then back to the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the music strikes up, the tables are removed, and the gentlemen and ladies have a dance. Then they play a pleasant comedy, which is followed by a banquet with store of Ipocras and precious wine, so that he is soon drunk again, and falls fast asleep.

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather

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hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter, that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savoury quality: the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humour! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colours of poetry, hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall any where find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skilfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are every where sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence any way save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do any thing wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister. The play indeed has little depth and vigour of characterization save what is contained in Grumio, Katharine, and Petruchio: these, especially the last, have character enough, are thoroughly compacted of individual life, and are forcibly drawn.

In Kate it was no slight thing to reconcile the demands of truth and of the stage together. For by the design of the piece she was to undergo, at least in appearance, an entire revolution of character in a very short space of time; such a change as could not be supposed to proceed by the methods of growth: so that there was no way but that she must truly be all the while what she at last comes to appear; for it is plain that so great a transformation could not be both natural and real. Accordingly her faults at first are clearly the result of over-indulgence rather than of an ugly and ill-conditioned nature. With a good stock of reason and right feeling, nothing was wanting but a vigorous and resolute hand to discipline them forth into action: by nature proud and wilful, as well-built folks are apt to be, it was for art to bend her will, in which case her pride itself would tend to make her go right; and

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until this is done she is perverse, froward, and cross, and gets somewhat in a habit of showing her freedom by putting on unamiable traits. Thus her shrewishness is for the most part assumed, yet with others it passes for real, and so gets her a bad name, which she knows she does not deserve, and yet is too proud to remove the occasion thereof. Her worst conduct is towards her sister, and that, too, at the very time when she most keenly feels the evils such conduct is drawing upon her. For education has wrought with nature to make her crave the honours and comforts of marriage, and her vexation at the prospect of missing them urges her into greater transports of petulance, and those transports fall heaviest, of course, upon her who has what she desires. In some such way as this a true womanhood often instinctively challenges a taming and subduing hand; thus it *dares* a conquering power, because it *wants* to be conquered: there is many a good woman who will not be ruled by her husband, if she can help it, yet will love with all her heart and respect with all her soul the husband that does rule her, provided his government issue from a sterling manhood; that is, if it be because he loves her too well and too wisely to let her have her own way.

Now all this Katharine has in Petruchio, whom Hazlitt aptly describes as "a madman in his senses, a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures; acting his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end." His plan is, to drive her out of her humour by becoming just like her, only more so. In pursuance of this: the more wild and absurd his statements, the more he insists upon them, and, out of pure love for her, will not let her rest till she assents to them; so that she has no way but to endorse his maddest assertions, and when she does this his end is accomplished, and he ceases to make them. For she must first be taught to set charity before knowledge, love before logic, and that to live at peace with her husband is worth far more than to have the better of him in argument; and with this view he keeps saying things that no woman in her senses would or could admit, but for the sake of such peace. In all which he does but make his will stand for reason, till her will gives place to reason. At first, indeed, she thinks he is what he seems, and accordingly neither loves nor respects him; but when she perceives that he has but put on this character as an offset and antidote to hers; that it proceeds noway from weakness, but from superabundant strength; that he has perfect control over it, and will not be diverted from it, nor beaten out of it, till his work is done; then she begins to rejoice in the match, and to build her heart upon him, willingly yielding herself to the sway of his stout, manly, generous mind

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A LORD,
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker,
Hostess, Huntsmen, Players,
Page, and other Servants, } Characters of the INDUCTION.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, his Son, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona.
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } Suitors to Bianca.
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } Servants to Lucentio.
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } Servants to Petruchio.
A Pedant, set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, BIANCA, } Daughters to Baptista.
A Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; sometimes at Petruchio's House in the Country.

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'LL pheese[1] you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror.[2] Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide. *Sessa!*[3]

[1] This word, variously spelt, feize, feaze, fease, fese, feese, vease, and veze, occurs in several old writers. As in Ben Jonson's Alchemist, Act v. sc. 3: "Come, will you quarrel? I will *feize* you, sirrah;" in a note upon which Mr. Gifford, a West-of-England man, says that in that part of the country the word means, "to beat, chastise, or humble." This accords with what Fuller says in his Worthies of Dorsetshire: "Bishop Turbervil recovered some lost lands, which Bishop Voysey had *vezed;*" and in a note upon *vezed* he explains it to mean, "*driven away,* in the dialect of the West." Likewise in Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil: "*Feaze* away the drone bees;" and again: "We are touz'd, and from Italy *feaz'd.*" And Skinner says, that "*fease,* or *feag,* is to lash, to beat with rods." We have the word again in Troilus and Cressida, Act ii. sc. 3: "An a' be proud with me, I'll *pheese* his pride: let me go to him." H.

[2] Knight says,—"The tinker was right in boasting the antiquity of his family, though he did not precisely recollect the name of the Conqueror." Doubtless the name is from the same original as our words *sly* and *sleight.* So that there have been Slys ever since there began to be *skilful, cunning* men. Among "the names of the principal actors in all these plays," mentioned in Vol. I. page xvi., we have William Slye. The name is said to have been common in the Poet's native town. H.

[3] *Sessa* is for the Spanish *Cessa;* meaning, *cease, be quiet.*—

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Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?[4]

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, St. Jeronimy;[5] go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the headborough.[6] [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman — the poor cur is emboss'd,[7]

Paucas pallabris is a tinkerism for *pocas palabras*, also Spanish, meaning *few words*. The phrase was common in Shakespeare's time. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 5, note 1. H.

[4] *Burst* was anciently synonymous with *break*. H.

[5] Thomas Kyd's play entitled Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy, became a by-word. The phrase, *go by, Hieronymo*, is often quoted and sneered at by the wits of Shakespeare's time. From them our tinker seems to have caught the trick, at the same time confounding Jeronimo with St. Jerome. Such is Mr. Dyce's explanation, which is evidently right. The original has, — "Go by S. Jeronimie, goe to thy cold bed," &c.; *S.* being then the common abbreviation for *saint*. Monck Mason, not knowing what to do with *S.*, came to the conclusion that it stood for *says*; which, strange as may seem, has been generally adopted in modern editions, and in the Chiswick among others. Knight thinks "the tinker swears by St. Jerome, calling him St. Jeronimy;" which might indeed pass, but that it does not accord with the common use of the phrase, as Mr. Dyce has abundantly shown. H.

[6] So in all the old copies, but generally changed in modern editions to *thirdborough*, with a view, of course, to make Sly's answer more apposite. The *headborough*, as the name imports, was an officer of the borough; the *thirdborough* was a subordinate answering pretty nearly to our *constable*. The mention of the headborough puts Sly in mind of the thirdborough, and thus starts his wit into play. H.

[7] *Emboss'd*, says Philips in his World of Words, "is a term

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunt.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunt.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hunt.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O, monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies.
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,

in hunting, *when a deer is so hard chased that she foams at the mouth.*" Skinner has pointed out its most probable derivation from the Italian word *Ambascia* or *Ambastia*, which signifies *difficulty of breathing coming from excessive fatigue;* and which is also used metaphorically, like the English word, for *weariness. Emboss'd* is used in both these senses by Shakespeare and Spenser, as well as in the more common and still usual one of swelling with protuberances. Thus an *emboss'd* stag is a *distress'd* stag *foaming and panting for breath*, like the *brach* or *hound* Merriman in the text.—*Brach* originally signified a particular species of dog used for the chase. It was a long-eared dog, hunting by the scent.

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And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunt.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest: —
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, — What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper;
And say, — Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is —, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[8] gentle sirs:

[8] *Kind* was often used for *nature; kindly* for *natural* or *naturally*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. sc. 1, note 4. H.

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It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.[9]

1 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes. —

[SLY *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds: —

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here. —

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near: —

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty?[10]

Lord. With all my heart. — This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son: —
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

[9] Moderation.

[10] It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies and offer their service at great houses.

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1 *Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.[11]

Lord. 'Tis very true: — thou didst it excellent —
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,[12]
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords. —
[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*
[*To a Servant.*] Sirrah, go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him — madam, do him obeisance;
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

[11] The old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, who was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare. *Soto* was probably the name of a character in some play now lost.

[12] Pope remarks, in his Preface to Shakespeare, that "the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery*, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." The *buttery* was formerly a place for all sorts of gastric refreshments.

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Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say, — What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Serv.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.*[1]

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear today?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me — honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton

[1] From the original stage direction, it appears that Sly and the other persons of the Induction were to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage.

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heath;[2] by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd,[3] and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,[4] if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:[5] Here's —

1 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord! bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

[2] Barton-on-the-heath was the name of a small village in Warwickshire, and is, no doubt, the place referred to here. H.

[3] That is, *bear-ward;* one who *kept* bears for baiting. H.

[4] *Wilnecotte,* says Warton, is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakespeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess still remains, but is at present a mill.

[5] *Bestraught* is an old word for *distracted.* Thus in A Song to the Lute, given in Percy's Reliques from the Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596:

"*Bestrawghted* heads relyef hath founde.
By musickes pleasaunte swete delightes."

And in Holland's Ammianus: "Some among them, of the baser sort, having their wits and sences dulled by continuall drunkennesse, are ravished and *bestraught* with wild and wandering cogitations" H

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Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

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Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things: —
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly. —
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay,[6] a goodly nap.
But did I never speak, of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O! yes, my lord, but very idle words; —
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say, you would present her at the leet,[7]
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up, —

[6] According to some old authorities, Sly here uses a very lady-like imprecation. Thus Cooper: "*By my fay*, used only of women." It is merely a diminutive of *by my faith*.

[7] That is, at the *Court Leet*, where it was usual to present such matters, as appears from Kitchen on Courts: "Also if tiplers sell by *cups* and *dishes*, *or measures sealed* or *not sealed*, is inquirable."

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As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps o' the Green,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

* Blackstone proposes to read, "old John Naps o'the Green. Probably there is an allusion to some place in Warwickshire, then known by the name of Greece." H.

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Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play it. Is not a commonty[9] a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*

[9] For comedy.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious[1] studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,[2]
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply,[3] that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves

[1] *Ingenious* and *ingenuous* were used indifferently by old writers.

[2] That is, to fulfil the expectations of his friends.

[3] *Apply* for *ply* is frequently used by old writers. Thus Baret: "With diligent endeavour to *applie* their studies." And in Turberville's Tragic Tales: "How she her wheele *applyde*."

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A shallow plash,[4] to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Me perdonato,*[5] gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,[6]
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk[7] logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en: —
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town

[4] Small piece of water.

[5] Me being pardoned.

[6] The old copy reads Aristotle's *checks*. Blackstone suggests that we should read *ethics*, and the sense seems to require it.

[7] So in the original: commonly but injuriously changed to *talk*. The proper meaning of *balk* is, to *omit, pass over*, which is just the sense required in the text. Leave out logic with your acquaintance, and use rhetoric in your talk with them. H.

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Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure
Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me: —
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. [*To* BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale[8] of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

[8] The expression seems to have a quibbling allusion to the chess term of *stale-mate*. So in Bacon's twelfth Essay: "They stand like a *stale* at chess, where it is no *mate*, but yet the game cannot stir." Shakespeare sometimes uses *stale* for a *decoy*, as in the second scene of the third act of this play.

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Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, — Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat![9] it is best
Put finger in the eye, — an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. -
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good-will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd. —
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men[10]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

[9] Pet, a spoiled child.

[10] *Cunning* has not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned,* as may be observed in the translation of the Bible.

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Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too; may I not? What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their [11] love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish [12] him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

[11] It seems that we should read—*Your* love. ye in old writing stood for either *their* or *your*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good-will of Baptista and Bianca towards us.—*Blowing the nails* seems to have been a proverbial expression for *doing nothing*.

[12] That is, I will *recommend* him.

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Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, — to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. — Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole![13] He that runs fastest gets the ring.[14] How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio! till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee, —
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was, —
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now:

[13] A proverbial expression of very common occurrence. — *Dole* is any thing *dealt* out, or assigned. So that the meaning is, — May it fall his *lot* or *portion* to be a happy man. H.

[14] The allusion is probably to the sport of running at the *ring* or some similar game.

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Affection is not rated [15] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, —
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.[16]

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly [17] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O, yes! I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter [18] of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance. —
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,[19]
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

[15] Is not driven out by chiding.

[16] This line is quoted as it appears in Lilly's Grammar, and not as it is in Terence.

[17] Longingly.

[18] Europa.

[19] *Curst* is cross, ill-tempered, snappish: *shrewd* is sharp biting; as in Hamlet, — "The air bites *shrewdly*." H.

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But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta;[20] content thee; for I have it full
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master: then, it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[21] and servants, as I should.
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits*
In brief, sir, sith[22] it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he;

[20] It is enough, Ital.
[21] *Port* is figure, show, appearance.
[22] Since.

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Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'would, I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

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When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these woers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*[23]

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by St. Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady 'Would 'twere done!

SCENE II. The same.

Before HORTENSIO's House.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

[23] Here in the old copy we have,—"The presenters above speak;" meaning Sly, &c., who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words "would it were done," the marginal direction is,—*They sit and mark.*

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Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: — I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? — My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! — How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato, signor mio Petruchio.[1]
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges[2] in Latin. — If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir. He bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for

[1] Gascoigne in his Supposes has spelt this name correctly *Petruzio,* but Shakespeare wrote it *Petruchio,* in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice.*

[2] That is, what he *alleges* in Latin. Grumio thinks Petruchio has been speaking Latin. Monck Mason thought it strange the Poet should make Grumio mistake Italian for Latin, the former being his native tongue. But of course all the persons, though Italians, speak as Englishmen; and when they use Italian, they do so as foreigners, not as natives. Tyrwhitt, however, ingeniously proposed to read *be leges,* instead of *he 'leges;* in which case the sense would be, — "'Tis no matter what *be laws* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause," &c. H.

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a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty, — a pip out?[3]
Whom 'would to God I had well knock'd at first;
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? — O heavens! spake you not these words plain, — "Sirrah, knock me here; rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?" and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,[4]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:

[3] This passage has escaped the commentators, and yet it is more obscure than many they have explained. Perhaps it was passed over because it was not understood. The allusion is to the old game of *Bone-ace* or *one-and-thirty*. A *pip* is a spot upon a card. The same allusion is found in Massinger's Fatal Dowry, Act ii. sc. 2: "You think, — because you served my lady's mother, are *thirty-two* years old, which is *a pip out*, — you know." There is a secondary allusion (in which the joke lies) to a popular mode of inflicting punishment upon certain offenders.

[4] *In a few* means the same as *in short, in a few words*.

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Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?[5]
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: — But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[6]
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me: Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,[7]
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what

[5] *Ill-favoured* has reference, no doubt, to the features of her mind, not of her person. *Shrewd* in the sense of *shrew*. H.

[6] This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book of his Confessio Amantis. *Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. This story may have been taken from the Gesta Romanorum: Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale is of a similar kind.

[7] A writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare, in a note upon this passage, says,—"The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by 'the swelling Adriatic seas, which pour over it into the Lagunes." H

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his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[8] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses:[9] why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;

8 *Aglet*, or *aiglet*, from the French *aiguillette*, was the end of the point or string used to fasten or sustain dress, — the kind of point referred to in Henry IV.: "Their *points* being broken, — down fell their hose." In the 25th Coventry play, the devil, disguised as a gallant, says he has "two doseyn poyntys of cheverelle, the *aglottes* of sylver feyn." Likewise in Sir Thomas More's Works: "He gyveth always hys old point at one end or other some new *aglet*. But when al his cost is don theron, it is not al worth an *aglet* of a good blewe point." The aglet was sometime wrought or carved into a figure or image of a person; which may suggest clearly enough what is meant by *an aglet-baby*. H.

9 The *fifty diseases of a horse* seems to be proverbial, of which probably, the text is only an exaggeration.

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And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so; why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[10] I'll tell you what, sir, — an she stand[11] him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.[12] You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee:
For in Baptista's keep[13] my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

[10] Probably intended as a blunder prepense for *rhetorics*. It may, however, be used for *roguish tricks*, as in Romeo and Juliet we have *ropery* for *roguery*. H.

[11] Withstand.

[12] Mr. Boswell justly remarks, "that nothing is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended."

[13] *Keep* here means *care*, keeping, custody.

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Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen [14] in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO, *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love.—Petruchio, stand by a while. [*They retire.*

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

Gre. O! very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers, too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to.[15] What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:

[14] To be *well seen* in any art was to be *well-skilled* or *well-reputed* in it. So Spenser's Faerie Queene, B. iv. c. 2:

"*Well seene* in every science that mote be."

[15] This doubling of the preposition, which is quite common in the old writers, has been referred to in As You Like It, Act ii. sc. 7, note 10.

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Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru O, this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. [*Advancing.*] Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you, whither I am going?—to Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning, and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

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Gre. No! say'st me so, friend? What country man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir! such a life, with such a wife, were strange;
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o'God's name!
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wildcat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. [*Aside.*] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.[16]

Gru. [*Aside.*] For he fears none

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

[16] That is, *frighten* boys with *bug-bears*.

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Gru. [*Aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? — is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to —[17]

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir: what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir: — Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go: —
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

[17] The original has a dash in this place. As the dialogue here runs in rhyme, the ending of the next verse shows that this was to end with *woo*. Of course Tranio anticipates and interrupts Gremio. H.

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Do me this right; — hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then, well one more may fair Bianca have;
And so she shall: Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me: insooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

[16] So in the original: commonly, but needlessly changed to *feat*. *This* plainly refers to Katharine: if you seek this *one* H

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive [19] this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries [20] do in law, —
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bion. O, excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so: —
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Katharina *and* Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me:
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,

[19] To *contrive* is to *wear out*, to *pass away*, from *contrivi*, the preterite of *contero*, one of the disused Latinisms. So in Damon and Pithias, 1571: "In travelling countries, we three have *contrived* full many a year."

[20] *Adversaries* here signifies *contending barristers*, or counsellors, not their clients

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Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest! Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence? —
Bianca, stand aside: — poor girl! she weeps: —
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. —
For shame, thou hilding[1] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd!
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What! in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

[1] A *hilding* signified a *base low wretch:* it is applied to Katharina for the coarseness of her behaviour. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii. sc. 6, note 1.

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Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband:
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[2]
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in a mean habit;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir: Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave. —
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, — hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour, —
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard:
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[2] The origin of this very old proverbial phrase is not known Steevens suggests that it might have been considered a retribution for women who refused to bear children, to have the care of apes in leading-strings after death.

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I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Backare![3] you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O! pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. —
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long studying at Rheims.

[3] A sort of proverbial check to over-confidence, meaning *go back*. Mr. Collier thinks it may be from *back there*. Thus in the old play, Ralf Roister Doister: "Ah, sir! *backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow." G.

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as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio: pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio. — [*To* TRANIO.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir; the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request, —
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. —
[*To* HOR.] Take you the lute, [*To* LUC.] and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* HOR., LUC., *and* BIONDELLO.

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We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and, in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then, tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, — be it that she survive me, —
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

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Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What! will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[4]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

[4] *Frets* are the points at which a string is to be stopped, formerly marked on the neck of such instruments as the lute or guitar.

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Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt* BAP., GREM., TRAN., *and* HOR.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

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Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you

Kath. No such load as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light, —

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should? buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.[4]

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again, good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

[4] This kind of expression seems to have been proverbial. So in The Three Lords of London, 1590: "Hast no more skill *than take a falcon for a buzzard?*"

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Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.[6]

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by St. George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?

[6] A cowardly degenerate cock.

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O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.[7]

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

[7] This appears to allude to some proverb. So in Much Ado about Nothing: "That if he has *wit* enough to keep himself warm."

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Pet. How but well, sir? how but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter! now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: — yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,[8]
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!

[8] The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio. It is thought to be older than the time of the Florentine, as it is to be found among the old *fabliaux*.

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She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied[9] so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,[10]
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock[11] wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give my thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. —
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Grc. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace: —
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exeunt* PET. *and* KATH. *severally*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

[9] To *vie* was a term in the old vocabulary of gaming, for *to wager* the goodness of one hand against another. Petruchio appears to mean that Katharine played as for a wager with her kisses *vying* or *staking* kiss on kiss with him.

[10] This phrase, which frequently occurs in old writers, is equivalent to, *it is a wonder, or a matter of admiration to see.* See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 5, note 3.

[11] *A tame dastardly creature*, particularly a henpecked husband. "A *meacocke* or pezzant, that hath his head under his wives girdle, or that lets his wife be his maister." — Junius's Nomenclator, by Fleming, 1585.

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Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,[12]
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,[13]
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

[12] Coverings for beds; now called counter*panes*. Anciently made of patch-work, so that every *pane* was contrasted with a different colour. Hence the change of the last syllable to *pane*.

[13] *Tents* were hangings, *tentes*, French, probably so named from the *tenters* upon which they were hung: *tenture de tapisserie* signified a *suit of hangings*. The following passage shows that a *canopy* was sometimes a *tester*: "A canopy properly that hangeth aboute beddes to keepe away gnattes, sometimes a tent or pavilion, some have used it for a testorne to hange over a bed."—*Baret, in voce.*

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Pewter[14] and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in. — Sir, list to me.
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. —
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,[15]
That now is lying in Marseilles' road. —
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,[16]
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more,
And she can have no more than all I have: —
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

[14] *Pewter* was such costly furniture, that we find in the Northumberland household book *vessels of pewter* were hired by the year.

[15] A large vessel either for merchandise or war. See The Merchant of Venice, Act. i. sc. 1, note 2.

[16] A *galiass, galeazza*, Ital., was a great or double galley. The masts were three, and the number of seats for rowers thirty-two

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Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.[17]
Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: — On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.[18]
'Tis in my head to do my master good: —
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd — suppos'd Vincentio.
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

[17] The origin of this term is also from gaming. When one man *vied* upon another, he was said to be *outvied*.

[18] This phrase, which often occurs in old writers, was most probably derived from some game at cards, wherein the standing boldly upon a *ten* was often successful. *To face it* meant, as it

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ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then, give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then, give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar[1] in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face. Whether *a card of ten* was properly a *cooling card* has not yet been ascertained, but they are united in the following passage from Lyly's Euphues: "And all lovers, he only excepted, are *cooled* with *a card of ten*."

[1] No schoolboy, liable to be whipped

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Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
[HORTENSIO *retires*

Luc. That will be never: — tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam: —

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.[2]

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, — *Simois*, I am Lucentio, — *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, — *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love; — *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, — *Priami*, is my man Tranio, — *regia*, bearing my port, — *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.[3]

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. — [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; — *Hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not; — *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not; — *regia*, presume not; — *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule,[4] I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

[2] From Ovid's EPIST. HER. Penelope Ulyssi, v. 33. H.

[3] *Pantaloon* was a character that figured on the Italian stage See As You Like It, Act ii. sc. 7, note 13. H.

[4] Pedant.

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Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,[5] call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. [*To* Luc.] You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord.
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C faut, that loves with all affection:
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I:
E la mi, show pity, or I die.
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,[6]
To change true rules for odd inventions.

[5] This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to be listening. The pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out
[6] One of the ancient meanings of nice was *silly, foolish.* Thus

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Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA *and Servant*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,[7]
Seize thee that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. The same.

Before BAPTISTA's House.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. [*To* TRANIO.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day

in Chaucer's Wif of Bathes Tale: "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice.*" Likewise in Gower:

> "A tale of them that be so *nice,*
> And feignen them selfe to be wise,
> I shall the tell in such a wise."

And in Romeo and Juliet, Act v. sc. 2: "The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge, of dear import."—In the original the next line reads,—"To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." *Charge* was a frequent misprint for *change,* and was so corrected in the folio of 1632. Theobald changed *old* into *odd;* which is evidently right, as the speaker has just said,—"*Old* fashions please me best." Besides, *old* and *inventions* will hardly go together. H.

[7] A *stale* was a *decoy* or *bait;* originally the form of a bird was

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That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;[1]
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes,[2] and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, — "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too:
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

set up to allure a hawk or other bird of prey, and hence used for any object of allurement. *Stale* here may, however, only mean every *common* object, as *stale* was applied to *common* women.

[1] Humour, caprice, inconstancy.

[2] *Yes* was supplied in the folio of 1632. Some such word seems required by the verse; and *yes* is at all events better than *them*, which has been generally adopted from Malone. H.

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For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news,[3] and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points:[4] his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and

[3] *Old news* as added by Rowe, and necessarily, as appears by the reply of Baptista. *Old* is here augmentative, in the sense of *great, huge*. Several instances of the word in this sense have already occurred. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. sc. 2, note 7. H.

[4] Dr. Johnson could not imagine "how a sword should have two broken points." The meaning of *points* as here used is explained in Act i. sc. 2, note 8. The having two fastenings of his sword broken would add much to Petruchio's slovenly appearance. — *Chapeless* means without any hook or locket to his scabbard. Thus in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. sc. 3: "This is monsieur Parolles, that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the *chape* of his dagger." H

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like to mourn in the chine; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions,[5] full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,[6] stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before:[7] and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies[8] prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

[5] That is, the farcins, or farcy, a leprosy, called *fashions* in the west of England.

[6] Vives; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles.

[7] The original has *neere leg'd;* which is the way *near* is there usually spelt. The common reading is *ne'er legged*, which Malone explains to mean "foundered in the fore-feet; having, as the jockeys term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on." Of the reading we have given, Lord Chadworth says, — "I believe *near-legg'd* is right: the near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had, as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson, two left legs; that is, he was awkward in the use of them; he used his right leg like the left." H.

[8] What *the humour of forty fancies* may have been, is not known. Mr. Collier thinks it might be some ballad or collection of ballads, with that title. Warburton had already put forth a similar conjecture. We see not but it may as well have been some other fantastical contrivance gotten up for the purpose. Such a madcap humourist as Petruchio might easily muster forty fancies into the place of a feather, for a comical display. The words are usually printed as a quotation: in the original they are in the same type as the context. "

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Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.
Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.
Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?
Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?
Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.
Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.
Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by St. Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? —
How does my father? — Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

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Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;[9]
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PET., GRU., *and* BION.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to Church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, to her love concerneth us to add[10]
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,

[9] That is, to deviate from my promise.

[10] In the original *to* is wanting before *love*. Of course *concerneth* is used impersonally, *it* being understood. M.

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I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
It skills[11] not much, we'll fit him to our turn, —
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician,[12] amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio. —

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

[11] It *matters* not much, it is of no importance. Thus in the old phrase book, Hormanni Vulgaria, 1519, "It maketh little matter, or it *skilleth* not whether thou come or not." See Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1, note 13.

[12] *Quaint* was formerly used in commendation, as *neat, elegant, dainty, dexterous.* Thus in Act iv. sc. 3, of this play:

"I never saw a better fashion'd gown
More *quaint*, more pleasing, nor more commendable."

We have "*quaint* spirits" in A Midsummer-Night's Dream; and Prospero calls Ariel, "my *quaint* Ariel."

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Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam
Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask — if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But, after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: — "A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: — Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;[13]
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,

[13] The custom of having wine and sops distributed immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. "For the Mariage of a Princess:" — "Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." It was also practised at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I. in 1613. In Jonson's Magnetic Lady it is called a *knitting cup;* in Middleton's No Wit like a Woman's, the *contracting cup.* The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury Missals.

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And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark! hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?
Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kath. Let me entreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

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Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green:
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself. —
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate! content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner!
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. —
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,[14]
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, — or go hang yourselves:
But, for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing:
And here she stands; touch her whoever dare:

[14] That is, *bluster* or *swagger*. So in Tarleton's Jests: "T having been *domineering* very late at night with two of his friends'

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I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. — Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we are beset with thieves:
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. —
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., *and* GRU.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones!

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets[18] at the feast. —
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt*

[18] Delicacies.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Hall in PETRUCHIO's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd?[1] was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,[2] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: — But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla! hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire: cast on no water.[3]

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she s reported?

[1] Bewrayed, dirty.

[2] *A little pot soon hot* is a common proverb.

[3] There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth,
Fire, fire; — fire, fire,
Cast on some more water."

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Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself,[4] fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I,[5] at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho boy!"[6] and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.[7]

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white

[4] Grumio calls himself *a beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow*: this would not have been noticed but that one of the commentators thought it necessary to alter *myself* in Grumio's speech to *thyself*. Grumio's sentence is proverbial: "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."

[5] Curtis contemptuously alludes to Grumio's diminutive size; and he in return calls Curtis a cuckold.

[6] This is the beginning of an old drinking round in three parts. The *jack* was a black leathern jug for serving drink. H.

[7] *Cheating* or *deceiving*. This use of *conycatching* probably sprung from the manner of *catching conies*, or rabbits. H.

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stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid,[8] and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both of one horse?[9]

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how

[8] The carpets were *laid* over the *tables*. The floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes.

[9] *Of* was often used where we should use *on*. In modern editions it is usually changed to *on* in this place. M.

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her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; — with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? — Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats [10] brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: [11] let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

[10] *Blue coats* were the usual habits of servants. Hence a *blue-bottle* was sometimes used as a term of reproach for a servant. A serving-man in Jonson's Case is Altered says: "Ever since I was of the *blue* order."

[11] "Of an *indifferent knit* is *tolerably knit*, pretty good in quality. Hamlet says, 'I am myself *indifferent* honest;' that is, *tolerably* honest." So says the Chiswick; but others say, and we are apt to agree with them, that the meaning is, — let their garters be alike, *not different*.

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Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you fellow, you; — and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not — Cock's passion, silence! — I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? —

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What! no attendance? no regard? no duty? -
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel,
There was no link [12] to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing

[12] Green, in his Mumchance, says, "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe blackt over with the *smoake of an olde link*."

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There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. —
[*Exeunt some of the Servants*

[*Sings.*] "Where is the life that late I led" — [13]
Where are those — ? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud! [14]

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[*Sings.*] "It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:" — [15]
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
[*Strikes him.*
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. —
Be merry, Kate: — Some water, here; what, ho!

Enter Servant, with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: —
[*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. —

[13] The ballad is lost from which this line was taken. In A Handful of Pleasant Delites, 1584. is "Dame Beautie's replie to the lover late at libertie." set down as in answer to the sonnet. — "Where is the life that late I led?" And in The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, is a song to the tune of the same ballad. H.

[14] A word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

[15] Dr. Percy has constructed his beautiful ballad, The Friar of Orders Gray, from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

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Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?
[*A basin is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. —
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I? —
What's this? Mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! — Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:
And better 'twere that both of us did fast, —
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric, —
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber
[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., *and* CURT.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

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Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,[16]
For then she never looks upon her lure.[17]
Another way I have to man my haggard,[18]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate,[19] and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets: —
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend[20]

[16] Shakespeare delights in allusions to Falconry: the following allegory comprises most of its terms. A hawk *full fed* was untractable, and refused the lure. In Watson's Sonnets, 47:

"No *'ure* will cause her stoop, she bears *full gorge.*"

[17] The lure was a thing stuffed to look like the game the hawk was to pursue; its use was to tempt him back after he had flown

[18] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk;* to *man* her is to tame her. To *watch* or *wake* a hawk was one part of the process of taming.

[19] To *bate* is to flutter the wings as preparing for flight.

[20] *Intend* is used for *pretend*

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That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit*

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*

Hor. [*Advancing.*] Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress Bianca lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O, despiteful love! unconstant womankind
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

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Hor Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! — Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn her!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio. —
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: — and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HOR. — LUC. *and* BIAN. *advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

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Bian. Tranio, you jest: But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what! is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O, master, master! I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel[1] coming down the hill.
Will serve the turn.

[1] In regard to this word, spelt *angel* in the old copy, Richardson says, — "Ben Jonson writes *enghle*, and applies the noun to one who has been or may be ensnared, deluded. Shakespeare uses *angle* in the same manner." The word thus occurs in The Poetaster, Act i. sc. 1: "What! shall I have my son a stager now? an *enghle* for players? a gull, a rook, a shot-clog, to make suppers, and be laughed at?" It does not quite appear, though whether in the text the word means the *bait* or the *fish*; and in effect Tranio first gulls the Pedant, and then uses him for the gulling of others, — first *angles for* him, then *with* him. In illustration of the matter Gifford thus refers to Gascoigne's Supposes, from which this part of the plot was taken: "There Erostrato, the Biondello of Shakespeare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges *from appearances*, and is not deceived: 'At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and as *methought by his habits and his looks he should be none of the wisest.*' Again: 'This gentleman being, as I guessed at the first, *a man of small sapientia.*' And Dulippo the Lucentio of Shakespeare, as soon as he

Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,[2]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up further, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir? — marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua: Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

spies him coming, exclaims, — 'Is this he? go meet him: by my troth, *he looks like a good soul; he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a codshead.*'" Singer, however, maintains *angel* to be the right word, as thus explained by Cotgrave: "*An old angel*, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old sound honest and worthie stamp." H

[2] That is, a merchant or a schoolmaster.

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Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should:
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

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In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in PETRUCHIO's House.

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What! did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,[1]
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

[1] This line has been strangely left out of modern editions until Knight's. The Chiswick lacks it. H.

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Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.[2]
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go; get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What! sweeting, all amort?[3]
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

[2] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In The Glasse of Humours: "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched*, *dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."

[3] That is, *all sunk* and *dispirited*. This gallicism is frequent in many of the old plays.

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And all my pains is sorted to no proof.[4] —
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. —
[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace. — And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,[5]
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.[6]

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments:

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. — What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

[4] Is suited to no approbation. *It sorted not* was often used for *it did not answer.* H

[5] Finery.

[6] To *ruffle*, in Shakespeare's time, signified to *flaunt*, to *strut* to *swagger*. In Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, Act iii. sc. 3, Amorphus says: "Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in blue and yellow." *Ruffling treasure* was therefore obviously the flaunting finery which Petruchio had just enumerated. In the Poet's time women's apparel was usually made by men.

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A velvet dish: — fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears:
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[7] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: — Come, tailor, let us see't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down,[8] carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer[9] in a barber's shop. —
Why what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

[7] A coffin was the culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

[8] A phrase of the time, meaning *exactly*, something like our *out and out*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 6. H.

[9] These censers resembled our braziers in shape; they had pierced convex covers.

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Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint,[10] more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O, monstrous arrogance!
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

[10] *Quaint* was used as a term of commendation by our ancestors. It seems, when applied to dress, to have meant *spruce, trim, neat*, like the French *cointe*.

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Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd[11] many men; brave not me: I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, — I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. "*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:" —

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,[12] sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom[13] of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. — "with a small-compass'd cape;" —

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. — "with a trunk sleeve;" —

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. — "the sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

[11] Grumio quibbles upon to *brave*, to *make fine*, as he does upon *facing*.

[12] Grumio seems to be quibbling upon *loose-bodied*, as if it meant a *loose woman*. H.

[13] A *bottom* is here used for that which thread or yarn is wound upon. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. sc. 2 note 3. H.

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Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,[14] give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir! the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress's gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid: —

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate! neither art thou the worse

[14] Quibbling again; referring to the *bills* used by watchmen foresters and soldiers. M.

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For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore, frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house. —
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. —
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two:
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. — Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.[1]

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

[1] Shakespeare has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle Temple and is a very popular sign.

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Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou'rt a tall[2] fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista. — Set your countenance, sir. —

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met. —
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of. —
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, son! —
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, — for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing

[2] That is, a *high* fellow, a brave boy, as we now say. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 4, note 5.

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With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness, and your shortness please me well
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best,
We be affied,[3] and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily,[4] we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then, at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, — that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: — Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened: —
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

[3] Betrothed, affianced.

[4] *Happily*, in Shakespeare's time, signified *peradventure*, as well as fortunately; we now write it *haply*.

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Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant, and* BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio!—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral[5] of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect[6] they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take your assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm.*[7] To the Church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

[5] That is, the secret purpose.

[6] So in the first folio; the second has *except*. Taking *expect* in the sense of *suspect* or *believe*, it falls in well enough with the context. A singular use of the word, indeed, for the time and place, but the present custom of Yankeedom must have sprung up somewhere and somewhen. H.

[7] These were the words of the old exclusive privilege for *in printing* a book

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If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name: once more toward our father's.
Good Lord! how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house: —
Go on, and fetch our horses back again. —
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

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Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd! it is the blessed sun: —

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias. —
But soft! what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

[*To* VINCEN.] Good-morrow, gentle mistress? where away? —
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. —
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow![1]

[1] That the reader may see how well Shakespeare could make a good thing better, we subjoin the corresponding passage from the old play.

"Faire lovely maiden, young and affable.
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:[9]
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my sad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling — Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee — my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of ametists, or glistering hyacinth. —
Sweete Kate, entertaine this lovely woman. —
Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable, like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face."

[9] Another proof of Shakespeare's accurate observation of natural phenomena. When one has been long in the sunshine the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green.

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Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., *and* VIN.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. Before LUCENTIO's House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the Church o'your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC., BIAN., *and* BION.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while

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Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was beloved in Padua. — Do you hear, sir? — to leave frivolous circumstances, — I pray you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To* VINCEN.] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

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Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together: God send 'em good shipping! — But who is here! mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing* BION.] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What! have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What! you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BION.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit, from the window*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? — O, immortal gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a

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copatain hat![1] — O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! — Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. — O, my son, my son! — tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail. — Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

[1] "A suger-loaf hat, a *coppid-tanke hat;* galerus accuminatus." *Junius Nomenclator,* 1585. This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne: "A *coptankt* hat made on a Flemish block.' Again in his epilogue: "With *high-copt* hats and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt." — "Upon their heads they ware felt hats *copple-tanked* a quarter of an ell high or more." *Comines, by Danet.*

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Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be conycatch'd[2] in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd: — O, monstroùs villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoil'd! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[BION., TRA., *and Pedant run out.*

Bian. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? — Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.[3]

[2] That is, deceived, cheated. See Act iv. sc. 1, note 7.

[3] This is probably an allusion to Gascoigne's comedy, entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents are borrowed. Gascoigne's original was Ariosto's *I Suppositi*. The word *supposes* was often so used. Thus in Drayton's epistle of King John to Matilda: "And tell me those are shadows and *supposes*." — To *blear* the eye anciently signified to *deceive*, to *cheat*. The reader will remember Milton's "Spells of power to *cheat the eye* with *blear* illusion."

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Gre. Here's packing,[4] with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles: Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then, pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. [*To* Luc.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Gre. My cake is dough;[5] but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

Petruchio *and* Katharina *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

[4] Plottings, underhand contrivances.

[5] An old proverb, repeated on the loss of hope or expectation It has been suggested that a cake which comes out of the oven in the state of dough is utterly spoiled.

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Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. —Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? — Come, my sweet Kate,
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LUCENTIO's House.

A Banquet set out; enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant*, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and Widow* TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio, — sister Katharina, —
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet[1] is to close our stomachs up,

[1] The *banquet* here, as in other places of Shakespeare, was a refection similar to our modern *dessert*, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, fruits, &c. According to Baret, "banketting dishes brought at the end of meales were junkettes, tartes, marchpanes." Yet from the same authority it appears that a *banquet* and a *feast* were also then synonymous, and the word is often used by Shakespeare in that sense also.

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After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then, never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! — How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round: —
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

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Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: — Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter[2] jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow. —
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIAN., KATH., *and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. — Here, signior Tranio;
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift[3] simile, but something currish

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho! Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

[2] The old copy reads *better*. The emendation is Capell's.

[3] Beside the orig nal sense of speedy in motion, *swift* signified *witty*, *quick-witted*. So in As You Like It, the Duke says of the clown, "He is very *swift* and sententious."

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And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one, too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BION

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Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidom, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

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The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and Widow.*

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. —
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: — and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;

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Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee;
And, for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions,[4] and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown,

[4] That is, the gentle qualities of our minds.

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But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then, vail your stomachs,[5] for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! — Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed. —
We three are married, but you two are sped.[6]
[*To* LUCEN.] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[7]
And, being a winner, God give you good-night!
[*Exeunt* PET. *and* KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*

[5] That is, *let down, abate* your *pride*, your *spirit*.

[6] That is, the fate of you both is decided; for you both hav wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

[7] The *white* was the central part of the mark or butt in archery Here is also a play upon the name of *Bianca*, which is *white* in Italian.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE WINTER'S TALE

THE earliest notice we have of THE WINTER'S TALE is from the manuscript Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, lately discovered in the Ashmolean Museum. The description there given is so close as to leave no room for doubt or mistake; bearing date May 15, 1611, and running thus: "Observe there how Leontes, king of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the king of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned him, who gave the king of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c.; and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the king of Bohemia's son married that wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, and by the jewels found about her she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old. Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipci, and how he feigned him sick, and to have been robbed of all he had; and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-shear with a pedlar's pack, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how he changed apparel with the king of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trusting feigned beggars and fawning fellows."

Malone once thought The Winter's Tale to have been written in 1604; but he gave up this opinion late in life upon finding it stated in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels in 1623, that The Winter's Tale was "an old play formerly allowed of by Sir George Buck." Buck became Master

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of the Revels in October, 1610, which office he held till May, 1622. So that we may fairly conclude the play to have been new, and probably in its first run, when Forman saw it at the Globe Theatre.

It also appears from the accounts of Sir George Buck, that "a play called The Winter's Night's Tale" was acted at Whitehall by "the king's players," November 5, 1611. As the king's players were the company to which Shakespeare belonged, there can be little doubt that The Winter's Night's Tale was Shakespeare's Winter's Tale. In the same account are included eleven other plays, The Tempest being one, the oldest of which probably had not been written more than three years; which yields something of an argument that The Winter's Tale was selected for performance at court because it was then popular and new. And in our Introduction to The Tempest we have seen that both these plays are most likely referred to by Ben Jonson in his Bartholomew Fair, which was first acted in 1614; and that the style of the reference favours the opinion that the plays had not then lost the charm of novelty. Upon the whole, therefore, we have no scruple in setting down the composition of The Winter's Tale to the winter of 1610–11, when the Poet was in his forty-sixth year.

That The Winter's Tale was written after The Tempest, has been justly argued by Mr. Collier, and for this reason: Shakespeare, as we shall presently see, in his plot and story closely follows the Pandosto of Robert Greene. In the novel, however, the new-born babe is put into a boat and turned adrift at sea without a keeper, and so floats to the place where she is found by the shepherd: and there is no apparent reason why Shakespeare should have varied from the novel herein, unless it were to avoid a repetition of incident; he having already done a similar thing in the case of Prospero and Miranda.

As for the rest, The Winter's Tale first appeared in the folio of 1623, being the fourteenth in the series of Comedies, regularly divided into acts and scenes, and having at the end a list of the persons headed "The Names of the Actors." The printing is remarkably clear, though in several passages the sense is so perplexed and obscure as to make us regret the want of earlier impressions.

Greene's Pandosto, or, as it is sometimes called, Dorastus and Fawnia, seems to have been one of the most successful books of the time; there being no less than fourteen old editions of it known, the first of which was in 1588, and the second in 1607; and between these there were, no doubt, several editions that have been lost, as that was the very time when it would naturally have been in the greatest demand. Greene was a scholar, a man of some genius, Master of Arts in both the Universities, and had indeed much more of learning than of judgment in the use and application thereof; it having been seemingly impossible for him to write without overloading his pages with classical allusion, or

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to hit upon any thought so trite and commonplace but that he must run it through a series of aphoristic sentences twisted out of Greek and Roman lore. Herein he is apt to remind one of his fellow-dramatist, Thomas Lodge, of whom we have already spoken in the Introduction to As You Like It; for it was then much the fashion for authors to prank up their matter with superfluous erudition; which being the case, it is no wonder if in well-formed minds a sense of fitness and proportion sometimes got strangely crippled and thwarted. Like all the surviving works of Greene, Pandosto is greatly charged with learned impertinence, and in the annoyance thence resulting one is apt to overlook the real merit of the performance. It is better than Lodge's Rosalynd for this reason, if for no other, that it is shorter. It has been lately republished by Mr. Collier in his Shakespeare Library. How largely the Poet drew from this source may be seen by the following abstract.

Pandosto, king of Bohemia, and Egistus, king of Sicilia, had passed their childhood together, and grown into such a mutual friendship as kept its hold on them long after coming to their several crowns. Pandosto had for his wife a very beautiful, wise, and virtuous lady, named Bellaria, with whom he led a most sweet and happy life, and who had borne him a son, called Garinter, in whom both himself and his subjects greatly delighted. After many years of separation, Egistus "provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion," who hearing of his arrival went with a great train of lords and ladies to meet him, received him very lovingly, and wished his wife to welcome him as his old friend and acquaintance. Having saluted and embraced each other, they rode to the palace, recounting how they had spent their youth in friendly pastimes; and no pains were spared to honour the royal visitor, and make him feel at home. Bellaria, "to show how much she liked him whom her husband loved," treated Egistus with great confidence, often going herself unto his chamber to see that nothing should be amiss. This honest familiarity increased daily; for, each finding the other adorned with sundry excellent qualities, "there grew such a secret uniting of affections that the one could not well be without the other's company;" insomuch that when Pandosto was busy with state affairs they would walk into the garden, and pass their time in pleasant devices. This continuing some time, Pandosto began to have doubtful thoughts, calling to mind the beauty of his wife, the comeliness and bravery of his friend; and considering "that Egistus was a man and must needs love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject to love." These and such thoughts, "a long time smothering in his stomach," at last grew to a flaming jealousy, so that he could take no rest; he begun to measure all their actions, to misconstrue their familiarity, and to watch them narrowly, if he could get any certain proof to confirm his suspicions. His mind soon became so charged with

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jealousy that he was quite sure of what he feared, and studied for nothing so much as revenge. He resolved to work by poison, and called upon his cup-bearer, Franion, to serve as agent in this black design; who standing out and trying to dissuade him therefrom, he set before him the alternative of preferment and death. Being thus beset, and seeing no way but to dissemble, Franion gave his consent, thereby to gain time, and then, after some debate with himself, went to Egistus and told him the secret, and stole away with him. No sooner were they fairly off than the king, full of rage at being thus baffled, let loose his fury against the queen, giving order that she should forthwith be carried to prison. When the men put upon this work came to her lodging, they found her playing with the young prince: they wept as they did the message, and she, having nothing but a clear conscience to plead her cause, resigned herself to the hard measure. The king then had his suspicion proclaimed as a certain truth, and though the queen's character went far to discredit the charge, yet the sudden flight of Egistus caused it to be believed. And he would fain have made war upon Egistus, but that the latter not only was of great strength and prowess to withstand him, but had many kings in his alliance, his wife being daughter to the Emperor of Russia.

Meanwhile the queen in prison gave birth to a daughter; which when the king heard of, being certain that Egistus was father of the child, he ordered that both the mother and the babe should be burnt. Against this cruel sentence his nobles stoutly remonstrated; but the most they could prevail with him was, that he should spare the child's life; his next device being to put it in a boat and leave it to the mercy of the winds and seas. At the hearing of this hard doom the poor queen fell down in a trance, so that all thought her dead; but at last, coming to herself, she yielded up the babe, at the same time saying,—"Let me kiss thy lips, sweet infant, and wet thy tender cheeks with my tears, and put this chain about thy little neck, that if fortune save thee it may help to succour thee."

When the time came for the queen's trial, the king assembled his nobles and counsellors, and had her called into open court. The charge being read, she, standing like a prisoner at the bar and seeing that nothing less than her death would satisfy the king, "waxed bold, and desired that she might have law and justice, for mercy she neither craved nor hoped for;" and that her accusers might be brought before her face. The king replied, that they were of such credit that their word was enough, the secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirming what they had said; that it was her part "to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault;" and that she should be punished with some cruel death. Undismayed at this rough answer, she told him her life had ever been such as no spot of suspicion could stain; and that, if she had borne a friendly countenance towards Egistus, it was only as he was her husband's

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friend; "therefore, if she were condemned without further proof, it was rigour, and not law." The noblemen who sat as judges said she spoke reason, and entreated that her accusers might be openly examined and sworn: the king answered, that in this case he would dispense with law; and that the jury should take his word as sufficient proof, else he would make the proudest of them repent it. The queen then told him, that if his fury might stand for law it were vain for the jury to yield their verdict; and therefore she begged that for the love of his young son he would send six of his noblemen to "the Isle of Delphos," there to inquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she were guilty of the crime laid to her charge. This request he could not for shame deny, and so despatched the messengers, ordering that his wife meanwhile should be kept in close prison. The ambassadors making all haste soon came back with the sealed answer of Apollo; whereupon, the nobles and counsellors being again assembled, and the queen brought into court, the scroll was opened and read in their presence, its contents being much the same as in the play; and at the hearing thereof the people gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands that the queen was clear. Then the king, smitten with shame and remorse, besought his nobles that they would persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries, and went on to tell how he had tried to compass the death of Egistus. While he was telling this, word came that the young prince was suddenly dead; at the hearing of which the queen fell down, and could never be revived: the king also sunk down senseless, and lay in that state three days; and there was nothing but mourning to be heard throughout Bohemia. The king, upon reviving, being in a frenzy of grief and horror, would have killed himself, but that his peers being present stayed him therefrom, entreating him to spare his life for his people's sake. As soon as he could go abroad he had his wife and son very richly and piously entombed; and from that time forth repaired daily to the tomb to bewail his loss.

Now the boat containing his infant daughter was carried by tempest and tide to the coast of Sicilia, where it stuck in the sand. A poor shepherd, who got his living by other men's flocks, chanced to miss one of his sheep, and, knowing they were fond of browsing on the sea-ivy, wandered thither in search of it. As he was about to return he heard a child cry, and, there being no house near, thought it might be the bleating of his sheep; and going to look more narrowly he spied a little boat from which the cry seemed to come. After wondering awhile what it might be, he waded to the boat, and found the babe lying there ready to die of hunger and cold, wrapped in an embroidered mantle, and having a chain about the neck. As he had never before seen so fair a babe nor so rich jewels, he at first thought it was a little god, and went to worshipping it; but when it began to cry again he knew it was a child, and, being touched with pity, took it in

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his arms, and as he was fixing the mantle there fell at his feet a very fair rich purse containing a great sum of gold, whereat his spirits were much revived. That he might keep this wealth, he was careful to let nothing of his discovery be known: so he took the babe home as secretly as he could, gave it in charge to his wife, telling her how he had found it, and after that went to his sheep with a merry note. The shepherd's name was Porrus, his wife's Mopsa; the precious foundling they named Fawnia; and, being themselves childless, they bred her up tenderly as their own daughter, and became very fond of her, seeing that she waxed in beauty as in age; and she in turn grew to love them as her father and mother. With the gold Porrus bought a pretty farm and a small flock of sheep, which Fawnia at the age of ten was set to keep; and she did this so well that the flock prospered greatly in her care. In a short time the shepherd became a man of some wealth and credit; and as Fawnia was likely to be his only heir, many rich farmers' sons came to his house as wooers; for she was of singular beauty and excellent wit, and at sixteen grew to such perfection of mind and person that her praises were spoken at court. Nevertheless she still went forth every day with the sheep, veiling her face from the sun with a garland of flowers, which attire became her so well that "she seemed to be the goddess Flora herself for beauty."

Now Egistus had an only son, named Dorastus, about the age of twenty; a prince so adorned with the gifts of nature and fraught with virtuous qualities, that both king and people had great joy of him. He being now of a ripe age, his father sought to match him with some princess; but the youth was little minded to wed, as he had more pleasure in the exercises of the field and the chase. About this time there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters in that section, and Fawnia was the mistress of the feast; and as evening drew on and their sports ceased, taking a companion along, she went home by the flock to see that they were well folded; and it chanced that the prince, who had been hunting all that day, met them on the way, and casting his eye upon Fawnia "he was half afraid, for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be in any mortal creature:" and as he stood amazed one of his pages told him the maid was Fawnia, she whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Falling into conversation with her, he was still more charmed with her inward graces of mind, and upon going home his thoughts were so bewitched with this vision that he could take no rest. She, too, was equally taken with his noble person and manly behaviour; and all that night she was kept awake with thinking of him, or if at any time she fell asleep she was still dreaming of him. After this he would sometimes steal from court alone to the place where the shepherdess kept her flock; and the more they were together the more they could not bear to be asunder, for there was no thought between them but of honour and truth; and when at last

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he told how he loved her, and asked if she would be his, she answered,—"Yes, when Dorastus becomes a shepherd." After thinking some while with himself he resolved to do this, saying,—"Dorastus, shame not at thy shepherd's weeds: the heavenly gods have sometimes earthly thoughts. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo a shepherd; they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love." So, the next time he came disguised as a shepherd, insomuch that she at first thought him to be one indeed; but when she saw he was the prince she rose up modestly and saluted him; and he taking her gently by the hand repaid her courtesy with a kiss, and prayed her to sit down by his side, saying,—"Fawnia, thou wert content to love Dorastus, when he ceased to be a prince, and became a shepherd; and see, I have made the change, not to miss of my choice." Thus their sweet courtship ended in a mutual vow and troth-plight; she saying,—"I yield, resting Dorastus' handmaid, ready to obey his will, if no prejudice to his honour, nor to my credit;" and he "swearing that neither distance, time, nor adverse fortune should diminish his affection, but that he would remain loyal unto death."

The prince knew his father's consent could not be won to such a match: so he determined to provide a mass of money and many rich jewels, and to flee into Italy till he should either make terms with his father or succeed to the crown: with which device Fawnia was much pleased; for she feared, that if the king should hear of the contract his anger would be such as nothing but death might appease. She therefore kept to the care of her flock, the prince visiting her every day in the disguise of a shepherd, till he could put all things in readiness for their departure. And because he could not well do this alone, he made an old servant, named Capnio, privy to his affairs; who, being unable to shake his purpose, dealt so secretly in the cause that every thing was soon ready for the passage. In the night time he conveyed the treasures into the ship, and by secret means let Fawnia know they were to start the next morning; and she, rising very early, and going out as to her flock, waited for the prince, who coming along presently, they hastened together to the haven, and got safe aboard and were ready to sail as soon as Capnio should come.

Meanwhile the secret meetings of the lovers had come to the old shepherd's ears; who, fearing what mischief might grow therefrom both to Fawnia and himself, resolved to carry the mantle and jewels to the king, and inform him all how he had found her; hoping that he would take her into his service, and let him pass unblamed. As he was making for the palace on this business, Capnio, being on his way to the ship, met him, and, knowing he was Fawnia's father, and suspecting some mischief, and being a wily fellow, began to question him, and soon drew from him all what he was going about; then told him he did but lose his labour in going to the palace, for the king meant that day to take the sea air, and that if he would follow his counsel

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and turn back with him to the haven, he should speak with the king there This advice the old man gladly took, and when they were come to the sea-side Capnio asked him to go and see the ship, and, he declining this, had him carried on board by force, which done, they forthwith set sail and were off. A terrible storm overtaking them at sea, they were well nigh devoured by the waves; were driven from their course, and after some days landed in Bohemia. Dorastus, knowing what had passed between his father and Pandosto, was half afraid to go ashore, but Capnio advised him to conceal his real name and country till he could get passage into Italy; which advice he readily followed. This matter being duly arranged, the fame of Fawnia's beauty was soon spread through the city, and came to the king's ear, who thereupon grew so curious to see her that he had them apprehended as spies, and brought to the court. At the first sight he fell passionately in love with her, and, that he might stay her in his eye, went to quarrelling with the prince, sternly demanding their names, and whence they came, and why they were there; and when Dorastus gave a fictitious account of himself, he feigned not to believe his story, and caused him to be put in prison till the truth might appear. This done, he then went to courting Fawnia with all his might, and, after a deal of passionate solicitation, being still repulsed, he at last flung from her in a rage, swearing that if she would not yield to reason, she should to force; all which only caused her to hate him the more.

While the king was nursing this wicked purpose there came ambassadors from Egistus, who, hearing through certain Bohemian merchants of his son's imprisonment by Pandosto, had sent to have him set free, and Fawnia and Porrus put to death. Pandosto received the ambassadors with great honour, to make amends for his former injuries to their king; and, being certified by them that his prisoner was Dorastus, forthwith ordered his release, embraced him very lovingly, and had him seated by his side in a chair of state. By this time Pandosto's love of Fawnia was turned to deadly hate; and as he was proceeding to execute the will of Egistus on her and Porrus, the latter, to save his own life, declared the whole truth concerning her, at the same time showing the chain and jewels he had found with her in the boat. As soon as this was done the king leaped from his seat and kissed Fawnia, saying she was his daughter whom he had sent to float in the seas. Then was Fawnia joyful that she had found such a father; Dorastus glad he should have such a wife; the ambassadors rejoiced that their prince had made such a choice, and that the kingdoms would now be reconciled in close amity; and the Bohemians made bonfires and shows to express their joy at the finding of their lost princess. After some time passed in sports and rejoicings Pandosto made the old shepherd a knight, and, a sufficient navy being provided, all set sail together for Sicilia, where they were sumptuously entertained by Egistus, and the

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marriage of the young lovers celebrated; which being ended. Pandosto, calling to mind how he had betrayed Egistus, and caused the death of Bellaria, and then lusted after his own daughter, "fell into a melancholy fit, and, to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem, slew himself."

From this sketch it would seem that Shakespeare must have written, with the novel before him, and not merely from general recollection. We have been careful to take in whatsoever points and particulars of the story may have furnished any thing towards the play; our aim being to set forth the Poet's obligations at large: to appreciate his superiority in judgment and taste, one must consult the original, and see what he left. The free sailing between Sicily and Bohemia he retained, reversing, however, the local order of the incidents, so that Polixenes and Florizel are Bohemian princes, whereas their prototypes were Sicilians. In the novel Paulina and the Clown are wanting altogether, and Capnio yields but a slight hint, if indeed it be so much, towards the part of Autolycus. And, besides the great addition of life and matter in these persons, the play has several other judicious departures from the novel. In Leontes all the revolting features of Pandosto, save his jealousy and the headstrong insolence and tyranny consequent thereon, are purged away; so that while the latter has neither intellect nor generosity to redeem his character, jealousy being the least of his faults, the other has a liberal stock of both. And in Bellaria the Poet had little more than a bare framework of incident wherein to set the noble, lofty womanhood of Hermione, — a conception far, far above the reach of such a mind as Greene's. In the matter of the painted statue Shakespeare, so far as we know, was altogether without a model, as he is without an imitator; the boldness of the plan being such indeed as nothing but entire success could justify, and wherein we can scarce conceive of anybody but Shakespeare's having succeeded. And yet here it is that we are to look for the idea and formal cause of Hermione's character, while her character, again, is the shaping and informing power of the whole drama. For this idea is really the prolific germ out of which the entire work is evolved, the living centre and organic law in and around which all the parts are vitally knit together. But, indeed, largely as the Poet here drew from his predecessor, his own most original and inimitable method of conceiving and working out character is every where dominant.

In the delineation of Leontes there is an abruptness of change, which certainly, at first view, strikes us as not a little a-clash with nature: we cannot well see how one state of mind grows out of a preceding state: his jealousy shoots in comet-like, seems out of place and keeping, as something unprovided for in the general ordering of his character. Which makes that this feature appears to have been suggested rather by the exigencies of the stage than

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by the natural workings of human passion. And herein the Poet seems strangely at variance with himself; his usual method being to unfold a passion in its rise and progress, its turns and vicissitudes, so that we go along with it freely from its origin to its consummation; and if, which is sometimes the case, he usher in a passion at its full height, he so manages to throw the mind back or around upon various predisposing causes and circumstances, as to generate a spontaneous concurrence of our feelings with the whole representation. And, certainly, there is no accounting for Leontes' conduct but by supposing a strong predisposition to jealousy in him, which, however, has been hitherto kept latent by his wife's clear, firm, serene discreetness, but which breaks out into sudden and frightful activity as soon as she, under a special pressure of motives, slightly overacts the confidence of friendship. There needed but a spark of occasion to set this secret magazine of passion all a-blaze. Wherein, after all, is but exemplified the strange transformations that do sometimes occur in men upon sudden and unforeseen emergencies. And it is observable that the very slightness of the queen's indiscretion, the fact that she goes but a little, a very little too far, only works against her, causing the king to suspect her of great effort and care to avoid suspicion. And on the same principle, because he has never suspected her before, therefore he suspects her all the more vehemently now: that his confidence has heretofore stood unshaken and even untouched, he attributes to extreme artfulness on her part; for even so, to an ill-disposed mind, perfect innocence is apt to give an impression of consummate art.—A passion thus groundless and self-generated might well be full-grown as soon as born: and it is the more greedy and craving, that it has nothing real to eat; and so proceeds at once to "make the meat it feeds on," causing him to magnify whatsoever he sees, and to imagine many things that are not. That jealousy, however, is not the habit of his mind, appears in that it takes him by surprise, and finds him totally unprepared; insomuch that he forthwith loses all self-control, and runs right athwart the rules of common prudence and decorum, and becomes an object at once of pity, hatred, and scorn.

The workings of his passion have been critically traced by Coleridge in a passage which we should scarce be pardoned for omitting. "Jealousy," says he, "is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello:—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equi

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voques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them; in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

The Poet manages with great art to bring Leontes off from the disgraces of his passion, and repeal him home to our sympathies, which had been freely drawn out to him at first by his generous cordiality of friendship. And to this end jealousy is represented as his only fault, and this as a sudden freak, which passes on directly into a frenzy, and whips him quite out of himself, temporarily overriding his characteristic qualities, but not combining with them; the more violent for being unwonted, and the shorter lived for being violent. In his firm, compact energy of thought and speech, after his passion has cleared itself, and in his perennial gushes of repentant sorrow after his bereavement, are displayed the real tone and texture of his character. Quick, impulsive, headstrong, he admits no bounds to anger or to penitence; condemns himself as vehemently as he does others; will spend his life in atoning for a wrong he has done in a moment of passion: and others are the more willing to forgive him, forasmuch as he never forgives himself.

The old poets seem to have contemplated a much wider range of female excellence than it has since grown customary to allow; taking for granted, apparently, that whatsoever we feel to be most divine in man might be equally so in woman; and so pouring into their conceptions of womanhood a certain *manliness* of soul, wherein we realize an union of what is lovely with what is honourable, — a combination which any right-minded man would naturally fear as well as fancy; which would inspire him at the same time with tenderness and with awe. Their ideas of delicacy did not preclude strength; and in the female character they were rather pleased than otherwise to have the sweetness of the violet blended with the nobleness of the oak; probably because they saw and felt that woman might be big-hearted and brave-minded, and yet be none the less womanly; and that love might build all the higher and firmer for having its foundations laid deep in respect. This largeness of heart and liberality of thought often comes out in their writings, and that, too, whether in dealing with ideal or with actual women; which suggests that there must have been something in the spirit of the age and in the characters they saw, to favour them herein; that in what they chose to create they were much influenced by what they were accustomed to perceive. Of this the aptest illustration that our reading has lit upon is in Ben Jonson's lines on the Countess of Bedford, describing "what kind of creature I could most desire to honour, serve, and love:"

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"I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat:
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside:
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purpos'd her; that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours."

That Shakespeare fully shared in this magnanimous bravery of sentiment, we need no further proof than is furnished in the heroine of this play; whom we can scarce call sweet, or gentle, though she is both; she is a *noble* woman, — one that, even in her greatest anguish, we hardly *dare* to pity. As she acts the part of a statue in the play, so she has a statue-like calmness and firmness of soul. A certain austere sweetness pervades her whole demeanour, and seems, as it were, the essential form of her life. Appearing at first as the cheerful hostess of her husband's friend, and stooping from her queenly elevation to the most winning affabilities, her behaviour rises in dignity as her sorrow deepens. With an equal sense of what is due to the king as her husband, and to herself as a woman, a wife, and a mother, she knows how to reconcile all these demands; she therefore resists without violence, and submits without weakness. And what her wise spirit sees to be fit and becoming, that she always has strength and steadiness of character to do: for which cause, notwithstanding the insults and hardships wantonly put upon her, she still preserves the smoothnesses of peace; is never betrayed into the least sign of anger, or impatience, or resentment, but maintains, throughout, perfect order and fitness and proportion in act and speech: the charge, so dreadful in itself, and so cruel in its circumstances, neither rousing her passions, as it would Paulina's, nor stunning her sensibilities, as in case of Desdemona; but, like the sinking of lead in the ocean's bosom, going to the depths without ruffling the surface of her soul. Her situation is indeed full of pathos, — a pathos the more deeply-moving to others, that it stirs no tumults in her; for her nature is manifestly fitted up and furnished with all tender and gentle and womanly feelings, only she has the force of mind to control them, and keep them all in the right place and degree. And thus amidst the worst that can befall she remains within the region of herself, calm and serenely beautiful, stands firm, yet full of grace, in the austere strengths of reason and conscious rectitude. And when at her terrible wrongs and sufferings all hearts are shaken, all eyes wet, but her own, the impression made by her stout-hearted fortitude is of one whose pure, tranquil, innocent breast is the home

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of sorrows too big for any eye-messengers to report; a place where none but majestic pains may dwell; and that she has "that honourable grief lodged there, which burns worse than tears drown."

The long concealing of herself has been censured by some as repugnant to nature. It does not seem repugnant to nature as individualized by her reason and will; nor is her character herein more above or out of nature than the ideal of art abundantly warrants. For to her keen sensibility of honour the king's treatment is literally an *infinite* wrong; nor does its cruelty more wound her affection than its meanness quenches her respect; and one so strong to bear injury might well be equally strong to remember it. And she knows full well that in so delicate an instrument as married life if one string be out of tune, the whole is ajar, and will yield no music: for her, therefore, all things must be right, else none are so. And she is both too clear of mind and too upright of heart to put herself where she cannot be precisely what the laws of propriety and decorum require her to seem. Accordingly, when she does forgive, the forgiveness is simply perfect; the breach that has been so long a-healing is at length *completely* healed; every part of her being is in concert with her hand; for to be entire in whatsoever she does, to "move all together, if she move at all," is both an impulse of nature and a law of conscience with her. Moreover, with her severe chastity of principle the reconciliation to her husband must begin where the separation grew: they can never be reunited save in the offspring and representative of their former union; she can never be again his wife but as the mother of his child. Nor, on the other hand, can she be the mother of his child but as his wife: where they are father and mother, there they are and must be one. Thus it was for Perdita alone to restore the parental unity which her being expresses, but of which she had occasioned the breaking.

During the first three acts the interest of this play is mainly tragical; the scene is densely crowded with incidents; the action hurried, abrupt, almost spasmodic; the style, suiting the matter, quick, sharp, severe, flashing off point after point in brief, sinewy strokes; and all is rapidity and despatch: what with the insane jealousy of the king, the noble agony of the queen, the enthusiasm of the court in her behalf, and the king's violence towards both them and her, the mind is kept on the jump: all which, if continued to the end, would generate rather a tumult and hubbub in the thoughts, than that inward music which the title of the play promises; not to say, that such a prolonged hurry of movement and stretch of expectation would at length become monotonous and wearisome in themselves. Far otherwise the latter half of the play: here the anticipations proper to a long, leisurely winter evening are fully met: the general effect is soothing and composing; the tones, dipped in sweetness, fall gently on the ear, disposing the mind to be still, and listen, and contemplate; thus making

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the play, what Coleridge pronounces it, "exquisitely respondent to the title." It would seem, indeed, that in these scenes the Poet had for once specially endeavoured how much of silent effect he could produce, without deserting the form or substance of the drama: and to do this he provides resting-places for thought, suspends or retards the action by musical pauses and periods of lyrical movement; breathing in the mellowest strains of poetical harmony, till the eye is "made quiet by the power of beauty, and all tumult of mind is hushed in the very intensity of feeling.

In the last two acts we have a most artful interchange and blending of romantic beauty and comic drollery. The lost princess and the heir-apparent of Bohemia, two of the noblest and loveliest beings that ever fancy conceived, occupy the centre of the picture, while around them are clustered rustic shepherds and shepherdesses amid their pastimes and pursuits, the whole being enlivened by the tricks and humours of a merry pedler and pickpocket. For simple purity and sweetness the scene which unfolds the loves and characters of the prince and princess is not surpassed by any thing in Shakespeare. Whatsoever is enchanting in romance, lovely in innocence, elevated in feeling, and sacred in faith, is here concentrated; forming, all together, one of those things which we always welcome as we do the return of spring, and over which our feelings may renew their youth forever.

Perdita, notwithstanding she occupies so little room in the play, fills a large space in the reader's thoughts, almost disputing precedence with the queen. And her mother's best native qualities reappear in her, sweetly modified by pastoral associations: her nature being really much the same, only it has been developed and seasoned in a different atmosphere, and amid far other influences; — a nature too strong indeed to be displaced by any power of circumstances or supervenings of art, but at the same time too delicate and susceptive not to take a lively and lasting impress of them. So that, though she have thoroughly assimilated, still she clearly indicates, the food of place and education; insomuch that the dignities of the princely and the simplicities of the pastoral character seem striving which shall express her goodliest. We can scarce call her a poetical being; she is rather poetry itself, and every thing lends and borrows beauty at her touch. A playmate of the flowers, when we see her with them we are at loss whether they take more inspiration from her, or she from them. If, as Schlegel somewhere remarks, the Poet be "particularly fond of showing the superiority of the innate over the acquired," surely he has nowhere done it with finer effect than in this "prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the greensward." There is much to suggest a comparison between Perdita and Miranda; yet how shall we compare them? Perfectly distinct, indeed, as individuals, still their characters are strikingly similar; only Perdita has perhaps a sweeter gracefulness, the freedom, simplicity, and playfulness of nature being in her case less checked by influences from

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without; while Miranda carries more of a magical and mysterious charm, woven into her character by the supernatural ministers that obey her father's so potent art. So like, and yet so different, it is hardly possible to say which is best of the two; or rather it seems impossible not to like her best with whom we last conversed.

Of Florizel it is enough to say, that none but a living abstract and sum total of all that is manly could have so felt the perfections of such a woman. He is manifestly drawn and held to her by a powerful instinct of congeniality: but that his spirit were akin to hers, he would not have found out his peer through such a disguise of circumstances. And then, the heavenly purity of their courtship! who, O who can be untouched, unsweetened by it, and still hope to be forgiven!

The minor characters of this charming play are both finely conceived and skilfully disposed; the one giving them a large personal, the other a larger dramatic interest; while at the same time they are so diversified as to secure all the effect that mere variety can yield. — Paulina is perhaps the most amiable termagant that we have any portrait of. Without any of the queen's dignified calmness and reserve, she is alive to all her beauty and greatness of character: with a head to understand and a heart to reverence such a woman, she unites a temper to fight, a generosity to die for her. Loud, voluble, violent, and viraginous, with a tongue sharper than a sword, and an eloquence that almost blisters where it touches, she has, therewithal, too much honour and magnanimity either to use them without good cause, or to forbear them when she has such cause. Mrs. Jameson classes her, and justly, no doubt, among the women, and she assures us there are many such, who seem regardless of the feelings of those for whom they would sacrifice their life. — Shakespeare was perhaps a little too fond of placing his characters in exigencies where they have to be false, in order to be the truer: which doubtless happens sometimes; yet, surely, in so delicate a point of morality, some care is needful, lest the exceptions grow to oversway rather than establish the rule. And something too much of this there may be in case of the honest, upright, yet deceiving old lord, Camillo; who, though little more than a staff in the drama, is nevertheless a pillar of state; his integrity and wisdom making him a light to the counsels and a guide to the footsteps of the greatest around him. Fit to be the stay of princes, he is one of those venerable relics of the past, which show us how beautiful age can be, and which, linking together different generations, form at once the salt of society and the strength of government. — Autolycus, the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," is the most amiable and ingenious rogue we shall desire to see; who cheats almost as divinely as those about him love, and whose thieving tricks the very gods seem to crown with thrift as a reward for his wit. His self-raillery and droll soliloquizing upon the sins of his own committing leaves it rather uncertain whether he does them more for lucre or for fun.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, his Son.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Sicilian Lords.
ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, his Son
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.
A Mariner.
Jailer.
An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady, attending the Queen.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia.

An Antechamber in LEONTES' Palace.

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed, —

Cam. Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. — We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance

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Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;[1] and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,[2] makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Vast* is here used in much the same sense as in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2: "In the dead *vast* and middle of the night." See, also, The Tempest, Act i. sc. 2, note 32. Likewise Milton in Paradise Lost, Book vi.: "Through the *vast* of heaven it sounded, and the faithful armies sung hosanna to the Highest." H.

[2] *Physic*, verb, was formerly used for to *heal*, or *make healthy*. *Medicine* is still used in like manner; as in Cymbeline, Act iv. sc. 2: "Great griefs, I see, *medicine* the less." — *Subject* here bears the sense of *subjects*, the singular for the plural. H.

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SCENE II. The same.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one we-thank-you many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly!"[1] Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

"*That* may blow" is here expressive of a wish; *that* for *O that*, or *would that*; a mode of speech not uncommon in the old writers. — *Sneaping* for *biting*, or *nipping*. So in Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. sc. 1:

> "Biron is like an envious *sneaping* frost
> That bites the first-born infants of the spring." —

"This is put forth too truly," — that is, this *fear* of mine has too much cause; this presage is too true

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Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none, i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.[8]
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
[*To* Polix.] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,

[8] *Ward* was sometimes used for *place* or *posture of defence* M.

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To let him there a month behind the gest,[3]
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady should her lord.[4] — You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

[3] To *let* had for its synonyms to *stay* or *stop*; to *let him* there is to stay him there. *Gests* were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one. It is supposed to be derived from the old French word *giste*.

[4] This is commonly printed, — "What lady *she* her lord," — as in the original. The change is taken by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in the copy owned by Lord Francis Egerton. From the same source we have already had several corrections so very apt as to suggest that they may have been made on the authority of the Poet's manuscript. In this case Shakespeare probably used some abbreviation for *should*, which the printer misread *she*. — "A *jar* o'the clock" is a *tick* o'the clock; *jar* being at that time often used for *tick* H.

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Her. Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, "Not Guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[5]

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born t'us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot![6]
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us

[5] That is, setting aside original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents.

[6] An exclamation equivalent to *give us grace.* In Richard III we have: "St. George *to boot.*"

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You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things:[7] One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, 'would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap[8] thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours forever."

Her It is Grace, indeed. —
Why, lo you now! I have spoke to the purpose twice:

[7] *Cram's* and *make's* for *cram us* and *make us;* and a few lines before *to's* for *to us:* so in the original, and doubtless written so by the Poet. H.

[8] On entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. So in the old play of Ram Alley: "Come, *clap hands,* a match." The custom is not yet disused in common life.

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The one forever earn'd a royal husband,
The other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods
I have *tremor cordis* on me: — my heart dances;
But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; — and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer;[9] O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock.[10] What! hast smutch'd thy nose? —
They say it is a copy out of mine.
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat. — Still virginalling[11]

[*Observing* POLIX. *and* HERM.

[9] The *mort* was a long note played on the horn at the death of the deer.

[10] A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from *beau-coq*, or boy-cock. It occurs again in Twelfth Night, and in King Henry V., and in both places is coupled with chuck or chick. It is said that *bra'cock* is still used in Scotland. — *I'fecks* is probably a corruption of *in fact*.

[11] Still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resembled in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte.

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Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,[12]
To be full like me:[13] yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks,[14] as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. — Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:[15] Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop![16] — Can thy dam? — may't be?
Affection, thy intention stabs the centre![17]
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
Communicat'st with dreams; — (how can this be?) —
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,[18]
Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission;) and I find it;

[12] Thou wantest a rough *head*, and the budding horns that I have; a *pash* in some places denoting a young bull calf whose horns are springing; a *mad pash*, a mad-brained boy.

[13] That is, *fully*, or *entirely* like me.

[14] That is, old faded stuffs dyed black.

[15] *Welkin* is *blue*, the colour of the welkin or sky.

[16] In 1 Henry VI. we have, — "God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh." It is given as a proverbial phrase in Heywood's Epigrams, 1566.

"For I have heard saie it is a deere *collup*
That is cut out of th'owne flesh."

[17] *Affection* is apparently used in the sense of *love, passion. Intention* for *intentness* or *intensity*. Of course *thy* and *thou* refer to *affection*. So that the meaning is, — "Thy *intentness* stabs me to the heart." H.

[18] *Credent*, credible.

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And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[19] this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[20]

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![21]—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

[19] That is, an immature pea-pod. In Twelfth Night we have: "As a *squash* before it is a peascod."

[20] A proverbial phrase for putting up with an affront or insult. The Prince evidently so understands it. It was sometimes used for any cowardly conduct. So in a passage quoted by Reed from Relations of the Most Famous Kingdoms: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afar off, and cavalry gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will take eggs for their money." H.

[21] That is, may it be his *dole*, or *portion*, to be a happy man. See The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act iii. sc. 4. note 4. H.

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He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent [22] to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden: shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. — [*Aside.*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*Observing* POLIX. *and* HERM.
How she holds up the neb,[23] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already!
[*Exeunt* POL., HER., *and Attendants.*
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one! — [24]
Go play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go play, boy, play. — There have been,

[22] Heir apparent, next claimant.
[23] That is, mouth.
[24] That is, a *horned* one.

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Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: Many a thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
[*Aside.*] They're here with me already;[26] whispering, rounding,

[26] They are already aware of my condition; *they* referring, not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to people about the court. *Rounding*, says Mr. Dyce, means much the same as *muttering*: *to round in the ear* was common in the old writers. H.

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"Sicilia is a — so-forth:" 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.[26] — How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: — Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,[27]
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress? — satisfy? —
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priestlike, thou

[26] That is, the knowledge of my disgrace has spread far, since all have it before myself, since I am the last to find it out. — *Gust* for *taste*. H.

[27] *Messes* is here put for *degrees, conditions*. The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into higher and lower messes. Sometimes the *messes* were served at different tables, and seem to have been arranged in *fours*, whence the word came to express *four* in vulgar speech. — That Leontes' fanatical passion should stuff him with the conceit of a finer nature, a sharper insight, and a higher virtue than others had, is shrewdly natural. Such conceit is among the commonest symptoms of fanaticism in all its forms. H.

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Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't, — thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes[28] honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass

[28] To *hox* is to hamstring: the proper word is to *hough*.

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Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,[29])
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.[30]

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[31] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd

[29] Of course the next clause, "my wife is slippery," follows both *think* and *thought;* the overlooking of which has called forth some rare drops of wisdom from the commentators. H.

[30] To reiterate your accusation of her would be as great a sin as that (if committed) of which you accuse her.

[31] The *pin* and *web* is the *cataract* in an early stage.

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Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who — if I
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled, — might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,[32]
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, —
Leon. Make that[33] thy question, and go rot!

[32] *Rash* is *hasty*.
[33] Evidently referring to Hermione's disloyalty.

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Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,)
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
(Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,)
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[34]

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that when he's remov'd your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O, miserable lady! — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner

[34] To blench is to *start off*, to *shrink*. Leontes means, could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour?

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Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. — To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? —
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be

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A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,[35] — I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo

[35] *Success*, for *succession* *Gentle*, well born, was opposed to *simple*

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Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice [36] you to't, — that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O! then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best! [37]
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear this thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty, —
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, — away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;

[36] That is, to screw or move you to it. A *vice* in Shakespeare's time meant any kind of winding screw.

[37] That is, Judas. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

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And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion![39] Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir; away.

[*Exeunt.*

[39] An obscure and difficult passage, whereof various conjectural emendations have been proposed. It is quite probable that a line slipped out in the printing. As it stands, the best we can do with it is,—May a speedy departure be my friend, and bring comfort to the queen, who is part of the theme whereon the king dwells, myself being the other part; but who has really done nothing to justify his ill-taken suspicion. H

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ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. — I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

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1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: — Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man, —
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. — Dwelt by a church-yard. — I will tell it softly;
Yond' crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure![1] in my true opinion! —
Alack, for lesser knowledge![2] How accurs'd,
In being so blest! — There may be in the cup
A spider[3] steep'd, and one may drink, depart,

[1] That is, judgment.
[2] That is, O that my knowledge were less!
[3] Spiders were esteemed poisonous in our author's time

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And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts[4] — I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander: —
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: — that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[5] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. —
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her:
Away with him; — and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

[4] *Hefts*, heavings, things which are heaved up.

[5] That is, a thing *pinched* out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. This interpretation is countenanced by a passage in The City Match, by Jasper Maine:

"*Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid
Like fishes, fowls, or faces."

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Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha, (these petty brands
That calumny doth use, — O, I am out!
That mercy does, for calumny will sear[6]
Virtue itself;) — these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor! and Camillo is
A federary[7] with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself,
But[8] with her most vile principal, that she's

[6] That is, will *brand* it.

[7] This word, which is probably of the Poet's own invention, is used for *confederate, accomplice.*

[8] One that knows what she should be asham'd to know herself even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour

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A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.[9] — Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.[10]

Her. There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. [*To the Guards.*] Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? — 'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress

[9] That is, no foundation can be trusted.

[10] He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking

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Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. — My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence!

[*Exeunt* HERM. *and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of Heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables[11] where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces!

1 *Lord.* Good my lord, —

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn[12] him. Be she honour-flaw'd, —

[11] Much has been said about this passage: it may be explained thus: if she prove false, I'll make my stables or kennel of my wife's chamber; I'll go in couples with her like a dog, and never leave her for a moment; trust her no further than I can feel and see her.

[12] Of this word a satisfactory explanation does not seem likely to be forthcoming. Johnson says, — "*Land-damn* is probably one

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I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are coheirs;
And I had rather glib [13] myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.[14]

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which — if you (or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,

of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than — I will rid the country of him, condemn him to quit the land." Warner, a contemporary poet, has, — "country louts land-lurch their lords," — which lends some support to Johnson's view. H.

[13] That is, castrate.

[14] I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, Antigonus, *now* feel my doing this *to you*, and *as you now see* the instruments that feel, that is, *my fingers*. Leontes must here be supposed to touch or lay hold of Antigonus.

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Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing,[15] all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency.[16] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others;[17] such as he,

[15] That wanted nothing of proof but to be seen. H.

[16] That is, of abilities more than sufficient.

[17] This is in admirable keeping with the passion that engrosses Leontes: he will not suffer the truth of the charge to stand in issue. Accordingly he rejects the answer as soon as he finds it clashing with his opinion: if the god confirm what he already thinks, then his authority is unquestionable; if not, then he is no god. In like manner there are men in our day, as perhaps there have been in all days, who will never recognize God as speaking save when His voice sounds to the tune of their own minds; and

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Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. The same.

The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison, — call to him:
[*Exit an Attendant*
Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? — Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailer.

You know me, do you not?

Jail. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then.
Conduct me to the queen.

Jail. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! — Is it lawful,

who, accordingly, so use the Scriptures as, in effect, to arm their own wills and opinions with divine authority. Is not jealousy a species of fanaticism? H

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Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Jail. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Jail. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Jailer.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Jailer, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsafe lunes[1] i'the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,

[1] This word has not been found in any other English writer; but it is used in old French for *frenzy, lunacy, folly.*

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Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now, be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen. Please you, come something nearer

Jail. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Jail. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt*

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SCENE III. The same.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, part o'the cause,
She, the adulteress; — for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me; — say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who's there?
1 *Atten.* [*Advancing.*] My lord!
Leon. How does the boy?
1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night:
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. — Leave me solely: [1] — go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*] — Fie, fie! no thought of him: [2] —

[1] That is, leave me *alone.*

[2] *Him* of course refers to Polixenes. The Poet's art is wisely apparent in representing Leontes's mind as all disordered by jealousy into jerks and spasms. Mr. Collier informs us that Coleridge, in his lectures in 1815, "called this an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, without any apparent interval." W.

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The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance; — let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free[3] than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho!

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How? —

[3] In old language *free* often occurs in the sense of *chaste, pure* Thus in Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 2: "Whether thou art tainted or *free*." See, also, Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 4, note 3 H.

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Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What! canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now, you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,-
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,[4]
Than such as most seem yours; — I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen,
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst[5] about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: On my own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand. — The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

[4] To *comfort*, in old language, is *to aid, to encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*.

[5] That is, the *weakest*, or *least warlike*.

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Leon. Out!
A mankind witch![6] Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard: —
[*To* ANTIG.] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd,[7] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here: — Take up the bastard:
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.[8]
Paul. Forever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not

[6] *Mankind* was sometimes used for *masculine*. In Junius' Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *Virago* is interpreted "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.

[7] That is, hen-pecked. To *tire* in falconry is to *tear* with the beak. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story of Reynard the Fox.

[8] A *crone* was originally a toothless *old ewe*; and thence became a term of contempt for an *old woman*.

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(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat,[9]
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! — This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. —
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't;[10] lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag! —
And, lozel,[11] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

[9] *Callat*, sometimes spelt *callet*, is an old term of reproach applied to women. Skinner derives it from the French *calotte*, "a coife or half kerchief for a woman; also a little light cap or night-cap, worn under a hat." In Shakespeare's time the word was used for lewd women or drabs; perhaps because the thing originally signified by it had been much worn by that class of people. H.

[10] *Yellow* was the colour of jealousy.

[11] "A *lozel*," says Verstegan in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, "is one that hath *lost*, neglected, or cast off his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd, and careless of credit and honesty." From the Anglo-Saxon *losian*, to lose. *Lore* and *losel* are other forms of the same. H.

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Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha'thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! — What need these hands? –
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: — Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —
My child? away with't! — even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;

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The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 *Lord.* We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live: —
It shall not neither. — [*To* ANTIG.] You, sir, come you hither;
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life, — for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy [12] beard's gray, — what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,

[12] Another judicious correction from the manuscript notes in Lord Egerton's folio. The common reading is *this*, which necessitates the supposal that Leontes here plucks or touches the beard of Antigonus. For the King has already said that twenty-three years ago he was unbreeched; so that he cannot well mean his own beard. H

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And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. — Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit with the Child.*

Leon. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

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Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle,[1] the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence

[1] The critics have remarked upon what they are pleased to call Shakespeare's *blunder* in speaking of Delphos as an island. In this, however, he followed Greene, who, being Master of Arts in both the Universities, would hardly be suspected of *blundering* in his geography. H

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Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen, — O, be't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.[2]

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go, — fresh horses; —
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same. A Court of Justice.

Enter LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd

[2] That is, the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it. Thus in Florio's Translation of Montaigne 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."

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Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt,[1] or the purgation. —
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. [*Silence.*[2]

Enter HERMIONE *guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence[3] whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny

[1] *Even* in the sense of *equally* or *indifferently*

[2] In the original *silence* is printed as a stage-direction: in modern editions it is given as a part of the text. We agree with Mr. Collier that the word was probably meant to mark the impressive stillness which ought to be kept on the stage at the entrance of the Queen. H.

[3] Shakespeare often uses *pretence* for *design* or *intention*. So in Macbeth: "Against the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight of treasonous malice."

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Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;[1] and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,[2] makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Vast* is here used in much the same sense as in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2: "In the dead *vast* and middle of the night." See, also, The Tempest, Act i. sc. 2, note 32. Likewise Milton in Paradise Lost, Book vi.: "Through the *vast* of heaven it sounded, and the faithful armies sung hosanna to the Highest." H.

[2] *Physic*, verb, was formerly used for to *heal*, or *make healthy*. *Medicine* is still used in like manner; as in Cymbeline, Act iv. sc. 2: "Great griefs, I see, *medicine* the less." — *Subject* here bears the sense of *subjects*, the singular for the plural. H.

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SCENE II. The same.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one we-thank-you many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly!"[1] Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

"*That* may blow" is here expressive of a wish; *that* for *O that*, or *would that*; a mode of speech not uncommon in the old writers. — *Sneaping* for *biting*, or *nipping*. So in Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. sc. 1:

> "Biron is like an envious *sneaping* frost
> That bites the first-born infants of the spring." —

"This is put forth too truly," — that is, this *fear* of mine has too much cause; this presage is too true.

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Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none, i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.[8]
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
[*To* Polix.] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,

[8] *Ward* was sometimes used for *place* or *posture of defence*
M.

To let him there a month behind the gest,[3]
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady should her lord.[4] — You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

[3] To *let* had for its synonyms to *stay* or *stop*; to *let him* there is to stay him there. *Gests* were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one. It is supposed to be derived from the old French word *giste*.

[4] This is commonly printed, — "What lady *she* her lord," — as in the original. The change is taken by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in the copy owned by Lord Francis Egerton. From the same source we have already had several corrections so very apt as to suggest that they may have been made on the authority of the Poet's manuscript. In this case Shakespeare probably used some abbreviation for *should*, which the printer misread *she*. — "A *jar* o'the clock" is a *tick* o'the clock; *jar* being at that time often used for *tick* H.

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Her. Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, "Not Guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[5]

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born t'us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot![6]
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us

[5] That is, setting aside original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents.

[6] An exclamation equivalent to *give us grace.* In Richard III we have: "St. George *to boot.*"

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You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things:[7] One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, 'would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap[8] thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours forever."

Her It is Grace, indeed. —
Why, lo you now! I have spoke to the purpose twice:

[7] *Cram's* and *make's* for *cram us* and *make us;* and a few lines before *to's* for *to us:* so in the original, and doubtless written so by the Poet. H.

[8] On entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. So in the old play of Ram Alley: "Come, *clap hands,* a match." The custom is not yet disused in common life.

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The one forever earn'd a royal husband,
The other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods
I have *tremor cordis* on me: — my heart dances;
But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; — and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer;[9] O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock.[10] What! hast smutch'd thy nose? —
They say it is a copy out of mine.
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat. — Still virginalling[11]

[*Observing* POLIX. *and* HERM.

[9] The *mort* was a long note played on the horn at the death of the deer.

[10] A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from *beau-coq*, or boy-cock. It occurs again in Twelfth Night, and in King Henry V., and in both places is coupled with chuck or chick. It is said that *bra'cock* is still used in Scotland. — *I'fecks* is probably a corruption of *in fact*.

[11] Still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resembled in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte.

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Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,[12]
To be full like me:[13] yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks,[14] as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. — Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:[15] Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop![16] — Can thy dam? — may't be?
Affection, thy intention stabs the centre![17]
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
Communicat'st with dreams; — (how can this be?) —
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,[18]
Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission;) and I find it;

[12] Thou wantest a rough *head*, and the budding horns that I have; a *pash* in some places denoting a young bull calf whose horns are springing; a *mad pash*, a mad-brained boy.

[13] That is, *fully*, or *entirely* like me.

[14] That is, old faded stuffs dyed black.

[15] *Welkin* is *blue*, the colour of the welkin or sky.

[16] In 1 Henry VI. we have, — "God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh." It is given as a proverbial phrase in Heywood's Epigrams, 1566.

"For I have heard saie it is a deere *collup*
That is cut out of th'owne flesh."

[17] *Affection* is apparently used in the sense of *love, passion. Intention* for *intentness* or *intensity*. Of course *thy* and *thou* refer to *affection*. So that the meaning is, — "Thy *intentness* stabs me to the heart." H.

[18] *Credent*, credible.

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And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[19] this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[20]

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![21]—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

[19] That is, an immature pea-pod. In Twelfth Night we have: "As a *squash* before it is a peascod."

[20] A proverbial phrase for putting up with an affront or insult. The Prince evidently so understands it. It was sometimes used for any cowardly conduct. So in a passage quoted by Reed from Relations of the Most Famous Kingdoms: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afar off, and cavalry gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will take eggs for their money." H.

[21] That is, may it be his *dole*, or *portion*, to be a happy man. See The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act iii. sc. 4. note 4. H.

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He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent [22] to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden: shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. — [*Aside.*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*Observing* POLIX. *and* HERM.
How she holds up the neb,[23] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already!
[*Exeunt* POL., HER., *and Attendants.*
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one! — [24]
Go play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go play, boy, play. — There have been,

[22] Heir apparent, next claimant.
[23] That is, mouth.
[24] That is, a *horned* one.

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Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: Many a thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
[*Aside.*] They're here with me already;[25] whispering, rounding,

[25] They are already aware of my condition; *they* referring, not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to people about the court. *Rounding*, says Mr. Dyce, means much the same as *muttering*: *to round in the ear* was common in the old writers. H.

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"Sicilia is a — so-forth:" 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.[26] — How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: — Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,[27]
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress? — satisfy? —
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priestlike, thou

[26] That is, the knowledge of my disgrace has spread far, since all have it before myself, since I am the last to find it out. — *Gust* for *taste*. H.

[27] *Messes* is here put for *degrees, conditions*. The company at great tables were divided according to their rank into higher and lower messes. Sometimes the *messes* were served at different tables, and seem to have been arranged in *fours*, whence the word came to express *four* in vulgar speech. — That Leontes' fanatical passion should stuff him with the conceit of a finer nature, a sharper insight, and a higher virtue than others had, is shrewdly natural. Such conceit is among the commonest symptoms of fanaticism in all its forms. H.

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Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't, — thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes[28] honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass

[28] To *hox* is to hamstring: the proper word is to *hough*.

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Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,[29])
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.[30]

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[31] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd

[29] Of course the next clause, "my wife is slippery," follows both *think* and *thought*; the overlooking of which has called forth some rare drops of wisdom from the commentators. H.

[30] To reiterate your accusation of her would be as great a sin as that (if committed) of which you accuse her.

[31] The *pin* and *web* is the *cataract* in an early stage.

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Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who — if I
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled, — might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,[32]
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, —
Leon. Make that[33] thy question, and go rot!

[32] *Rash* is *hasty*.
[33] Evidently referring to Hermione's disloyalty.

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Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,)
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
(Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,)
Without ripe moving to't! Would I do this?
Could man so blench? [34]

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that when he's remov'd your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O, miserable lady! — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner

[34] To blench is to *start off*, to *shrink*. Leontes means, could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour?

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Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. — To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? —
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be

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A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,[25] — I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo

[25] *Success*, for *succession* *Gentle*, well born, was opposed to *simple*

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Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice [36] you to't, — that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O! then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best! [37]
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear this thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty, —
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, — away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;

[36] That is, to screw or move you to it. A *vice* in Shakespeare sometime meant any kind of winding screw.

[37] That is, Judas. A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

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And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion![39] Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir; away.

[*Exeunt.*

[39] An obscure and difficult passage, whereof various conjectural emendations have been proposed. It is quite probable that a line slipped out in the printing. As it stands, the best we can do with it is,—May a speedy departure be my friend, and bring comfort to the queen, who is part of the theme whereon the king dwells, myself being the other part; but who has really done nothing to justify his ill-taken suspicion. H

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ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. — I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

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1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: — Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man, —
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. — Dwelt by a church-yard. — I will tell it softly;
Yond' crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure![1] in my true opinion! —
Alack, for lesser knowledge![2] How accurs'd,
In being so blest! — There may be in the cup
A spider[3] steep'd, and one may drink, depart,

[1] That is, judgment.
[2] That is, O that my knowledge were less!
[3] Spiders were esteemed poisonous in our author's time.

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And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts[4] — I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander: —
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: — that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[5] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. —
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her:
Away with him; — and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

[4] *Hefts*, heavings, things which are heaved up.

[5] That is, a thing *pinched* out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. This interpretation is countenanced by a passage in The City Match, by Jasper Maine:

> "*Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid
> Like fishes, fowls, or faces."

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Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha, (these petty brands
That calumny doth use, — O, I am out!
That mercy does, for calumny will sear[6]
Virtue itself;) — these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor! and Camillo is
A federary[7] with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself,
But[8] with her most vile principal, that she's

[6] That is, will *brand* it.

[7] This word, which is probably of the Poet's own invention, is used for *confederate, accomplice.*

[8] One that knows what she should be asham'd to know herself even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour

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A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.[9] — Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.[10]

Her. There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. [*To the Guards.*] Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? — 'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress

[9] That is, no foundation can be trusted.

[10] He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking

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Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. — My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence!

[*Exeunt* HERM. *and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of Heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables[11] where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces!

1 *Lord.* Good my lord, —

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn[12] him. Be she honour-flaw'd, —

[11] Much has been said about this passage: it may be explained thus: if she prove false, I'll make my stables or kennel of my wife's chamber; I'll go in couples with her like a dog, and never leave her for a moment; trust her no further than I can feel and see her.

[12] Of this word a sausfactory explanation does not seem likely to be forthcoming. Johnson says, — "*Land-damn* is probably one

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I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are coheirs;
And I had rather glib [13] myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.[14]

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which — if you (or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,

of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than — I will rid the country of him, condemn him to quit the land." Warner, a contemporary poet, has, — "country louts land-lurch their lords," — which lends some support to Johnson's view. H.

[13] That is, castrate.

[14] I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, Antigonus, *now* feel my doing this *to you*, and *as you now see* the instruments that feel, that is, *my fingers*. Leontes must here be supposed to touch or lay hold of Antigonus.

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Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing,[15] all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency.[16] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others;[17] such as he,

[15] That wanted nothing of proof but to be seen. H.

[16] That is, of abilities more than sufficient.

[17] This is in admirable keeping with the passion that engrosses Leontes: he will not suffer the truth of the charge to stand in issue. Accordingly he rejects the answer as soon as he finds it clashing with his opinion: if the god confirm what he already thinks, then his authority is unquestionable; if not, then he is no god. In like manner there are men in our day, as perhaps there have been in all days, who will never recognize God as speaking save when His voice sounds to the tune of their own minds; and

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Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. The same.

The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison, — call to him:
[*Exit an Attendant*
Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? — Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailer.

You know me, do you not?

Jail. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then.
Conduct me to the queen.

Jail. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! — Is it lawful,

who, accordingly, so use the Scriptures as, in effect, to arm their own wills and opinions with divine authority. Is not jealousy a species of fanaticism?

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Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Jail. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Jail. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Jailer.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Jailer, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsafe lunes[1] i'the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,

[1] This word has not been found in any other English writer; but it is used in old French for *frenzy, lunacy, folly.*

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Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now, be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen. Please you, come something nearer

Jail. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Jail. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt*

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SCENE III. The same.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, part o'the cause,
She, the adulteress; — for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me; — say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who's there?
1 *Atten.* [*Advancing.*] My lord!
Leon. How does the boy?
1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night:
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. — Leave me solely: [1] — go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*] — Fie, fie! no thought of him: [2] —

[1] That is, leave me *alone*.

[2] *Him* of course refers to Polixenes. The Poet's art is wisely apparent in representing Leontes's mind as all disordered by jealousy into jerks and spasms. Mr. Collier informs us that Coleridge, in his lectures in 1815, "called this an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, without any apparent interval." M.

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The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance; — let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free[3] than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho!

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How? —

[3] In old language *free* often occurs in the sense of *chaste, pure* Thus in Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 2: "Whether thou art tainted or *free*." See, also, Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 4, note 3 H.

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Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What! canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now, you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,-
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,[4]
Than such as most seem yours; — I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen,
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst[5] about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: On my own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand. — The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

[4] To *comfort*, in old language, is *to aid, to encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*.

[5] That is, the *weakest*, or *least warlike*.

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Leon. Out!
A mankind witch![6] Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
[*To* ANTIG.] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd,[7] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here:—Take up the bastard:
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.[8]
Paul. Forever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not

[6] *Mankind* was sometimes used for *masculine*. In Junius' Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *Virago* is interpreted "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.

[7] That is, ben-pecked. To *tire* in falconry is to *tear* with the beak. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story of Reynard the Fox.

[8] A *crone* was originally a toothless *old ewe*; and thence became a term of contempt for an *old woman*.

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(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat,[9]
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! — This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. —
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't;[10] lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag! —
And, lozel,[11] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

[9] *Callat*, sometimes spelt *callet*, is an old term of reproach applied to women. Skinner derives it from the French *calotte*, "a coife or half kerchief for a woman; also a little light cap or night-cap, worn under a hat." In Shakespeare's time the word was used for lewd women or drabs; perhaps because the thing originally signified by it had been much worn by that class of people. H.

[10] *Yellow* was the colour of jealousy.

[11] "A *lozel*," says Verstegan in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, "is one that hath *lost*, neglected, or cast off his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd, and careless of credit and honesty." From the Anglo-Saxon *losian*, to lose. *Lore* and *losel* are other forms of the same. H.

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Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha'thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! — What need these hands? —
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: — Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —
My child? away with't! — even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;

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The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 *Lord.* We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You're liars all.
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live: —
It shall not neither. — [*To* ANTIG.] You, sir, come you hither;
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life, — for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy [12] beard's gray, — what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,

[12] Another judicious correction from the manuscript notes in Lord Egerton's folio. The common reading is *this*, which necessitates the supposal that Leontes here plucks or touches the beard of Antigonus. For the King has already said that twenty-three years ago he was unbreeched; so that he cannot well mean his own beard.

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And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. — Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit with the Child*

Leon. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

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Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle,[1] the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence

[1] The critics have remarked upon what they are pleased to call Shakespeare's *blunder* in speaking of Delphos as an island. In this, however, he followed Greene, who, being Master of Arts in both the Universities, would hardly be suspected of *blundering* in his geography. H

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Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen, — O, be't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.[2]

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go, — fresh horses; —
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same. A Court of Justice.

Enter LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd

[2] That is, the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it. Thus in Florio's Translation of Montaigne 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."

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Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt,[1] or the purgation. —
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. [*Silence.*[2]

Enter HERMIONE *guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence[3] whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny

[1] *Even* in the sense of *equally* or *indifferently*

[2] In the original *silence* is printed as a stage-direction: in modern editions it is given as a part of the text. We agree with Mr. Collier that the word was probably meant to mark the impressive stillness which ought to be kept on the stage at the entrance of the Queen. H.

[3] Shakespeare often uses *pretence* for *design* or *intention*. So in Macbeth: "Against the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight of treasonous malice."

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Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me, —
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe[4]
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, — here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare:[5] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus:[6] if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, "Fie!" upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.[7]

[4] Own, possess.

[5] I prize my life no more than I value grief, which I would willingly spare.

[6] *Encounter so uncurrent* is *unallowed* or *unlawful meeting*. — *Strain'd* means *swerv'd* or gone astray from the line of duty. So in Romeo and Juliet: "Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use, revolts." *To appear thus* is *to seem guilty*.

[7] It is to be observed that originally in our language, two negatives did not *affirm*, but only strengthen the negation. Examples of similar phraseology occur in several of our author's plays, and

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Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With wh m I am accus'd,) I do confess
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level[8] of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,

even in the first act of this very drama: in this passage, according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*.

[8] To stand within the *level* of a gun is to stand in a direct line with its mouth.

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And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact[9] are so,) so past all truth;
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily,[10] is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: — Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit.[11] Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed
But yet hear this; mistake me not: — My life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else

[9] That is, they who have done like you. Shakespeare had this from Greene: "it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."

[10] Ill-starred; born under an inauspicious planet.

[11] That is, the degree of strength which it is customary to acquire before women are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

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But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.[12]

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

[12] In Greene's novel the response of the Oracle runs thus: "Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Frasion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde." H.

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Leon. Hast thou read truth?
Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,[13] is gone.
Leon. How! gone?
Serv. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERM. *faints.*] How now there?
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen. — Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover. —
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: —
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and Ladies, with* HERM.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

[13] That is, of how the Queen would speed at the trial

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But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: — How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies, —
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, — O! think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,[14]

[14] Warburton proposed to read, — That did but show thee *off* a fool; Theobald, *soul*, instead of *fool*. Touching the latter, Coleridge remarks, — "I think the original word is Shakespeare's. 1. My ear feels it to be Shakespearian; 2. The involved grammar is Shakespearian; — 'show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy;' 3. The alteration is most flat, and un-Shakespearian." — A similar expression occurs in Phaer's Virgil: "When this the young men heard me speak, *of wild they waxed wood.*" H.

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And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by! whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire,[15] ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last, — O, lords!
When I have said, cry woe! — the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

[15] That is, a devil would have shed tears of pity, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.

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1 *Lord.* Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction;
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, — lo, fool again! —
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth, which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son.
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt*

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SCENE III. Bohemia.

A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Babe; and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect,[1] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! — Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe: —
I have heard (but not believ'd) the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,

[1] That is, well assured.

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Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: — "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost forever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:" — and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Babe.*
There lie; and there thy character:[2] there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. — The storm begins: — Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow! — Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I,

[2] That is, *description.* The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.

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To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough.[3] I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour![4] —
Well may I get aboard! — This is the chase;
I am gone forever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. — Hark you now! — Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn![5] A god, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it

[3] So, in Greene's novel: "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie*, and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?" H.

[4] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then, seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chase*, that is, the *animal pursued*.

[5] A *bairn*. This word is still in use in the northern dialects for a *child*. It is supposed to be derived from *born*, things born seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. Steevens says he had been t[illegible] "that in some of our inland counties a *child* signified a *female infant* in contradistinction to a male one;" but the assertion wants confirmation, and we may rather refer this use of it to the simplicity of the shepherd.

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up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land! — but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service: — to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone! how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. — But to make an end of the ship: — to see how the sea flap-dragon'd[8] it; — but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; — and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water,

[8] That is, swallowed it, as topers did *flap-dragons*, which were some inflammable substances set on fire, put afloat in the liquor, and gulped down blazing. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act v sc. 1, note 7. M.

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nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have help'd her: there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth[7] for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling.[8] — Open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next[9] way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go: — Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[10] but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

[7] The mantle of fine cloth, in which a child was carried to be baptized.

[8] A *changeling* was a child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act ii. sc. 1, note 6

[9] That is, nearest.

[10] *Curst* here signifies *mischievous*. The old adage says "*Curst* cows have short horns."

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Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *the Chorus.*

Time. I, — that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error, —
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap,[1] since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,

[1] That is, leave unexamined the progress of the time which filled up the gap in Perdita's story. The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who overthrows every thing, and makes as well as overwhelms custom, may surely infringe the laws of his own making.

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I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,[2]
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth: — a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. The same.

A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen[1] years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose

[2] *Me* is here redundant, as in Falstaff's praise of sack: "It ascends *me* into the brain," &c. M.

[1] It should be *sixteen*, as Time has just stated, and future passages have it.

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feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted,[2] he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

[2] That is, from missing him I have noted.

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Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but I fear the angle [3] that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise our selves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer, —
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale, —
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[1]

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing! —
Doth set my pugging [2] tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

[3] *Angle* is here used for the bait, or line and hook, that draws his son away like a fish.

[1] That is, the *red* blood of *spring* now reigns where *winter* lately held dominion. But *pale* is used here in a double sense, as referring to the *pale colours* of winter, and as we still say "the *pale* of fashion," and "the *pale* of the Church." "English *pale*" and "Irish *pale*" were common expressions in the Poet's time. H.

[2] A *puggard* was a cant name for some kind of thief. In the

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The lark, that tirra-lirra chants, —
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay, —
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,[3]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[4] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.[5] My father nam'd me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat.[6] Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.[7] — A prize! a prize!

Roaring Girl, 1611, we have — "Cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*." *Pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces.

[3] *Aunt* was a cant word for a *bawd* or *trull*.

[4] Velvet was estimated according to the *pile*. *three-pile* being the richest. See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 2, note 3. H.

[5] Autolycus means that his practice was *to steal* sheets, leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will sometimes carry it off to line their nests.

[6] The *silly cheat* is one of the slang terms belonging to *coney-catching* or *thievery*. It is supposed to have meant *picking of pockets*.

[7] Upon this passage Coleridge remarks, — "Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and

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Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: — Every 'leven wether tods;[8] every tod yields — pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, — what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. — Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice." — What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men[9] all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means[10] and basses: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.[11] I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies;[12] mace, — dates, — none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger;" but that I may

drabbing; yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'" H.

[8] Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20*s.* or 22*s.* in 1581.

[9] That is, singers of catches in three parts.

[10] *Means* are *tenors.*

[11] These were probably much the same as what in our day are sometimes called "Geneva jigs." It would seem that even so early as Shakespeare's time the notion had been taken up and carried out, of turning hornpipes, jigs, waltzes, and such like, into sacred music by setting religious words to them. For proof how faithfully the old Puritans have been followed herein by their descendants, see some cords of Boston Singing-Books. H.

[12] *Wardens* are a large sort of pear, called in French *Poires de Garde*, because, being a late hard pear, they may be kept very long. It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wearden*, to preserve. They are now called *baking-pears*, and are generally coloured with *cochineal* instead of *saffron* as of old.

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beg: — "four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun."

Aut. [*Grovelling on the ground.*] O, that ever I was born!

Clo. I'the name of me! —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir! softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile

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hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you; that kills my heart.[13]

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my dames:[14] I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.[15]

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion[16] of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig,[17] for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia:

[13] Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says, — "The king hath *killed his heart.*"

[14] The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house. In Jones' Treatise on Buckstone Bathes, — "The ladyes, &c. if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits: the pastime *troule in madame* is called." It is a corruption of *trou-madame;* and was also called *trunkes* according to Cotgrave.

[15] Will only sojourn, or dwell for a time.

[16] That is, he obtained a puppet show, &c.

[17] *Prig* was another cant phrase for the order of thieves Harman in his Caveat for Cursetor, 1573, calls a horse-stealer "a *prigger* of prancers; for to *prigge* in their language is to *steale.*

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if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! — [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,[18] and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent[19] the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora,

[18] That is, dismissed from the society of rogues.

[19] To *hent* is to take; from the Anglo-Saxon *hentan*. See Measure for Measure, Act iv. sc. 6, note 3. — These lines are part of a catch printed in "An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills, compounded of witty Ballads, jovial Songs, and merry Catches." H

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Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes[1] it not becomes me;
O! pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land,[2] you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.[3]

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference[4] forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter

[1] That is, his extravagance in disguising himself in shepherd' clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

[2] That is, the object of all men's notice and expectation.

[3] She probably means, that the Prince, by the rustic habit he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her as in a glass how she ought to be dressed, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up."

[4] Meaning the *difference* between his rank and hers.

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Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, — that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life?

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O, lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes *and* Camillo, *disguised; Clown,* Mopsa, Dorcas, *and Others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon

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This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'the table, now i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come; quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: come on
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To* POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day:—[*To* CAMILLO.] You're welcome, sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,[6]
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season

[6] So in Hamlet, Act iv. sc. 5, Ophelia says,—"There's rosemary; that's for remembrance. . . . . There's rue for you, ... we may call it herb of grace." These plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long." H.

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Are our carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers,[6]
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For[7] I have heard it said,
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.[8]

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.[9]

[6] Spelt *gillyvors* in the original, and probably so pronounced at the time. Mr. Dyce thinks it should be retained as "an old form of the word." Douce says, — "*Gelofer* or *gillofer* was the old name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams; from the French *girofle*." H.

[7] *For* in the sense of *because*.

[8] It would seem that variegated gilliflowers were produced by crossbreeding of two or more varieties; as variegated ears of corn often grow from several sorts of corn being planted together. The gardener's art whereby this was done might properly be said to share with creating nature. Douce says, that such flowers being artificially produced, "Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time." H.

[9] This identity of nature and art is thus affirmed by Lord Bacon: "We are the rather induced to assign the History of Arts as a branch of Natural History, because an opinion hath long time gone current, as if *art* were some different thing from *nature*, and *artificial* from *natural*." Likewise Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not

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Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them: [10]
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. — Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: [11] these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: — O Proserpina,

at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God." H.

[10] Perdita is too guileless to take the force of Polixenes' reasoning; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. Mrs. Jameson says, — "She gives up the argument, but, woman-like, retains her own opinion or rather her sense of right." H.

[11] "Some call it *sponsus solis*, the spowse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him." — *Lupton's Notable Things*

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For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,[12]
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath;[13] pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if, — not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

[12] Coleridge says, — "An epithet is wanted here, not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim*."
- The story how, at the coming of Dis, Proserpine, affrighted, let fall from her lap the flowers which she had been gathering, is told in Ovid's Metam. lib. v. Of course, *from Dis's waggon* means *from* or *because of the approach* of Dis's waggon. H.

[13] The beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, &c., mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod's βλεφάρων κυανεάων in a passage which has been rendered

"Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*
Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath
Of balmy Venus."

Shakespeare may not have known this, yet of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets *dim*, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded

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Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. — But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out:[14] Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

[14] This reminds us of some lines in Donne's Elegy on Mrs Elizabeth Drury:

"We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought." M.

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Clo. Come on, strike up

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time, —

Clo. Not a word, a word: we stand upon our manners. —
Come, strike up. [*Music.*

A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts him self
To have a worthy feeding;[15] but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

[15] A valuable tract of pasturage; such as might be a worthy offset to Perdita's dowry.

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Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes: no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings;"[16] "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."[17]

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[18]

[16] "With a hie *dildo* dill, and a *dildo* dee" is the burden of an old ballad or two. *Fading* is also another burden to a ballad found in Shirley's Bird in a Cage; and perhaps to others. It is also the name given to an Irish dance, probably from *fædan*, I whistle, as it was danced to the pipes. The Irish name *rinca fada* is *the long dance*, performed by country people on May day. The *fading* is mentioned by Ben Jonson, and distinguished from the *fadow*.

[17] This was also the burden of an old ballad.

[18] That is, *undamaged wares*, true and good. The quotation by Steevens from Any Thing for a Quiet Life suggests a right explanation: "She says that you sent *ware* which is not warrantable, *braided ware*, and that you give not London measure." So Marston in his Scourge of Villanie:

> "Tuscus is trade-false; yet great hopes he'le rise,
> For now he makes no count of perjuries;
> Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black loveries,
> Glased his *braided ware*, cogs, sweares, and lies."

And in the prologue to a very curious manuscript collection of satiric tales in verse, entitled An Iliade of Metamorphosis:

> "Bookes of this nature being once perused
> Are then cast by, and as *brayed ware* refused."

See All's Well that Ends Well. Act iv. sc. 2. note 4.

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Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points,[19] more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,[20] cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.[21]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,[22]
What maids lack from head to heel:

[19] There is a quibble upon *points*, as in the passage, — "Their *points* being broken, down fell their hose." *Points* was a term for the *tags* used to fasten or hold up the dress. See The Taming of the Shrew, Act iii. sc. 2, note 4. H.

[20] *Inkle* was a kind of *tape:* the word is used by Costard in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iii. sc. 1. — *Caddis* is explained by Malone "a narrow worsted galloon." H.

[21] *Sleeve-hand*, the cuffs or wristband; the *square*, the work about the bosom.

[22] These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his Anatomie of Abuses, Part ii.: "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe

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Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast: but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[23] to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well, they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,[24] and not a word more.

and it is well, if in processe of time, they grow not to be of gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruff." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene began the making of *steele poking-sticks*, and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." They were heated and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

[23] The kiln-hole generally means the fireplace for drying malt; still a noted gossiping-place.

[24] An expression taken from bell-ringing; now contracted to *clam*. The bells are said to be *clammed*, when, after a course of rounds or changes, they are all pulled off at once, and give a general clash or clam, by which the peal is concluded. As this *clam* is succeeded by a silence, it exactly suits the sense of the passage. — *Nares*. Mr. Gifford thinks with Malone that it is a misprint for *charm*.

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Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace,[25] and a pair of sweet gloves.[26]

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that ap-

[25] A *tawdry lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches. So in The Faithful Shepherdess: "The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace*, and ring." Spenser in his Shepherd's Kalendar mentions it as an ornament for the waist: "And gird your waste for more fineness, with a *tawdrie lace*." *Tawdries* is used sometimes for *necklaces* in general.

[26] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are often mentioned by Shakespeare: they were very much esteemed, and a frequent present in the Poet's time.

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peared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.[97]

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. Whither?
Mop. O! whither?
Dor. Whither?
Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dor. Me too: let me go thither.

[97] All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books—"A strange report of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

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Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:
Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.
Aut. Neither.
Dor. What, neither?
Aut. Neither.
Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be:
Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad [28] talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: — Pedler, let's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls.

Aut. [*Aside.*] And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown,* AUT., DOR., *and* MOP

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shep herds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: [29] they call them-

[28] That is, serious, or grave.

[29] It is most probable that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A very curious relation of a disguising or mummery of this kind, which had like to have proved fatal to some of the actors in it, is related by Froissart as occurring in the court of France in 1392. Lord Bacon, Essay 37, says of antimasques, — "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs*, baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, spirits, witches, Ethiopes, pig

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selves saltiers;[30] and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too-rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already. — I know, sir, we weary you

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[31]

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father! you'll know more of that hereafter.[32] —
Is it not too far gone? — 'Tis time to part them. —
He's simple, and tells much. — How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handled love as you do, I was wont

mies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving, and the like."

[30] So in the original; which some have thought may have been a misprint for *vaulters*, as the Servant afterwards says, "not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square." But *saltiers* is, no doubt, the Clown's blunder for *satyrs*; as they are called *satyrs* in the stage-direction of the original. H.

[31] Foot rule, *esquierre*, Fr.

[32] This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

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To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply; at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. — O! hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before! — I have put you out: —
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;
That, — were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, — I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

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Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands; a bargain:—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O! that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you:
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more:
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate? [13]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

[13] That is, converse about his own affairs.

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Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not: —
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with, —
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh.

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That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;
Far[34] than Deucalion off: — mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court. — Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchantment, —
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee, — if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[35] — [*To* FLORIZEL.] Will't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,

[34] *Far*, in the old spelling *furre*, that is, *further*. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. This in the time of Chaucer was softened into *ferre*: "Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*."

[35] Sir John Davies in his Nosce Teipsum, 1599, has a similar thought:

"Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray
Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

And Habington in his Queen of Arragon has imitated it not inelegantly:

"The stars shoot
An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper."

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Of your own state take care: this dream of mine, —
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.[36]

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O, sir,
[*To* FLORIZEL.] You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.[37] — [*To* PERDITA.]
O, cursed wretch!
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.[38] [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

[36] Coleridge says, — "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" For our part, we should say, how more than exquisite is every thing about this unfledged angel! H.

[37] Before the reform of the burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

[38] Some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish noble honesty in the treatment of his precious foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch, by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father. H.

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I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am;
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, — which I do guess
You do not purpose to him, — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy looks: —
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[20] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow:
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

[20] *Fancy* here means *love*, as in other places already pointed out

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In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver: — I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. —
[*To* CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable;
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going*

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

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Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is near'st to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom I see
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin;) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting[40] father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident[41] is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows:—If you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself, and your fair princess
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes:

[40] *Discontenting* for discontented.

[41] This *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. — *Guilty to*, though it sound harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakespeare. So in the Comedy of Errors, Act iii. sc 2:

"But lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song."

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She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:

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I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[42] brooch, table-book,

[42] *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist, according to Philips. They were used as amulets

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ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,[43] and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw to my good use I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket,[44] it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have fil'd keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub[45] against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAM., FLO., *and* PER. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

against the plague or other infections, as well as for mere articles of luxury.

[43] This alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.

[44] A *placket* was nothing more than a *stomacher;* as appears by Florio's Dictionary, under the word *Torace:* "The breast or balke of a man: also the middle space betweene the necke and the thighes: also a *placket*, a *stomacher.*" Thomas gives the same explanation of *Thoraca*, except that he spells the word *placcard.*

[45] So in the original; evidently meaning the same as our word *hubbub.* Todd thought it "to have implied the *whoop* is *up*, the hue and cry is making;" which is supported by the title of a tract put forth by Barnabe Rich in 1619: "The Irish Hubbub, or English Hue and Cry" B.

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Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.] Whom have we here?
We'll make an instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. [*Aside.*] If they have overheard me now, — why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, disease thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. — [*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flay'd [46] already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? — [*Aside.*] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to you! — you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,

[46] Stripped.

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And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat. —
Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita! what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail,
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt* Flo., Per., *and* Cam.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore.* The prince himself is about a piece

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of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; — here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, Church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest

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I am so sometimes by chance: — let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[47] [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore they do not give us the lie.[48]

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.[49]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze[50] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon. I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

[47] Thus in The Comedy of Errors: "Why is time such a niggard of his hair, being as it is so plentiful an *excrement?*"

[48] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie.

[49] That is, *in the fact.* See Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. sc. 1, note 17.

[50] Think'st thou *because I wind myself into*, or *draw* from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? To *touze* is to pluck or draw out. As *to touze* or teize wool. *Carpere lanam*

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Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.[51]

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

A *pheasant* was a very common present from country tenants to noblemen. M.

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Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps'-nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently consider'd,[62] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside

[62] That is, being handsomely bribed; *to consider* often signified *to reward*.

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of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ston'd, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. — Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son: — Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say; even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for

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being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him I will present them; there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia.

A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:

[1] We concur with Collier and Verplanck in restoring the original reading here. It gives a softening effect to what Paulina says, which is no more than due to her noble-heartedness. In all modern editions till Collier's, *true* is transferred from the end of this speech to the beginning of the next. Strange, the Poet should not be allowed to have known what he meant to say! H

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If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name;[2] consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?[3]
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,

[2] Here again in modern editions *name* has been impudently reformed into *dame*, and no notice made of the change. M.

[3] That is, at rest, dead. So in Antony and Cleopatra:

"*Mess.* First, madam, he is *well*
Cleop. Why, there's more gold; but, sirrah, mark,
We use to say *the dead are well.*"

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Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, — O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! — then, even now
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, "And why to me?"[4]

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me for what dull part in't

[4] The old copy reads, "And begin, *why to me.*" The judicious transposition of *and* was made by Steevens.

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You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."

Leon. Stars, stars!
And all eyes else dead coals! — fear thou no wife
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye:[5] —

Cleo. Good madam, I have done.[6]

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will, — give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

[5] That is, meet his eye. Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning again in Hamlet, Act iii. sc. 1: "That he, as 'twere by accident, may here *affront* Ophelia." And in Cymbeline: "Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of." Lodge, in the Preface to his Translation of Seneca, says, "No soldier is counted valiant that *affronteth* not his enemie."

[6] Here again in modern editions the words, "I have done," have been transferred to the next speech. Paulina has not finished her speech, and Cleomenes throws in these words to check the stout running of her tongue; but she keeps on, regardless of the interruption. H.

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Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione!
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grace[7]
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, — "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;" — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow.[8]

[7] Another apt correction from Lord Egerton's copy. The original has *grave*. *Grace* of course means *beauty*; and the context amply justifies the change. H.

[8] Collier and Verplanck misprint *did* for *bid*. H

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Paul. How! not women!

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. — Still, 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, *Lords, and Gentlemen*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; cease: thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come. —

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! And then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

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Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. — Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he, too,
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

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Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful[9] gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir.
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak!

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me:
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now
Endur'd all weathers.

[9] That is, full of grace and virtue.

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Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question.[10] Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O, my poor father! —
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once, I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

[10] That is, is questioning them.

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Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. — [*To* FLOR.] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him: therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of

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their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance[1] were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. — How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione; — her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; — the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; — the affection[2] of nobleness, which nature shows above

[1] That is, *import*, the thing imported.

[2] In Shakespeare's time, *to affect* a thing meant, to have a tendency or disposition to it. The *affections* were the *dispositions* appetitus animi.

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her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[3] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping[4] her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns.[5] I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his that Paulina knows.

[3] *Favour* here stands for *mien, feature.*

[4] That is, embracing.

[5] Conduits or fountains were frequently representations of the human figure. One of this kind has been already referred to in As You Like It, Act iv. sc. 1.

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1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But O! the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, (with the manner how she came to't bravely confess'd and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity,[6] and could put breath into his

[6] By *eternity* Shakespeare only means *immortality*. It should seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben

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work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed[7] house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for

Jonson, in his Magnetic Lady, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city:

> *Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
> *Sir Moth.* And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
> *Rut.* That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
> Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments."

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism.* The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

[7] That is, remote

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had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy: I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; — but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

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Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: — And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands,[8] and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. — Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture.[9] Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.[10] [*Exeunt.*

[8] That is, a *bold, courageous* fellow. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 4, note 5. Autolycus chooses to understand the phrase in one of its senses, which was that of *nimble handed*, working with his hands, a fellow skilled in thievery.

[9] The words *picture* and *statue* were sometimes used indiscriminately; which Mr. Collier thinks may have grown from the custom of painting statues. Thus, in T. Heywood's "If you know not me, you know Nobody:"

> "Your ship, in which all the king's *pictures* were,
> From Brute unto our Queen Elizabeth,
> *Drawn in white marble*, by a storm at sea
> Is wreck'd, and lost."

See, also, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. sc. 4, note 11 — So that the Clown is not speaking out of his new character of 'gentleman born" in calling the statue a picture. H.

[10] It was a common petitionary phrase to ask a superior to be *good lord* or *good master* to the supplicant.

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SCENE III. The same.

A Room in PAULINA's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O! grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina!
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done: therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say, 'tis well.
[PAUL. *undraws a curtain and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak; — first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

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Leon. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or rather thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. — But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O! not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? — O, royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,

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Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —[1]
What was he that did make it? — See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.[2]

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O, sweet Paulina!

[1] Leontes' passion causes him to break off in the midst of his sentence; or rather, from his very intentness of thought, to leave it unspoken. Perhaps it was in his mind to say, — "Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am with my queen, and need not pass through death to have her society." H.

[2] Here we have indeed a wonder of dramatic or representative skill. The illusion is all on the understandings, not on the feelings of the spectators: they *think* it to be a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion; have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness. And the effect spreads through them into us; insomuch that we almost fancy them turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh H.

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Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or, those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

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Paul. Music, awake her: Strike! —
[*Music*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up; stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive, she stirs.
[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. [*Embracing her.*] O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck.
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay; and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. —
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[PERDITA *kneels to* HERMIONE.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,

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Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina.
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. — Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. — Let's from this place. —
What! — look upon my brother: — both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. — This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

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ADDITIONAL NOTE.

So much has been said about the anachronisms in this play, that we must add a word touching them. We have already seen that the making of seaports and landing of ships in Bohemia were taken from Greene. Mr. Verplanck conjectures that by Bohemia was meant simply the land of the Boii, an ancient people several tribes of whom settled in the maritime parts of France: but we scarce think the Poet would have used the name with so much license at a time when the boundaries of that country were so well fixed, and so widely known. We have no notion, indeed that this breach of geography was a blunder: it was meant, no doubt, for the convenience of thought; and such is its effect, until one goes about to dissect and anatomize, thus viewing the parts with reference to ends never contemplated in the use here made of them. And the same may be said of several other liberties here taken with the order of facts; such as the making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Julio Romano, and the Emperor of Russia, contemporary with the Oracle of Delphi; wherein actual things are but marshalled into an ideal order, thus rendering memory subservient to imagination, history to art. In these and such points it is enough that the materials be apt to combine among themselves, and that they draw together in working out the issue proposed, the end thus regulating the use of the means. For a work of art, as such, should be itself an object for the mind to rest upon, not a directory to guide it to something else. So that here we may justly say "the mind is its own place," and, provided the work be true to the laws and the order of this intellectual whereabout, breaches of geography and chronology are of little consequence. H

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS bears upon its face indubitable marks of being one of Shakespeare's earliest performances. In respect of merit, most readers, we apprehend, would be apt to place it at the bottom of the list of comedies; though this may be owing more to the nature of the subject than to the manner of the execution. It was mentioned by Meres in 1593; which was supposed to be the earliest notice of it extant, until very lately Mr. Halliwell brought to light a passage in the *Gesta Grayorum*, showing that it was acted at Gray's Inn during the Christmas revels in 1594. The writer concludes his account of one day's proceedings thus: "After such sports, a Comedy of Errors, *like to Plautus his Menechmus*, was played by the players: so that night was begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors, wherēupon it was ever afterwards called the *Night of Errors*." Mr. Halliwell also shows that the title was either a common proverb or furnished the subject of one. But one other contemporary notice of the play has been produced, and that is from the account of the Master of the Revels, showing it to have been acted at Whitehall, December 28, 1604: "By his Majesty's players: On Innocents' Night, the play of Errors." And *Shaxberd* is written in the margin as "the name of the poet which made the play." The play itself, however, has one passage that may go somewhat to ascertain its date. It is in Act iii. sc. 2, where Dromio of Syracuse, talking of the "kitchen wench," who made love to him, and who was "spherical like a globe," so that he "could find out countries in her," in answer to the question,—"Where France?" says,—"In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her *heir*." Which was probably meant for a quibble between *heir* and *hair*, and referred to the civil war that broke out in France in 1589, upon the death of Henry III.; otherwise there were no apparent point in the jest. As this war against the heir of France was because of his being a Protestant, the English people took great interest in it; so that the allusion would

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naturally be understood and relished: and it agrees entirely with what appears on other grounds to have been the date of the play. — The Comedy of Errors was not printed nor entered in the Stationers' books till the folio of 1623, where it makes the fifth in the division of Comedies.

There has been considerable speculation and quite a variety of opinions as to whether Shakespeare wrote the whole of this play — a matter that need not be better stated than it has been by Mr. Singer. "The general idea of this play," says he, "is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, 'when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied.' The clumsy and inartificial mode of informing the spectator by a prologue of events, which it was necessary for him to be acquainted with in order to enter into the spirit of the piece, is well avoided, and shows the superior skill of the modern dramatist over his ancient prototype. With how much more propriety is it placed in the mouth of Ægeon the father of the twin brothers, whose character is sketched with such skill as deeply to interest the reader in his griefs and misfortunes. Development of character, however, was not to be expected in a piece which consists of an uninterrupted series of mistakes and laughter-moving situations. Steevens most resolutely maintains his opinion that this was a play only retouched by the hand of Shakespeare, but he has not given the grounds upon which his opinion was formed We may suppose the doggerel verses of the drama and the want of distinct characterization in the Dramatis Personæ, together with the farcelike nature of some of the incidents, made him draw this conclusion. Malone has given a satisfactory answer to the first objection, by adducing numerous examples of the same kind of long verse from the dramas of several of his contemporaries; and that Shakespeare was swayed by custom in introducing it into his early plays there can be no doubt; for it should be remembered that this kind of versification is to be found in Love's Labour's Lost, and in The Taming of the Shrew. His better judgment made him subsequently abandon it. . . . . It is difficult to pronounce decidedly between the conflicting opinions of the critics, but the general impression upon my mind is that the whole of the play is from the hand of Shakespeare. Dr. Drake thinks it 'is visible throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastised parts, a combination of which may be found in the character of Pinch, who is sketched in his strongest and most marked style.' We may conclude with Schlegel, that 'this is the best of all written

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or possible *Menæchmi;* and if the piece be inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakespeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials.' "

A like diversity of opinions has arisen concerning the *immediate* sources of the plot of this play. Mr. Collier has found out that an old drama, entitled The History of Error, had been acted at Hampton Court, January 1, 1577, and probably again at Windsor, on Twelfth night, 1583. This he conjectures to have been taken as the basis of Shakespeare's comedy, and that parts of it, especially the doggerel verses, were interwoven with the Poet's work. The older play not having been recovered, nor any part of it, of course we have no means either of refuting or of verifying this conjecture. We may remark, however, that Mr. Collier seems a little too prone to suspect Shakespeare to have borrowed all his puerilities —Another opinion supposes the Poet to have drawn from a free version of the *Menæchmi* published in 1595, as "A pleasant and fine conceited Comedy, taken out of the most excellent witty Poet Plautus." This version, to be sure, did not come out till after the Comedy of Errors was written; but then Shakespeare may have seen it in manuscript; for in his preface the translator speaks of having "divers of this poet's comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus' own words are not able to understand them." Nevertheless, we are far from thinking such to have been the case; there being no such verbal or other resemblances between the two, as, had such been the case, could scarce have been avoided. The accurate Ritson has ascertained that of this version not a single peculiar name, or phrase, or thought, is to be traced in Shakespeare's comedy. On the whole, we cannot discover the slightest objection to supposing, along with Knight and Verplanck, that the Poet may have drawn directly from Plautus himself; the matter common to them both not being such but that it may well enough have been taken by one who had "small Latin."

The Comedy of Errors is thus disposed of by Coleridge: "Shakespeare has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it be possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted."

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, Sons to
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Æmilia.
DROMIO of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, Servants to
DROMIO of Syracuse, } the two Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.
ANGELO, a Goldsmith.
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
PINCH, a Schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, acting as Lady Abbess.
ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus
LUCIANA, her Sister.
LUCE, Servant to Adriana.
A Courtesan.

Jailer, Officers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke's Palace

Enter Duke, Ægeon, *Jailer, Officer, and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more:
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen, —
Who, wanting gilders[1] to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods, —
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, If any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

[1] A *gilder* was a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings.

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His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature,[2] not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the[3] great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

[2] That is, natural affection.
[3] The old copy reads *he*: the emendation is Malone's.

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That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor[4] mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard!
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance[5] of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, — for other means was none. —
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;

[4] The word *poor* was supplied by the editor of the second folio.
[5] Shakespeare uses this word with great latitude. An *instance*, however, is any thing present or at hand, and so may mean a *warning*, *sign*, or *proof*.

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And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came, — O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

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Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (so his case was like,[6]
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia;
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;

[6] That is, his case was *so much like*, so similar to, that of Antipholus. Of course, the sense of *because*, or *since*, or some such word is implied in *so*. H

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Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no,[7] then thou art doom'd to die.—
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit*

Ant. S. A trusty villain,[1] sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,

[7] *No*, which is the reading of the first folio, was anciently often used for *not*.

[1] That is, *a faithful slave*. It is the French sense of the word

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Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,[2]
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort[3] you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.[4] —
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;

[2] That is, about, not far from, five o'clock; an old mode of speech. Afterwards we have, — "Soon at supper-time." H.

[3] Keep your company.

[4] They were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master.

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The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: Tell me this, pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O! sixpence, that I had o'Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper: —
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post:
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.[6]
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

[6] Referring to the old custom of scoring accounts upon a post instead of entering them in a book. H

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce[6] of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both. —
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What! wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
[*Strikes him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught[7] of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

[6] *Sconce* is *head.* So in Hamlet, Act v. sc. 1: "Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the *sconce?*"

[7] That is, overreached.

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I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O! know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.[1]
There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,

[1] The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the bridle must bear the lash, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty.

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Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?[2]

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;[3]
They can be meek, that have no other cause.[4]
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience[5] would'st relieve me
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd[6] patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

[2] That is, somewhere else. The sense is,—How if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?

[3] *To pause* is *to rest*, to be quiet.

[4] That is, *no cause* to be otherwise.

[5] *Helpless* in the sense of useless, *unhelping*.

[6] Probably meaning a patience so foolish as to cause one to be begged for a fool; referring to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools and idiotic persons with a view to come at their revenues. The king, being the legal guardian of such persons, might make over the trust to whom he pleased; and relatives or other interested parties would beg the office, and, no doubt often made or imagined the folly they wanted to have the care of See Love's Labour's Lost. Act v. sc. 2, note 31 S.

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Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand! I scarce could understand it.[7]

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come? quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress. —

[7] A poor quibble between *unaerstand* and *stand under.* It occurs again in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 5. H.

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So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back, again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round[8] with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

[8] He plays upon the word *round*, which signifies spherical, as applied to himself; and *free in speech*, as regards his mistress. To be round with any one is to be plain spoken.

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Of my defeatures.[9] My decayed fair [10]
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.[11]

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! — fie! beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets [12] it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain:
'Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
The triers' touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.[13]
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*

[9] *Defeat* and *defeature* were used for disfigurement or alteration of features. Cotgrave has "Un visage desfaict: *Growne very leane, pale, wan, or decayed in feature and colour.*" It occurs again in the last act; and is also used by the Poet in Venus and Adonis:

> "To mingle beauty with deformity,
> And pure perfection with impure *defeature.*"

[10] *Fair* is used here for *fairness, beauty.* Shakespeare often has it in this sense.

[11] Probably she means she is *thrown aside, forgotten, cast off,* become *stale* to him.

[12] Hinders.

[13] We give this passage as it is commonly received. The original reads literatim as follows:

> "I see the Jewell best enameled
> Will lose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
> That others touch, and often touching will,
> Where gold and no man that hath a name,
> By falsehood and corruption doth it shame." M.

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SCENE II. The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, heré he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

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Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leav battering, I had rather have it a head a. you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce[1] it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first, — for flouting me; and then, wherefore, —
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason? —
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

[1] *A sconce* was a fortification; to *insconce* was to *hide*, to protect as with a fort.

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Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric,[2] and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?[3]

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men[4] in hair, he hath given them in wit.

[2] So in The Taming of the Shrew:

> "I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
> And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
> For it engenders *choler*, planteth anger."

Another instance of Shakespeare's acquaintance with technical law terms. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. sc. 2, note 16.

[4] The old copy reads *them*: the emendation is Theobald's

Ant. S Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.[5]

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.[6]

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two, and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in 'tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov'd there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald,

[5] The following lines upon Suckling's Aglaura, printed in folio, may serve to illustrate this proverbial sentence:

"This great voluminous pamphlet may be said
To be like one that hath more hair than head;
More excrement than body: — trees which sprout
With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit."

[6] An allusion quite too frequent in Shakespeare. See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 2, note 3. H.

[7] To *false*, as a verb, has been long obsolete; but it was current in Shakespeare's time.

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and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: — But soft! who wafts[8] us yonder!

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall[9]
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious;
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,

[8] That is, *beckons* us. So in Hamlet: "It *wafts* me still: — go on, I'll follow thee."

[9] *Fall* is here a verb active. So in Othello: 'Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile."

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And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from him, —
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle woman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time?

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest! for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

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Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[10]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,[11]
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle[12] moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme!
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

[10] That is, *separated, parted.* Shakespeare uses the word in 1 Henry VI., Act ii. sc. 4, in a similar sense:

> "And by his treason stand'st thou not attainted,
> Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?"

So in The Triumph of Honour, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

> "Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, lest for contempt
> They fix you there a rock whence they're *exempt.*"

[11] So Milton's Paradise Lost, b. v.: "They led the *vine* to wed her *elm:* She, spous'd, about him twines her marriageable arms." Thus also in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm." Mr. Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines.* See also Ovid's tale of Vertumnus and Pomona.

[12] That is, *unfruitful.* So in Othello: "Antres vast, and deserts *idle.*"

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Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner
This is the fairy land: — O, spite of spites! —
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:[13]
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn. —
Come, sir, to dinner: Dromio, keep the gate: —
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

[13] Theobald changed *owls* to *ouphes* in this passage most unwarrantably. It is those *unlucky birds*, the striges or *screech-owls*, which are meant. It has been asked, How should Shakespeare know that screech-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? Do these cavillers think that Shakespeare never looked into a book? Take an extract from the Cambridge Latin Dictionary, 1594, 8vo., probably the very book he used: "Strix, a *scritche owle*; an unluckie kind of bird (as they of old time said) *which sucked out the blood of infants lying in their cradles*; a witch, that changeth the favour of children; *an hagge or fairie*." So in The London Prodigal, a comedy, 1605: "Soul, I think I am sure crossed or *witch'd with an owl*." The epithet *elvish* is not in the first folio; but the second has *elves*, which was probably meant for *elvish*.

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And shrive [14] you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —
Come, sister: — Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus*, DROMIO *of Ephesus*, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,[1]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;

[14] That is, call you to confession.
[1] A *carcanet* or chain for a lady's neck.

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And that I did deny my wife and house: —
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir; but I know what I know.
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O! signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart
But soft! my door is lock'd: Go bid them let us in

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Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Sicily, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,[2] malt-horse. capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![3]

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[4]

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame

[2] A *mome* was a *fool* or foolish jester. *Momar* is used by Plautus for a fool; whence the French *mommeur*. The Greeks too had μωμος and μωμαρ in the same sense.

[3] *Patch* was a term of contempt often applied to persons of low condition, and sometimes applied to a *fool*. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii. sc. 2, note 2

[4] I own, am owner of.

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If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for a face.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil[5] is there, Dromio! who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord! I must laugh: —
Have at you with a proverb: — Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's, — When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?[6]

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So; come, help! well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

[5] Bustle, tumult.

[6] It seems probable that a line following this has been lost; in which Luce might be threatened with a *rope*; which would have furnished the rhyme now wanting.

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Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part[7] with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.[8]

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

[7] Have part.

[8] A proverbial phrase, meaning to be so overreached by foul and secret practices.

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Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.[9]

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O! let it not be so:

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once[10] this: Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown:
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made[11] against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,

[9] To pluck a crow with any one was to quarrel, or fight with him; a proverbial phrase. H.

[10] *Once* here means *once for all.* See Much Ado about Nothing, Act i. sc. 1, note 29.

[11] That is, made fast. The expression is still in use in some counties.

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That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
Forever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth,[12] mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;[13]
For there's the house. That chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so: This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. The same.

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?[1]

[12] One would suppose it should be in despite of *grief:* but the man is in a state of mind, that *mirth* is *grievous* to him. H.

[13] An old form of *porcupine.*

[1] *Love-springs* are the *buds of love*, or rather the young *shoots.* Shakespeare uses it again in Venus and Adonis: "This canker that eats up love's tender *spring.*" And in the Rape of Lucrece: "To dry the old oak's sap and cherish *springs.*"

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Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;[2]
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint:
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,[3] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,[4]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

[2] That is, make disloyalty look becoming.
[3] That is, being *made* altogether of credulity.
[4] *Vain* is light of tongue.

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Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O! train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bride I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die.
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink![5]

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[6] how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

[5] By *Love* here is meant the *queen* of love. In Venus and Adonis Venus, speaking of herself, says:

> "Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
> Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire."

[6] *Mated* means *matched with a wife*, and *confounded*. A quibble is intended.

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Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:[7]
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse, hastily.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:

[7] *Aim* was sometimes used for *aim at;* as in Drayton's Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy: "I make my changes *aim* one certain end."

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not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence.[8] I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir; 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name is three quarters, that's an ell; and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.[9]

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from

[8] This is a very old corruption of *sare* reverence, *salva reverentia.* "To speake words of reverence before, as when we say, *saving your worship, saving your reverence*, and such like." — *Baret.* Shakespeare has very properly put this corruption into the mouth of Dromio.

[9] Of course there is a quibble between *a Nell* and *an ell*; referring to an ell Flemish, which is three quarters of a yard. M.

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hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and revolted, making war against her heir.[10]

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir! upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks[11] to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir! I did not look so low. To con-

[10] In 1589, Henry III. of France, being stabbed, was succeeded by Henry of Navarre, whom he had appointed his successor; but whose claim the states of France resisted on account of his being a protestant. This is probably what is meant by France making war against her heir. Elizabeth sent over the Earl of Essex with four thousand men to the assistance of Henry of Navarre, in 1591.

[11] *Carracks*, large ships of burden; *caraca*, Span. *Ballast* for *ballasted*; which Baret explains,—"Loded with gravell and other like yearth." H.

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clude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd [12] to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch:

And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,[13] and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.[14]

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to [15] self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song

[12] That is, affianced.

[13] Alluding to the popular belief that a great share of *faith* was a protection from witchcraft.

[14] A turnspit; dogs being used for that purpose.

[15] Such was the construction of the age So in The Winter's Tale: "But as the unthought-of accident is *guilty to* what we wildly do."

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Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain:
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away [*Exit*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing [1] to me by Antipholus;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and* DROMIO *of Ephesus, from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day. —
But soft! I see the goldsmith: — Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy rope! [*Exit.*

[1] That is, accruing.

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Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you
I promised your presence, and the chain,
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, despatch.

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Ang. You hear, how he importunes me: the chain —

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come; you know I gave it you even now:

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:

Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me, or no;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you? What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation: —

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had?

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer:

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail: —

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But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away: Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why thou peev
ish[2] sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.[3]

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:

[2] *Peevish* was used for *mad*, or *foolish*. Shakespeare has it again in this sense in King Henry V: "What a wretched *peevish* fellow is this King of England to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge." Minsheu explains *peevish* by *foolish*. And so in Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579: "We have infinit poets, and pipers, and such *peerishe* cattle among us in Englande, that live by merry begging." H.

[3] That is, carriage; *hire* is here a dissyllable, and is spelt *hier* in the old copy.

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Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave; be gone
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Mer.*, ANG., *Off.*, *and* ANT. E

Dro. S. To Adriana? that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The same.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale? or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?[1]

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.[2]

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

[1] The allusion is to those meteors which have sometimes been thought to resemble armies meeting in the shock of battle. The following in the second book of Paradise Lost best explains it:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

[2] This double negative had the force of a stronger affirmative in the language of that age. So in Richard III.:

"You may *deny* that God were *not* the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment."

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Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
Adr. Did'st speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still:
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,[3]
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making,[4] worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;[5]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk! the purse! sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:

[3] Dry, withered. See Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 4, note 2
[4] *Marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity.
[5] This proverbial expression is again alluded to in Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 5, note 2.

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A devil in an everlasting garment[6] hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy,[7] pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter
mands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands:[8]
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
well;[9]
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to
hell.[10]

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What! is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is[11] in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell:

[6] The *buff* or leather jerkin of the sergeant is called an *everlasting garment*, because it was so durable. So in 1 Henry IV.: "And is not a *buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of *durance?*" Thus also in Davies's Epigrams:

"Kate, being pleas'd, wish'd that her pleasure could
Endure as long as a *buff jerkin* would."

[7] Theobald would read a *fury;* but a *fairy*, in Shakespeare's time, sometimes meant a *malevolent sprite*, and coupled as it is with pitiless and rough, the meaning is clear.

[8] Shakespeare would have put *lanes* but for the rhyme.

[9] To hunt or run *counter* signifies that the hounds or beagles hunt it by the heel, that is, run backward, mistaking the course of the game. To *draw dry foot* was to follow the scent or track of the game. There is a quibble upon *counter*, which points at the *prison* so called. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. sc 3, note 9.

[10] *Hell* was the cant term for prison. There was a place of this name under the Exchequer, where the king's debtors were confined.

[11] Thus in the original. The omission of the personal pronoun was very common: we should now write *he's*.

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Will you send him, mistress, redemption? the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. — This I wonder at;

[*Exit* LUCIANA.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt: —
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[12]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear

Dro. S. O yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly durst thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio: there's the money; bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately. —
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeun.*

[12] That is, a *bond*. Shakespeare takes advantage of the old spelling to produce a quibble.

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SCENE III. The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What! have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?[1]

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather: the man, sir,

[1] The sergeant is designated as *the picture of old Adam* because he wore buff, as Adam wore his native buff; and Dromio asks Antipholus if he have *got* him *new apparell'd*, that is, got him a new *suit*; in other words, got rid of him.

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that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a stop, and 'rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance: he that sets up his rest[2] to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.[3]

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band: one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest."

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench:

[2] This phrase is a metaphor for being *determined, or resolutely bent to do a thing*, taken from the game of Primero. See The Merchant of Venice, Act ii. sc. 2, note 7.

[3] A *morris pike* is a *Moorish pike*, commonly used in the sixteenth century.

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and thereof comes, that the wenches say, "God damn me," that's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn: Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, and bespeak a long spoon.[4]

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* DRO

[4] This proverb is alluded to again in The Tempest, Act ii. sc 2: 'He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon"

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Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and Jailer.*

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

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Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Jail. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Jail. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.[1] I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

[1] *Long* from frequent pulling.

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Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the Courtezan, with* PINCH, *and Others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather to prophecy like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."[2]

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy![3]

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

[2] The following lines in Hudibras may show what this means:

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *rope*, and *walk, knave, walk*."

[3] This *tremor* was anciently thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban in The Tempest says—"Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon. I know it by thy *trembling*."

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Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion[4] with a saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband! God doth know you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,[5] your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did: — my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

[4] *Companion* was anciently used as we now use *fellow*.
[5] A corruption of the common French oath *par Dieu*.

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Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might;
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[PINCH *and his Assistants bind* ANT. *and* DRO.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! — the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What! will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,

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I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Jail. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish[6] officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Jail. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. — O, most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O, most unhappy[7] strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil. —

Luc. God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me. — [*Exeunt* PINCH *and Assistants with* ANT. *and* DRO.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Jail. One Angelo, a goldsmith: Do you know him?

Adr I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Jail. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Jail. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

[6] See Act iv. sc. 1, note 2.

[7] *Unhappy* for unlucky, that is, mischievous. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 21

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Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Luc. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords: Let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Jail. Away! they'll kill us
[*Exeunt Jailer,* ADR. *and* LUC

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[6] from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: Methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town,
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt*

[6] That is, baggage. *Stuff* is the genuine old English word for all movables.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. —
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me: can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had: I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *Courtezan, and Others.*

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad. —
Some get within him,[1] take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house![2]
This is some priory: — In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DRO. *to the Abbey.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people: Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

[1] That is, close, grapple with him.

[2] That is, go into a house: as people used to say, *take sanctuary.*

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Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copie [3] of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

[3] That is, the *main part*, or, as we should now say, the *burden*, of our discourse: from the Latin *copia*. So, Gosson in his School of Abuse has "*copie* of abuses," meaning *abundance;* and Cooper in his Latin Thesaurus, "to use words with great *copie* and abundance." We print *copie*, as in the original, to distinguish it from *copy*. The word has long been obsolete. H.

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Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her[4] heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why hear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No; not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness; for it is my office,
And will have no attorney[5] but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.[6]

[4] This *her*, referring to *kinsman*, seems to have puzzled the commentators. It was no very wonderful thing for such words to be applied to females. Thus in The Merchant of Venice Portia says,—"But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants." H.

[5] That is, substitute.

[6] That is, to bring him back to his senses, and the accustomed forms of sober behaviour. See Measure for Measure, Act v. sc 1, note 19.

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It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry [7] execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE *attended;* ÆGEON *bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

[7] That is, *dismal.* The original has *depth* instead of *death.*

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Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband, —
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important[8] letters, — this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,[9]
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,

[8] That is, *importunate.* Shakespeare uses this word again in Lear, and in Much Ado about Nothing, in the same sense. The Poet gives to Ephesus the custom of *wardship*, so long considered a grievous oppression in England.

[9] *Strong* escape is an escape effected by *strength* or violence

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To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me:
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[10] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool;[11]
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scotch your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing: Guard with halberds!

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

[10] That is, successively, one after another.

[11] The heads of fools were shaved, or their hair cut close, as appears by the following passage in The Choice of Change, 1598. "Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head *like fooles.*" Florio explains, "*zuccone*, a shaven pate, a notted poll, a poll-pate, a gull, a *ninnie.*"

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Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars,[12] and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[13] feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: — myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

[12] This act of friendship is mentioned by Shakespeare in 1 Henry IV.: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and *bestride* me so: it is an act of friendship." Again in 2 Henry VI.:

> "Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
> Three times *bestrid him*; thrice I led him off."

[13] *Harlot* was a term anciently applied to a rogue or base person among men, as well as to wantons among women.

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Ang O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,

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And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain: So help me Heaven,
As this is false, you burden me withal!

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly: —
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. — Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

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Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange: — Go call the abbess hither:
I think you are all mated,[14] or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir;
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with time's deformed[15] hand
Have written strange defeatures[16] in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and

[14] *Mated* is *confounded*. See note on Macbeth, Act v. sc. 1.
[15] *Deformed* for *deforming*.
[16] See Act ii. sc. 1. note 9.

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whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.[17]

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained[18] face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS *Syracusian, and* DROMIO *Syracusian.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

[1] Dromio delights in a quibble, and the word *bound* has before been the subject of his mirth.

[18] Furrowed, lined.

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Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once, call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:[19]
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.[20]
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea;—
These are the parents to these children,

[19] In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the Duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

[20] The *morning story* is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play.

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Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I: I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart: I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day.

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors all arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need: thy father hath his life

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

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Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction. —
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.[21]
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,[22]
Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me:
After so long grief, such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Abbess*, ÆGEON, *Courtezan*, *Merchant*, ANGELO, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me: I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* ANT. E., ADR. *and* LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

[21] The original reads "*are* delivered." The correction is by Mr. Dyce. H.

[22] That is, the two Dromios. Antipholus of Syracuse has already called one of them "the Almanack of my true date."

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That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother;
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay; then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another [*Exeunt.*

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

IN the folio of 1623 THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH, as it is there called, makes the seventh in the list of Tragedies. In modern editions generally, the Chiswick among others, it stands as first in the division of Histories; an order so clearly and entirely wrong as almost to make us regret having announced that it would be retained in this edition. Macbeth has indeed something of an historical basis, and so have Hamlet and Lear; but in all three the historical matter is so merged in the form and transfigured with the spirit of tragedy, as to put it well nigh out of thought to class them as histories; since this is subjecting them to wrong tests, implies the right to censure them for not being what they were never meant to be. In them historical truth was nowise the Poet's aim; they are to be viewed simply as works of art: so that the proper question concerning them is, whether and how far they have that truth to nature, that organic proportion and self-consistency which the laws of Art require. Wherefore, while adhering to our announcement, we feel bound to protest against Macbeth's being treated as in any sense an historical drama. The tragedy was never printed that we know of till in the folio, and was registered in the Stationers' books by Blount and Jaggard, November 8, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." The original text is remarkably clear and complete, the acts and scenes being regularly marked throughout.

Malone and Chalmers agreed upon the year 1606 as the time when Macbeth was probably written; their chief ground for this opinion being what the Porter says in Act ii. sc. 3: "Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty;" and again, — "Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven." As 1606 was indeed a year of plenty, Malone thought the former passage referred to that fact; and that the latter "had a direct reference to the

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doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of Jesuits in England, at his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, March 28, 1606." These arguments, we confess, neither seem strong enough to uphold the conclusion, nor so weak, on the other hand, as to warrant the scorn which Mr. Knight has vented upon them. And, however inadequate the basis, the conclusion appears to be about right; at least no better one has been offered.

That Macbeth was probably written after the union of the three kingdoms, has been justly inferred from what the hero says in his last interview with the Weird Sisters, Act iv. sc. 1: "And some I see, that twofold balls and treble sceptres carry." James I came to the throne of England in March, 1603; but the English and Scottish crowns were not *formally* united, at least the union was not proclaimed, till October, 1604. That they *were to be united* was doubtless well understood some time before it actually took place: so that the passage in question does not afford a *certain* guide to the date of the composition. The most we can affirm is, that the writing was *probably* after 1604, and *certainly* before 1610; the ground of which certainty is from Dr. Simon Forman's "Book of Plays, and Notes thereof, for common Policy;" a manuscript lately discovered by Mr. Collier in the Ashmolean Museum. Forman gives a minute and particular account of the plot and leading incidents of Macbeth, as he saw it played at the Globe Theatre, April 20, 1610. The notice is too long for our space: some parts of it may be found in the notes, both curious in themselves, and valuable in reference to certain questions that have lately been raised.

In our notes to The Merchant of Venice and The Taming of the Shrew we have referred to certain grounds for supposing the Poet to have been in Italy. The play in hand yields similar cause, in the accuracy of local description and allusion, for thinking he had been in Scotland. And in the latter case these internal likelihoods are not a little strengthened by external arguments. It hath been fully ascertained that companies of English players did visit Scotland several times during Shakespeare's connection with the stage. The earliest visit of this kind that we hear of was in 1589, when Ashby, the English minister at the Scottish court, wrote to Burleigh how "my Lord Bothwell sheweth great kindness to our nation, using *Her Majesty's Players* and Canoniers with all courtesy." And a like visit was again made in 1599, as we learn from Archbishop Spottiswood, who writing the history of that year has the following: "In the end of the year happened some new jars betwixt the King and the ministers of Edinburgh; because of a company of English comedians whom the King had licensed to play within the burgh. The ministers, being offended with the liberty given them, did exclaim in their sermons against stage-players, their unruliness and immodest behaviour; and in their sessions made an act, prohibiting people to resort unto their plays

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under pain of church censures. The King, taking this to be a discharge of his license, called the sessions before the council, and ordained them to annul their act, and not to restrain the people from going to these comedies: which they promised, and accordingly performed; whereof publication was made the day after, and all that pleased permitted to repair unto the same, to the great offence of the ministers."

This account is confirmed by the public records of Scotland, which show that the English players were liberally rewarded by the King, no less a sum than 828*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* being distributed to them between October, 1599, and December, 1601. And it appears from the registers of the Town Council of Aberdeen, that the same players were received by the public authorities of that place, under the sanction of a special letter from the King, styling them "our servants." There, also, they had a gratuity of 32 marks, and the freedom of the city was conferred upon "Laurence Fletcher, Comedian to His Majesty," who, no doubt, was the leader of the company. That this was the same company to which Shakespeare belonged, or a part of it, is highly probable from the patent which was made out by the King's order, May 7, 1603, authorizing Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, and others, to perform plays in any part of the kingdoms In this instrument the players are termed "our servants." — the same title whereby the King had recommended them to the authorities of Aberdeen. All which, to be sure, is no positive proof that Shakespeare was of the number who went to Scotland; yet we do not well see how it can fail to impress any one as making strongly that way, there being no positive proof to the contrary. And the probability thence arising, together with the internal likelihoods of Macbeth, may very well warrant a belief of the thing in question.

At the date of Shakespeare's Tragedy the story of Macbeth, as handed down by tradition, had been told by Holinshed, whose Chronicles first appeared in 1577, and by George Buchanan, the learned preceptor of James I., who has been termed the Scotch Livy, and whose History of Scotland came forth in 1582. In the main features of the story, so far as it is adopted by the Poet, both these writers agree, save that Buchanan represents Macbeth to have merely dreamed of meeting with the Weird Sisters, and of being hailed by them successively as Thane of Angus, of Murray, and as King. We shall see hereafter that Holinshed was Shakespeare's usual authority in matters of British history. And in the present case the Poet shows no traces of obligation to Buchanan, unless, which is barely possible, he may have taken a hint from the historian, where, speaking of Macbeth's reign, he says, — "Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed quia *theatris* aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiæ, ea omitto." A passage which, as showing the author's care for the truth of what he wrote, perhaps should render us wary of trusting

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too much in later writers, who would have us believe that, a war of factions breaking out, Duncan was killed in battle, and Macbeth took the crown by just and lawful title. It is considerable that both Hume and Lingard acquiesce in the old account which represents Macbeth to have murdered Duncan and usurped the throne. The following outline of the story as told by Holinshed may suffice to show both whence and how much the Poet borrowed.

Malcolm, king of Scotland, had two daughters, Beatrice and Doada, severally married to Abbanath Crinen and to Sinel, thanes of the Isles and of Glamis, by whom they had each a son, named Duncan and Macbeth. The former succeeded his grandfather in the kingdom; and, being of a soft and gentle nature, his reign was at first very quiet and peaceable, but afterwards, by reason of his slackness, greatly harassed with troubles and seditions, wherein his cousin, who was of a valiant and warlike spirit, did great service to the state. His first exploit was in company with Banquo, thane of Lochquaber, against Macdowald, who had headed a rebellion, and drawn together a great power of natives and foreigners. The rebels being soon broken and routed, Macdowald sought refuge in a castle with his family, and when he saw he could no longer hold the place, he first slew his wife and children, then himself; whereupon Macbeth entered, and, finding his body among the rest, had his head cut off, set upon a pole, and sent to the king. Macbeth was very severe, not to say cruel, towards the conquered; and when some of them murmured thereat he would have let loose his revenge upon them, but that he was partly appeased by their gifts, and partly dissuaded by his friends. By the time this trouble was well over, Sweno, king of Norway, arrived with an army in Fife, and began to slaughter the people without distinction of age or sex. Which caused Duncan to bestir himself in good earnest: he went forth with all the forces he could rally, himself, Macbeth, and Banquo leading them, and met the invaders at Culros, where after a fierce fight the Scots were beaten. Then Sweno, thinking he could now have the people for his own without killing them, gave order that none should be hurt but such as were found in an attitude of resistance. Macbeth went forthwith to gathering a new power, and Duncan, having fled into the castle of Bertha, and being there hotly besieged by Sweno, opened a communication with him to gain time, and meanwhile sent a secret message to Macbeth to wait at a certain place till he should hear further. When all things were ready, Duncan, having by this time settled the terms of surrender, offered to send forth a good supply of food and refreshment to the besiegers; which offer they gladly accepted, being much straitened for the means of living: whereupon the Scots mixed the juice of mekilwort berries in the bread and ale, and thereby got their enemies into so sleepy a state that they could make no defence; in which condition Macbeth fell upon them, and cut them to pieces, only Sweno himself and ten others escaping to the ships. While the people were giving thanks

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for this victory word came that a fleet of Danes had landed at Kingcorn, sent thither by Canute, Sweno's brother. Macbeth and Banquo, being sent against the new invaders, slew part of them, and chased the rest back to their ships. Thereupon a peace was knit up between the Scots and Danes, the latter giving a great sum of gold for the privilege of burying their dead in Colmes Inch.

Not long after, Macbeth and Banquo being on their way to Fores where the king then lay, as they were passing through the fields without other company, three women in strange and wild apparel suddenly met them; and while they were rapt with wonder at the sight, the first woman said, — All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis; the second, — Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawdor; the third, — All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland. Then said Banquo, — What manner of women are you, that to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign the kingdom, but promise nothing at all to me? Yes, said the first, we promise greater things to thee; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end, and shall have no issue to succeed him; whereas thou indeed shalt not reign, but from thee shall spring a long line of kings. Then the women immediately vanished. At first Macbeth and Banquo thought this was but a fantastical illusion, insomuch that Banquo would call Macbeth king in jest, and Macbeth in like sort would call him father of many kings. But afterwards the women were believed to be the Weird Sisters; because, the thane of Cawdor being condemned for treason, his lands and titles were given to Macbeth. Whereupon Banquo said to him jestingly, — Now, Macbeth, thou hast what two of the Sisters promised; there remaineth only what the other said should come to pass. And Macbeth began even then to devise how he might come to the throne, but thought he must wait for time to work his way, as in the former preferment. But when, shortly after, the king made his oldest son Prince of Cumberland, thereby in effect appointing him successor, Macbeth was sorely troubled thereat, as it seemed to cut off his hope; and, thinking the purpose was to defeat his title to the crown, he studied how to usurp it by force. For the law of Scotland then was, that if at the death of a king the lineal heir were not of sufficient age for the government, the next in blood should take it in his stead. Encouraged by the words of the Weird Sisters, and urged on by his wife, who was "burning with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," Macbeth at length whispered his design to some trusty friends, of whom Banquo was chief, and, having a promise of their aid, slew the king at Inverness: then, by the help of his confederates, he got himself proclaimed king, and forthwith went to Scone where, by common consent, he was invested after the usual manner. Duncan's body was first buried at Elgin, but afterwards removed to Colmekill, and laid in a sepulchre with his predecessors.

Macbeth now set himself about the administration of the state

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as though he would fain make up for his want of title by his fitness for the office; using great liberality towards the nobles, enforcing justice on all offenders, and correcting the abuses that had grown up in Duncan's feeble reign; insomuch that he was accounted the sure defence and buckler of innocent people: he made many wholesome laws, and, in short, so good was his government, that had he attained it by lawful means, and continued as just and upright as he began, he might well have been numbered among the best princes that ever were. But it turned out that all this was done but to gain popular favour. For the pricking of conscience made him fear lest another should serve him as he had served Duncan; and the promise of the Weird Sisters to Banquo would not out of his mind. So he had a great supper, and invited Banquo and his son Fleance, having hired certain murderers to kill them as they were going home, that himself might seem clear of the crime, should it ever be laid to his charge. It chanced, however, through the darkness, that Fleance escaped, and, being afterwards warned of what was in plot against him, he fled into Wales. Thenceforth nothing went well with Macbeth. For men began to fear for their lives, so that they scarce dared come in his presence; and as many feared him, so he stood in fear of many, and therefore by one pretence or another made away with such as were most able to work him any danger. And he had double profit by this course, in that both those whom he feared were got rid of, and his coffers were enriched with their goods, thus enabling him to keep a guard of armed men about his person: for which causes he at length found such sweetness in putting the nobles to death, that his thirst of blood might nowise be satisfied. For better security against the growing dangers, he resolved to build a strong castle on the top of a very high hill called Dunsinane, and to make the thanes of each shire come and help on the building in turn. When the turn fell to Macduff, thane of Fife, he sent his men well furnished, telling them to be very diligent in the work, but himself stayed away; which when Macbeth knew, he said, — I perceive this man will never obey me till he be ridden with a snaffle: nor could he afterwards bear to look upon Macduff, either because he thought him too powerful for a subject or because he had been warned to beware of him by certain wizards in whom he trusted; and indeed he would have put him to death, had not the same counsellors assured him that he should never be slain by any man born of a woman, nor be vanquished till the wood of Birnam came to the castle of Dunsinane. Trusting in this prophecy, he now became still more cruel from security than he had been from fear. At last Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to flee into England; which purpose Macbeth soon got wind of, for in every nobleman's house he had one sly fellow or another in fee, to let him know all that was going on: so he hastened with a power into Fife, to besiege Macduff's castle; which being freely opened to him, when he found Macduff

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was already gone, he caused his wife and children to be slain, confiscated his goods, and proclaimed him a traitor.

After the murder of Duncan his two sons, named Malcolm and Donaldbain, had taken refuge, the one in England, where he was well received by Edward the Confessor, and the other in Ireland, where he also was kindly treated by the king of that land. The mother of these two princes was sister to Siward, Earl of Northumberland. Macduff, therefore, went straight to Malcolm as the only hope of poor Scotland, and earnestly besought him to undertake the deliverance of his suffering country, assuring him that the hearts and hands of the people would be with him, if he would but go and claim the crown. But the prince feigned to excuse himself, because of his having certain incurable vices which made him totally unfit to be king. For, said he, so great is my lust that I should seek to deflower all the young maids and matrons; which intemperance would be worse than Macbeth's cruelty. Macduff answered that this was indeed a very great fault, and had ruined many kings: nevertheless, said he, there are women enough in Scotland: make thyself king, and I will procure you satisfaction herein so secretly that no man shall know of it. Malcolm then said, I am also the most avaricious being on earth, insomuch that. having the power, I should make pretences for slaying most of the nobles, that I might enjoy their estates. The other replied,—This is a far worse fault than the former, for avarice is the root of all evil: notwithstanding, follow my counsel; there are riches enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greediness. Then said the prince again, I am furthermore given to lying and all kinds of deceit, and nothing delights me more than to betray all such as put any trust in my words. Thereupon Macduff gave over the suit, saying, This is the worst of all, and here I leave thee. O miserable Scotchmen, ye have one cursed tyrant now reigning over you without any right; and this other that hath the right is nothing fit to reign; for by his own confession he is not only full of lust and avarice, but so false withal that no trust is to be put in aught he says. Adieu, Scotland, for now I account myself a banished man forever. Then, he being about to depart, the prince said, Be of good cheer, Macduff, for I have none of those vices, and have only jested with thee, to prove thy mind; for Macbeth hath often sought by such means to get me into his hands: but the slower I have seemed to entertain thy request, the more diligent I shall be to accomplish it. Hereupon, after embracing and swearing mutual fidelity, they fell to consulting how they might bring their wishes to good effect. Macduff soon repaired to the borders of Scotland, and sent letters thence to the nobles, urging them to assist the prince with all their powers, to recover the crown out of the usurper's hands.

Now the prince, being much beloved of good King Edward. procured that his uncle Siward might go with ten thousand men to aid him in the enterprise. Meanwhile the Scottish nobles

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apprised of what was on foot, drew into two factions, some siding with Malcolm, others with Macbeth. When Macbeth saw how the prince was strengthened with allies, he retreated to Dunsinane, meaning to abide there in a fortified camp; and, being advised to withdraw into the Isles and there wait for better times, he still refused, trusting in the prophecies of the Weird Sisters. Malcolm, following close upon his retreat, came at night to Birnam wood, where, his men having taken food and rest, he gave order for them to get each a bough as big as he could carry, and march therewith, so as to hide their strength from the enemy. The next day Macbeth, seeing their approach, at first marvelled what it meant, then, calling to mind the prophecy, thought it was like to be fulfilled: nevertheless, he resolved to fight, and drew up his men in order of battle; but when those of the other side cast away their boughs, and he saw how many they were, he betook himself to flight. Macduff was hot in pursuit, and overhauled him at Lanfanan, where at last Macbeth sprung from his horse, saying, Thou traitor, why dost thou thus follow me in vain, who am not to be slain by any man that was born of a woman? Macduff answered, It is true, Macbeth; and now shall thy cruelty end; for I am even he that the wizards told thee of, who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped forth and slew him, then cut off his head, and set it upon a pole, and brought it to Malcolm. — The murder of Duncan took place in 1039, and Macbeth was killed in 1054; so that the events of the play, viewed historically, stretch over a period of more than fifteen years.

From another part of the same history Shakespeare took several circumstances of the assassination. It is where Holinshed relates how King Duff, being the guest of Donwald and his wife at their castle in Fores, was there murdered. We will condense so much of the narrative as bears upon the matter in hand.

The king having retired for the rest of the night, his two chamberlains, as soon as they saw him well abed, came forth again, and fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared many choice dishes and drinks for their rear-supper; wherewith they so gorged themselves, that their heads no sooner got to the pillow than they were so fast asleep that the chamber might have been removed without waking them. Then Donwald, goaded on by his wife, though in heart he greatly abhorred the act, called four of his servants, whom he had already framed to the purpose with large gifts, and instructed them how to proceed; and they, entering the king's chamber a little before cock's crow, without any bustle cut his throat as he lay asleep, and immediately carried the body forth into the fields. In the morning, a noise being made that the king was slain, Donwald ran thither with the watch, as though he knew nothing of it, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor, forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of the murder.

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Thomas Middleton has a play called The Witch, wherein are delineated with considerable skill the vulgar hags of old superstition, whose delight was to "raise jars, jealousies, strifes, and heartburning disagreements, like a thick scurf o'er life." Much question has been had whether this or Macbeth were written first, with the view on one side, as would seem, to make out for Middleton the honour of contributing somewhat towards the Poet's Weird Sisters. Malone has perhaps done all the case admits of, to show that The Witch was not written before 1613; but in truth there is hardly enough to ground an opinion upon one way or the other. And the question may be safely dismissed as altogether vain; for the two plays have nothing in common, but what may well enough have been derived from Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, or from the floating witchcraft lore of the time, some relics of which have drifted down in the popular belief to a period within our remembrance.

The old witches of superstition were foul, ugly, mischievous beings, generally actuated by vulgar envy or hate; not so much wicked as mean, and therefore apt to excite disgust, but not to inspire terror or awe; who could inflict injury, but not guilt; could work men's physical ruin, but not win them to work their own spiritual ruin. The Weird Sisters of Shakespeare, as hath been often remarked, are essentially different, and are beholden to them for little if any thing more than the drapery of the representation. Resembling old women, save that they have long beards, they bubble up in human shape, but own no human relations; are without age, or sex, or kin; without birth or death: passionless and motiveless. A combination of the terrible and the grotesque, unlike the Furies of Eschylus they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can scarce help laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance: but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature. Towards Macbeth they have nothing of personal hatred or revenge: their malice is of a higher strain, and savours as little of any such human ranklings as the thunderstorms and elemental perturbations amidst which they come and go. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; in whom every thing seems reversed; whose ascent is downwards; whose proper eucharist is a sacrament of evil; and the law of whose being is violation of law!

The later critics, Coleridge especially, dwell much on what they conceive to be the most distinctive and essential feature of

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Shakespeare's art, affirming it to be the organic involution of the universal in the particular; that his characters are classes individualized; that his men and women are those of his own age and nation indeed, yet not in such sort but that they are equally the men and women of all ages and nations; for which cause they can never become obsolete, or cease to be natural and true Herein the Weird Sisters are thoroughly Shakespearian, there being nothing in his whole circle of character, wherein this method of art is more profoundly exemplified. Probably no form of superstition ever prevailed to any great extent, but that it had a ground and principle of truth. The old system of witchcraft was no doubt an embodiment of some natural law, a local and temporary outgrowth from something as general and permanent as human nature itself. Our moral being must breathe, and because it must have breath, therefore, in defect of other provision, it puts forth some such arrangement of breathing organs, as a tree puts forth leaves. The point of art, then, in this case was to raise and transfigure the literal intó the symbolical; to take the body, so brittle and perishable in itself, and endow it with immortality; which of course could be done only by filling and animating it with the efficacy of imperishable truth. Accordingly the Poet took enough of current and traditionary matter to enlist old credulity in behalf of agents suited to his peculiar purpose; representing to the age its own thoughts, and at the same time informing the representation with a deep moral significance suited to all ages alike. In The Witch we have but the literal form of a transient superstition: in Macbeth that form is made the transparent vehicle of a truth coeval and coextensive with the workings of human guilt. In their literal character the Weird Sisters answer to something that was, and is not; in their symbolical character they answer to something that was, and is, and will abide; for they represent the mysterious action and reaction between the evil mind and external nature.

For the external world serves in some sort as a looking-glass, wherein man beholds the image of his fallen nature; and he still regards that image as his friend or his foe, and so parleys with it or turns from it, according as his will is more disposed to evil or to good. For the evil suggestions, which seem to us written in the face or speaking from the mouth of external objects and occasions, are in reality but projections from our own evil hearts. these are instances wherein "we do receive but what we give:" the things we look upon seem inviting us to crime, whereas in truth our wishes construe their innocent meanings into wicked invitations. In the spirit and virtue of which principle the Weird Sisters symbolize the inward moral history of each and every man, and therefore may be expected to live in the faith of reason so long as the present moral order or disorder of things shall last So that they may be aptly enough described as poetical or mythical impersonations of evil influences; as bodying forth in living

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turn the fearful echo which the natural world gives back to the evil that speaks out from the human heart. And the secret of their power over Macbeth lies mainly in that they present to him his embryo wishes and half-formed thoughts: at one time they harp his fear aright, at another time his hope; and that, too, even before such hope and fear have distinctly reported themselves in his consciousness; and by thus harping them, strengthen them into resolution and develope them into act. As men often know they would something, yet know not clearly what, until they hear it spoken by another; and sometimes even dream of being told things which their minds have been tugging at, but could not put into words.

All which may serve to suggest the real nature and scope of the effect which the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play; that their office is not so properly to deprave as to developo the characters whereon they act; not to create the evil heart, but to arm the evil hands. They put nothing into Macbeth's mind, but only draw out what was already there, breathing fructification upon his indwelling germs of sin, and thus acting as mediators, so to speak, between the secret upspringing purpose and the final accomplishment of crime. It is quite worthy of remark how Buchanan represents their appearance and prophecies to have been the coinage of his dreams; as if his mind were so swollen with ambitious thoughts, that they must needs haunt his pillow and people his sleep; and afterwards, when a part of the dream came to pass without his help, this put him upon working out for himself the fulfilment of the remainder. And in this view of the matter it is not easy to see but that a dream would every way satisfy the moral demands of the case, though it would by no means answer the purposes of the drama.

And the Poet evidently supposes from the first that Macbeth already had the will, and that what he wanted further was an earnest and assurance of success. And it is the ordering of things so as to meet this want, and the tracing of the mental processes and the subtle workings of evil consequent thereon, that renders this drama such a paragon of philosophy organized into art. The Weird Sisters rightly strike the key-note and lead off the terrible chorus, because they embody and realize to us, and even to the hero himself, that secret preparation of evil within him, out of which the whole action proceeds. In their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mingled emotions of terror and mirth, in their mysterious reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to sharpen curiosity and awe down scepticism; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting, — a blasted heath, as a spot sacred to infernal orgies, — the influences of the place thus falling in with the preternatural style and matter of their disclosures; — in all this we may discern a peculiar aptness to generate even in strong minds a belief in their predictions. And such belief, for aught appears, takes hold on Banquo equally as on Macbeth; yet the only effect thereof in the former is to test

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and approve his virtue. He sees and hears them with simple wonder; has no other interest in them than that of a natural and innocent curiosity; questions them merely with a view to learn what they are, not to draw out further promises; remains calm, collected, and perfectly planless, his thoughts being wholly taken up with what is before him; and because he sees nothing of himself in them, and has no germs of wickedness for them to work upon, therefore he "neither begs nor fears their favours nor their hate." Macbeth, on the other hand, kindles and starts at their words, his heart leaps forth to catch what they say, and he is eager and impatient to have them speak further; they seem to mean more than meets the ear, and he craves to hear that meaning expressed in full: all which is because they show him his own mind, and set astir the wicked desires his breast is teeming with: his mind all at once becomes strangely introversive, self-occupied, and absent from what is before him, "that he seems rapt withal;" and afterwards, as soon as his ear is saluted with a partial fulfilment of their promise, he forthwith gets lost in thought, and shudders and goes into an ecstasy of terror at the horrid suggestions awakened within him, and his shuddering at them is even because of his yielding to them.

It is observable that Macbeth himself never thinks of making the Weird Sisters anywise responsible for his acts or intentions. The workings of his mind all along manifestly infer that he feels himself just as free to do right, and therefore just as guilty in doing wrong, as if no supernatural soliciting had come near him. He therefore never offers to soothe his conscience or satisfy his reason on the score of his being drawn or urged on by any fatal charm or fascination of hell; it being no less clear to him than to us, that whatsoever of such mighty magic there may be in the prophetic greeting is all owing to his own moral predisposition. For, in truth, the promise of the throne by the Weird Sisters, how firmly soever believed in, is no more an instigation to murder for it, than a promise of wealth in like sort would be to steal. To a truly just and virtuous man such a promise, in so far as he had faith therein, would preclude the motives to theft; his argument would be, that inasmuch as he was fated to be rich he had nothing to do but wait for the riches to come. If, however, he were already a thief at heart, and kept from stealing only by fear of the consequences, he would be apt to construe the promise of wealth into a promise of impunity in theft. Which appears to strike something near the difference between Banquo and Macbeth; for, in effect, with Banquo the prophetic words preclude, but with Macbeth themselves become, the motives to crime. So much for the origin of the murderous purpose, and the agency of the Weird Sisters in bringing it to a head.

Henceforth Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed and wrought upon by the

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poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitations of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buffeted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, "present fears are less than horrible imaginings." Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorses of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination.

His conscience thus acting, as it were, in disguise and masquerade, the natural effect at first is, to make him wavering and irresolute: the harrowings of guilty fear have a certain prospective and preventive operation, causing him to recoil, he scarce knows why, from the work he has in hand. So that he would never be able to go through, but for the coming in of a partner and helpmeet in the wicked purpose. But afterwards, the first crime having passed from prospect into retrospect, the self-same working of conscience has the effect of goading and hurrying him on from crime to crime. He still mistakes his inward pangs for outward perils: guilt peoples his whereabout with fantastical terrors, which in seeking to beat down he only multiplies. Amidst his efforts to dissimulate he loses his self-control, and spills the awful secret he is trying to hide; and in giving others cause to suspect him, he makes himself cause to suspect them. Thus his cowardice of conscience urges him on to fresh murders, and every murder but adds to that cowardice; the very blood which he spills to quiet

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his fears sprouting up in "gorgons and chimeras dire" to awaken new fears and call for more victims.

The critics of a certain school have in characteristic fashion found fault with the huddling together and confusion of metaphors, which Macbeth pours forth when his mind is preternaturally heated and wrought up. Doubtless they would have him talk always according to the rules of grammar and rhetoric. Shakespeare was content to let him talk according to his state of mind and the laws of his character. Nor, in this view, could any thing better serve the Poet's purpose, than this preternatural rush and redundancy of imagination, hurrying on from thought to thought, and running and massing a multitude of half-formed images together. And such a cast of mind in the hero was necessary to the health of the drama: otherwise such a manifold tragedy had been in danger of turning out an accumulation of horrors. As it is, the impression is at once softened and deepened, after a style of art which Shakespeare alone could evoke and manage: the terrible is made to tread, sometimes to tremble, on the outmost edge, yet never passes into the horrible; what were else too frightful to be born being thus kept within the limits of pleasurable emotion. Macbeth's imagination so overwrought and self-accelerating, this it is that glorifies the drama with such an interfusion of tragic terror and lyrical sweetness, and pours over the whole that baptism of terrible beauty which forms its distinctive excellence.

In the structure and working of her mind and moral frame Lady Macbeth is the opposite of her husband, and for that reason all the better fitted to piece out and make up his deficiency. Of a firm, sharp, wiry, matter-of-fact intellect, doubly charged with energy of will she has little in common with him save a red-hot ambition; for which cause, while the prophetic disclosures have the same effect on her will as on his, and she forthwith jumps into the same purpose, the effect on her mind is just the reverse; she being subject to no such involuntary and uncontrollable tumults of thought: without his irritability of understanding and imagination, she therefore has no such prudential misgivings or terrible illusions to make her shake, and falter, and recoil. So that what terrifies him, transports her; what stimulates his reflective powers, stifles hers.

Almost any other dramatist would have brought the Weird Sisters to act immediately upon Lady Macbeth, and through her upon her husband, as thinking her more open to superstitious allurements and charms. Shakespeare seems to have understood that aptness of mind for them to work upon would have unfitted her for working upon her husband in aid of them. Enough of such influence has already been brought to bear: what is wanted further is quite another sort of influence; such a sort as could only be wielded by a mind not much accessible to the former. There was strong dramatic reason, therefore, why nothing should

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move or impress her, when awake, but facts; why she should not be of a constitution and method of mind, that the evil which has struck its roots so deep within should come back to her in the elements and aspects of nature, either to mature the guilty purpose, or to obstruct the guilty act. It is quite remarkable that she never once recurs to the Weird Sisters, or lays any stress on their salutations: they seem to have no weight with her but for the impression they have made on Macbeth; that which impression may grow to the desired effect she refrains from using it, or meddling with it, and seeks only to fortify it with such other impressions as lie in her power to make. Does not all this look as though she were sceptical touching the contents of his letter, and durst not attempt to influence him with arguments that had no influence with herself, lest her want of sincerity therein should still further unknit his purpose? And what could better set forth her incomparable shrewdness and tact, than that, instead of overstraining this one motive, and thereby weakening it, she should thus let it alone, and endeavour to strengthen it by mixing others with it? Moreover, it does not elude her penetration, that his fears still more than his hopes are wrought up by the preternatural soliciting: for the Weird Sisters represent in most appalling sort the wickedness of the purpose which they suggest; and the thought of them scares up a throng of horrid images, and puts him under a fascination of terror: the instant he reverts to them his imagination springs into action, — an organ whereof while ambition works the bellows, conscience still governs the stops and keys. So that her surest course is to draw his thoughts off to the natural motives and solicitings of the opportunity that has made itself to his hands: otherwise there is danger that the opportunity will unmake him, for, so long as his mind is taken up with those stimulants of imagination, outward facilities for his purpose augment his inward recoilings from the act.

Coleridge justly remarks upon her consummate art in first urging in favour of the deed those very circumstances which to her husband's conscience plead most movingly against it. That the King has unreservedly cast himself upon their loyalty and hospitality, this she puts forth as the strongest argument for murdering him. An awful stroke of character indeed! and therefore awful, because natural. By thus anticipating his greatest drawbacks, and urging them as the chief incentives, she forecloses all debate, and leaves him nothing to say; which is just what she wants; for she knows well enough that the thing is a horrible crime, and will not stand the tests of reason a moment; and therefore that the more he talks the less apt he will be for the work. And throughout this dreadful wrestling-match she surveys the whole ground and darts upon the strongest points with all the quickness and sureness of instinct: her powers of foresight and self-control seem to grow as the horrors thicken; the exigency being to her a sort of practical inspiration. The finishing touch

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in this part of the picture is when, her husband's resolution being all in a totter, she boldly cuts the very sinews of retreat by casting the thing into a personal controversy and making it a theme of domestic war, so that he has no way but either to fall in with her leading or else to take her life. To gain the crown she literally hazards all, putting it out of the question for them to live together, unless he do the deed, and thus embattling all the virtues and affections of the husband against the conscience of the man. He accordingly goes about the deed, and goes through it, with an assumed ferocity caught from her.

Nor is it to be supposed that this ferocity is native to her own breast: in her case, too, surely it is assumed; for though in her intense overheat of expectant passion it be temporarily fused and absorbed into her character, it is disengaged and thrown off as soon as that heat passes away. Those will readily take our meaning, who have ever seen how, from the excitement of successful effort, men will sometimes pass for a while into and become identified with a character which they undertake to play. And so Lady Macbeth, for a special purpose, begins with acting a part which is really foreign to her, but which, notwithstanding, such is her iron fixedness of will, she braves out to issues so overwhelming as to make her husband and many others believe it is her own. In herself, indeed, she is a great bad woman whom we fear and pity; yet neither so great nor so bad, we are apt to think, as she is generally represented. She has closely studied her husband, and penetrated far into the heart of his mystery; yet she knows him rather as he is to her than as he is in himself: hence in describing his character she interprets her own, and shows more of the warm-hearted wife than of the cool-headed philosopher. Mr. Verplanck, with great felicity, distinguishes her as "a woman of high intellect, bold spirit, and lofty desires, who is mastered by a fiery thirst for power, and that for her husband as well as herself."

Two very different characters, however, may easily be made out for her, according as we lay the chief stress on what she says, or what she does. For surely none can fail to remark, that the promise of a fiend conveyed in her earlier speeches is by no means made good in her subsequent acts. That Shakespeare well understood the principle whereon Sophocles sprinkled the songs of nightingales amid the grove of the Furies, could not be better shown than in that, when Lady Macbeth looks upon the face of her sleeping Sovereign, at whose heart her steel is aimed, and sees the murderous thought passing, as it were, into a fact before her, a gush of womanly feeling or of native tenderness suddenly stays her uplifted arm. And, again, when she hears from Macbeth how he has done two more murders to screen the first, she sinks down at the tale, thus showing that the woman she had so fearfully disclaimed has already returned to torment and waste her into the grave. So that the sequel proves her to have been better than she was herself aware; for at first her thoughts were so centred

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and nailed to the object she was in quest of, that she had no place for introversion, and did not suspect what fires of hell she was planting in her bosom. In truth, she had undertaken too much: in her efforts to screw her own and her husband's courage to the sticking-place there was exerted a force of will which answered the end indeed, but at the same time cracked the sinews of nature; though that force of will still enables her to hide the dreadful work that is doing within. She has quite as much if not more of conscience than Macbeth; but its workings are retrospective. proceed upon deeds, not thoughts; and she is not so made, she has no such sensitive redundancy of imagination, that conscience should be in her senses, causing the howlings of the storm to syllable the awful notes of remorse. And as her conscience is without an organ to project and body forth its revenges, so she may indeed possess them in secret, but she can never repress them: subject to no fantastical terrors nor moral illusions, she therefore never loses her self-control: the unmitigable corrodings of her rooted sorrow may destroy, but cannot betray her, unless when her energy of will is bound up in sleep. And for the same cause she is free alike from the terrible apprehensions which make her husband flinch from the first crime, and from the maddening and merciless suspicions of guilty fear that lash and spur him on to other crimes. But the truth of her inward state comes out with an awful mingling of pathos and terror, in the scene where her conscience, sleepless amid the sleep of nature, nay, most restless even when all other cares are at rest, drives her forth, open-eyed, yet sightless, to sigh and groan over spots on her hands, that are visible to none but herself, nor even to herself, but when she is blind to every thing else. And what an awful mystery, too, hangs about her death! We know not, the Poet himself seems not to know, whether the gnawings of the undying worm drive her to suicidal violence, or themselves cut asunder the cords of her life: all we know is, that the death of her body springs somehow from the inextinguishable life and the immedicable wound of her soul. What a history of her woman's heart is written in her thus sinking, sinking away whither imagination shrinks from following, under the violence of an invisible yet unmistakable disease, which still sharpens its inflictions and at the same time quickens her sensibility!

This guilty couple are patterns of conjugal virtue. A tender, delicate, respectful affection sweetens and dignifies their intercourse; the effect of which is rather heightened than otherwise by their ambition, because they seem to thirst for each other's honour as much as for their own. And this sentiment of mutual respect even grows by their crimes, since their inborn greatness is developed through them, not buried beneath them. And when they find that the crown, which they have waded through so much blood to grasp, does but scald their brows and stuff their pillow with thorns, this begets a still deeper and finer play of sympathy between

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them. Thenceforth, (and how touching its effect!) a soft subdued undertone of inward sympathetic woe and anguish mingles audibly in the wild rushing of the moral tempest that hangs round their footsteps. Need we add how free they are from any thing little or mean, vulgar or gross? the very intensity of their wicked passion seeming to have assoiled their minds of all such earthy and ignoble incumbrances. And so manifest withal is their innate fitness to reign, that their ambition almost passes as the instinct of faculty for its proper sphere.

Dr. Johnson observes with rare infelicity that this play "has no nice discriminations of character." How far from just is this remark, we trust hath already been made clear enough. In this respect the hero and heroine are equalled only by the Poet's other masterpieces,—by Shylock, Hamlet, Lear, and Iago; while the Weird Sisters, so seemingly akin (though whether as mothers or sisters, or daughters, we cannot tell) to the thunder-storms that keep them company, occupy the summit of his preternatural creations. Nevertheless it must be owned that the grandeur of the dramatic combination overswayS our impression of the individual characters, and, unless we make a special effort that way, prevents a due notice of their merits; that the delicate limning of the agents is apt to be lost sight of in the magnitude, the manifold unity, and thought-like rapidity of the action.

The style of this drama is pitched in the same high tragic key as the action: throughout we have an explosion, as of purpose into act, so also of thought into speech, both literally kindling with their own swiftness. No sooner thought than said, no sooner said than done, is everywhere the order of the day. And, therewithal, thoughts and images come crowding and jostling each other in so quick succession that none can gain full utterance, a second still leaping upon the tongue before the first is fairly off. Thus the Poet seems to have endeavoured his utmost how much of meaning could be conveyed in how little of expression; with the least touching of the ear to send vibrations through all the chambers of the mind. Hence the large manifold suggestiveness that lurks in the words; they seem instinct with something which the speakers cannot stay to unfold. And between these invitations to linger and the continual drawings onward, the reader's mind is kindled into an almost preternatural illumination and activity. Doubtless this prolonged stretch and tension of thought would at length grow wearisome, and cause an inward flagging and faintness, but that the play, moreover, is throughout a fierce conflict of antagonist elements and opposite extremes, which are so managed as to brace up the interest on every side; so that the effect of the whole is to refresh, not exhaust the powers, the mind being sustained in its long and lofty flight by the wings that grow forth of their own accord from its superadded life. In general, the lyrical, instead of being interspersed here and there in the form of musical lulls and pauses, is thoroughly interfused with

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the dramatic; while the ethical sense underlies them both, and is occasionally forced up through them by their own pressure. May we not say, in short, that the entire drama is, as it were, a tempest set to music?

Many writers have spoken strongly against the Porter-scene; Coleridge denounces it as unquestionably none of Shakespeare's work. Which makes us almost afraid to trust our own judgment concerning it; yet we cannot but feel it to be in the true spirit of the Poet's method. This strain of droll broad humour, oozing out, so to speak, amid such a congregation of terrors, has always in our case deepened their effect, the strange but momentary diversion causing them to return with the greater force. Of the murder scene, the banquet scene, and the sleep-walking scene, with their dagger of the mind, and Banquo of the mind, and blood-spots of the mind, it were vain to speak. Yet over these sublimely-terrific passages there hovers a magic light of poetry, at once disclosing the horrors, and annealing them into matter of delight. — Hallam sets Macbeth down as being, in the language of Drake, "the greatest effort of our author's genius, the most sublime and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld;" — a judgment from which most readers will probably be less inclined to dissent, the older they grow.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, } his Sons.
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } Generals of his Army
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } Thanes of Scotland
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.
SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, and Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, in England: through the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

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THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's [1] done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.[2]
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

[1] The origin and sense of this word are thus given by Peacham in his Garden of Eloquence, 1577: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre*." Thus also in Holinshed: "There were such *hurlie burlies* kept in every place, to the great danger of overthrowing the whole state of all government in this land." Of course the word here refers to the tumult of battle, not to the storm, the latter being their element. — The reason of this scene is thus stated by Coleridge: "In Macbeth the Poet's object was to raise the mind at once to the high tragic tone, that the audience might be ready for the precipitate consummation of guilt in the early part of the play. The true reason for the first appearance of the Witches is to strike the key note of the character of the whole drama, as is proved by their reappearance in the third scene, after such an order of the king's as establishes their supernatural power of information." H.

[2] So in the original. *The* is commonly, but very injuriously left out of modern editions. H

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1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls: — Anon.[3]
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.[4]
[*Witches vanish.*

SCENE II. A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,[1]
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity. — Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtful it stood;

[3] *Paddock* was an old name for *toad*, *graymalkin* for *cat*, and these animals were supposed to be the familiars of witches. *Toadstools* were anciently called *paddock-stools*. H.

[4] "The Weird Sisters," says Coleridge, "are as true a creation of Shakespeare's, as his Ariel and Caliban, — fates, furies, and materializing witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature, — elemental avengers without sex or kin." Elsewhere he speaks of the "direful music, the wild wayward rhythm, and abrupt lyrics of the opening of Macbeth." Words scarcely less true to the Poet's, than the Poet's are to the characters. H.

[1] *Sergeants*, in ancient times, were not the petty officers now distinguished by that title; but men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires. In the stage-direction of the original this *sergeant* is called a *captain*.

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As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;[2]
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore.[3] But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

[2] *Of* here bears the sense of *with*, the two words being then used indiscriminately. — Thus in Holinshed: "Out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of *Kernes* and *Galloglasses*, offering gladlie to serve under him, whither it should please him to lead them." Barnabe Rich thus describes them in his New Irish Prognostication: "The *Galloglas* succeedeth the Horseman, and he is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of maile, and a Galloglas-axe. . . . . The *Kernes* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live. . . . . These are they that are ready to run out with every rebel, and these are the very bags of hell, fit for nothing but the gallows." H.

[3] That is, seemed as in love with him, in order to betray him to ruin. — *Quarry* is that which is hunted or chased, the *prey* Thus in Coriolanus, Act i. sc. 1:

> "Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
> And let me use my sword, I'd make a *quarry*
> With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
> As I could pitch my lance."

And in Bullokar's English Expositor: "A *quarry* among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting." — *Damned* is *doomed*, fated to destruction. H.

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Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay d not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks:
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,[4]
I cannot tell. —
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both: — Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit Soldier, attended.*

Enter Rosse *and* Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.

[4] To *memorize* is to make memorable. "The style," says Coleridge, "and rhythm of the Captain's speeches in the second scene should be illustrated by reference to the interlude in Hamlet, in which the epic is substituted for the tragic, in order to make the latter be felt as the real life diction."

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Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,[5] lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,[6]
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us; —

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at St. Colmes' Inch,[7]
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. — Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

[5] Steevens chuckles over the Poet's ignorance in making Bellona the wife of Mars. Surely a man must be ignorant not to see that the Poet makes Macbeth the husband of Bellona. — *Lapp'd in proof* is covered with armour of proof. H.

[6] By *him* is meant *Norway*, and by *self-comparisons* is meant that he gave him as good as he brought, showed that he was his equal.

[7] *Colmes'* is here a dissyllable. *Colmes' Inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columb. *Inch* or *inse*, in Erse signifies an island.

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SCENE III. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee,[1] witch!" the rump-fed ronyon[2] cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,[3]
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.[4]

[1] The meaning of *aroint*, says Collier, is, "*begone, stand off*, and it is still used in the Craven district, and generally in the north of England, as well as in Cheshire. In some places it has assumed the form of *rynt*, but it is the same word." Richardson, however, puts it down as from *Rodere* or *Ronger*, to gnaw, to eat. So that the meaning here would be, as we still say, "*pox* on you," or "a *plague* take you." H.

[2] A scabby or mangy woman fed on offals; the *rumps* being formerly part of the kitchen fees of the cooks in great houses.

[3] Scot, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle-shell through and under the tempestuous seas." And in another pamphlet: Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer: "All they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives." It was the belief of the times that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the *tail* would still be wanting.

[4] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them. So in Summer Last Will and Testament, 1600:

"In Ireland and in Denmark both
Witches for gold will *sell a man a wind*,
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapp'd,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

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1 *Witch.* Thou'rt kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I'the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:[5]
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:[6]
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.[7]
Look what I have.
2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.
[*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters,[8] hand in hand,

[5] That is, forspoken, *unhappy*, charmed or bewitched. A *forbodin* fellow, Scotice, still signifies an unhappy one.

[6] This was supposed to be done by means of a waxen figure. Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy King Duff, says that they found one of the witches roasting, upon a wooden broach, an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person; "for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat: and as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from *sleepe*."

[7] In the pamphlet about Dr. Fian, already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinge's majestie's shippe, at his coming forth of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes* then being in his company."

[8] In the original *weird* is spelt *weyward*; doubtless either a misprint, or else intended to mark the word as having two syllables. *Weird* is from the Saxon *wyrd*, and means the same as the

Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores? — What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: — You should be women.
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: — What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? — I'the name of truth,

Latin *fatum;* so that *weird sisters* is the *fatal sisters*, or the *sisters of fate.* Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders *Parcæ* by *weird sisters.* Which agrees well with Holinsned in the passage which the Poet no doubt had in his eye: "The common opinion was, that these women were either the *weird sisters*, that is (as ye would say) the *goddesses of destinie*, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science, bicause everie thing came to passe as they had spoken." H.

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Are ye fantastical,[9] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's[10] death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence! or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

[9] That is, creatures of fantasy or imagination.

[10] According to Holinshed, "Sinell the thane of Glammis,' was Macbeth's father. H.

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Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. — 'Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root,[11]
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,[12]

[11] *Henbane* or *hemlock*. In Batman's Commentary on Bartholome *de Proprietate Rerum*: "Henbane is called *insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly mirilidium, for it taketh away wit and reason." And in Greene's Never too Late: "You have gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight, or else you have eaten of the roots of *hemlock*, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."

[12] That is, posts come as *fast* as you can *count*. This use of *tale* is not uncommon in the old writers. Thus in Exodus, v. 18: "For there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the *tale* of bricks." And Milton in L'Allegro uses it as a term for the numbering of sheep:

"And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd *tells* his *tale*."

And we still say "Keep *tally* for keep *count*. Likewise in

Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. — Thanks for your pains. —
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

regard to *thick*, we still use the phrase, *speaks thick*, of one who talks so *fast* that his words tread on each other's heels. The matter were not worth so much note, but that one would change *tale* into *hail*, and another *thick* into *quick*. The original has *can* for *came*. U

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And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. —
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen. —
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: — If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:[13]
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,[14] that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.[15]

[13] *Fears* here is put for the *objects of fear*, the effect for the cause; a not uncommon form of speech. H.

[14] *Single* here bears the sense of *weak, feeble.* So in The Tempest, Act i. sc. 2: "A *single* thing, as I am now." And in what the Chief Justice says to Falstaff: "Is not your chin double, your wit *single?*" H.

[15] That is, *facts* are lost sight of, I *see* nothing, but what is unreal, nothing but the spectres of my own fancy. So, likewise, in the preceding clause: the mind is crippled, disabled for its proper function or office by the apprehensions and surmises that throng upon him. Macbeth's conscience here acts through his imagination, sets it all on fire, and he is terror-stricken and lost to the things before him, as the elements of evil, hitherto latent within him, gather and fashion themselves into the wicked purpose. His mind has all along been grasping and reaching forward for grounds to build criminal designs upon; yet he no sooner begins to build them than he is seized and shaken with horrors which he knows to be imaginary, yet cannot allay. Of this wonderful development of character Coleridge justly says, — "So surely is the guilt in its

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Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure
Macb. Give me your favour: —
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them. —
Let us toward the king. —
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. — Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Fores. A Room in the Palace

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation." And again, — "Every word of his soliloquy shows the early birth-date of his guilt." How greedily the swelling evil of his conception has kept snatching at and sucking in, one after another, the offerings of occasion! thus proving indeed that the *elements* of crime were all in him before; yet his being surprised with such an ecstasy of terror equally proves that the guilty *purpose* is new to him, that his thoughts are unused to it.

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Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back: but I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death,[1]
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,[2]
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. — O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: 'would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are, to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.[3]

[1] That is, well instructed in the art of dying. The behaviour of the thane of Cawdor corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian.

[2] Owned, possessed.

"Here, in contrast with Duncan's 'plenteous joys,' Macbeth

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Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. — Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. — Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: [4] which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. — From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful

was nothing but the commonplaces of loyalty, in which he hides himself with 'our duties.' Note the exceeding effort of Macbeth's addresses to the king, his reasoning on his allegiance, and then especially when a new difficulty, the designation of a successor, suggests a new crime." Such is Coleridge's comment on the text. H.

[4] Holinshed says, "Duncan, having two sons, made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne." Cumberland was then held in fief of the English crown.

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The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Mæb. [*Aside.*] The prince of Cumberland! —
That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap;
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.[6] [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Inverness.

A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, *reading a Letter.*

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives[1] from the king, who all-hail'd

[6] Of course during Macbeth's last speech Duncan and Banquo were conversing apart, he being the subject of their talk. The beginning of Duncan's speech refers to something Banquo has said in praise of Macbeth. Coleridge says, — "I always think there is something especially Shakespearian in Duncan's speeches throughout this scene, such pourings-forth, such abandonments, compared with the language of vulgar dramatists, whose characters seem to have made their speeches as the actors learn them." H.

[1] Messengers.

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me, "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. — Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;"
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.[2] Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid[3] doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. — What is your tidings?

[2] "Macbeth," says Coleridge, "is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character. Could he have every thing he wanted, he would rather have it innocently; — ignorant, as, alas! how many of us are, that he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means; and hence the danger of indulging fancies." H.

[3] That is, *supernatural* aid. We find *metaphysics* explained *things supernatural* in the old dictionaries. *To have thee crown'd* is to *desire* that you should be crowned. Thus in All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. sc. 2: "Our dearest friend prejudicates the business, and would *seem to have* us make denial."

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Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Attend. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending:
He brings great news.—[*Exit Attendant.*] The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.[4] Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal[5] thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

[4] This passage is often sadly marred in the reading by laying peculiar stress upon *my*; as the next sentence also is in the printing by repeating *come*, thus suppressing the pause wherein the speaker gathers and nerves herself up to the terrible strain that follows. Mr. Collier quotes a similar passage from Drayton's Barons' Wars, book v. stan. 42:

"The ominous raven with a dismal cheer
Through his hoarse beak of following horror tells." H.

[5] *Mortal* and *deadly* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time. In another part of this play we have "the *mortal* sword," and "*mortal* murders." The spirits here addressed are thus described in Nashe's Pierce Pennilesse: "The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern *Martii*, called the *spirits of revenge*, and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge*."

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The effect, and it![6] Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee[7] in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[8]
To cry, "Hold, hold!" —

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present,[9] and I feel now
The future in the instant.

[6] One might naturally think this should read, — "Nor *break* peace between the effect and it;" that is, nor make the effect contradict, or fall at strife with, the purpose. The sense, however, doubtless is, nor make any delay, any rest, any *pause for thought*, between the purpose and the act. Thus in Davenant's alteration of this play: "That no relapses into mercy may shake my design, nor make it fall before 'tis ripen'd to effect." H.

[7] *Wrap* thyself; from *pallio*, Latin.

[8] A similar expression occurs in Drayton's Mortimeriados, 1596: "The sullen night in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd." — This appalling speech has been aptly commented on by Coleridge: "Lady Macbeth, like all in Shakespeare, is a class individualized; — of high rank, left much alone, and feeding herself with day-dreams of ambition, she mistakes the courage of fantasy for the power of bearing the consequences of the realities of guilt. Hers is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition; she shames her husband with a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony. Her speech is that of one who had habitually familiarized her imagination to dreadful conceptions, and was trying to do so still more. Her invocations and requisitions are all the false efforts of a mind accustomed only hitherto to the shadows of the imagination, vivid enough to throw the every-day substances of life into shadow, but never as yet brought into direct contact with their own correspondent realities." H.

[9] That is, the *present* time *ignorant* of what is to come. *Instant* is any thing now at hand, pressing upon us. M

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Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, — as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour [10] ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage,[1] but this bird

[10] *Favour* is countenance.
[1] That is, convenient nook, or advantageous corner. H.

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Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.[2]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield[3] us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.[4]

[2] "The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image or picture of familiar domestic life." — *Sir J. Reynolds.*

[3] To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. God *yield* us, is God *reward* us. Malone and Steevens were perplexed by what they call the obscurity of this passage. If this be obscure, we should like to know what isn't. Is any thing more common than to thank people for annoying us, as knowing that they do it from love? And does not Duncan clearly mean, that his love is what puts him upon troubling them thus, and therefore they will be grateful to him for the pains he causes them to take?
H.

[4] That is, we remain as hermits or beadsmen to pray for you — Here again we must quote from Coleridge: "The lyrical movement with which this scene opens, and the free and unengaged mind of Banquo, loving nature, and rewarded in the love itself, form a

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Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer,[1] *and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success;[2] that but this blow

highly dramatic contrast with the laboured rhythm and hypocritical over-much of Lady Macbeth's welcome, in which you cannot detect a ray of personal feeling, but all is thrown upon the *dignities*, the general duty." H.

[1] An officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table. *Asseour*, French; from *asseoir*, to *place*.

[2] *Surcease* is end, stop. Thus in Bacon's Of Church Controversies: "It is more than time that there were an end and *surcease* made of this immodest and deformed manner of writing lately entertained, whereby matter of religion is handled in the style of the stage." — *His* for *its*, referring to assassination. — "We'd *jump the life to come*," that is, we'd *risk* it. So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. sc. 8: "Our fortune lies upon this *jump*." H

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Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We'd jump the life to come. — But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,[3]
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.[4] —

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news?

[3] *The sightless couriers of the air* are what the Poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.

[4] Hanmer inserted *side* here upon conjecture, and some editors have followed him. *Side* may have been meant by the Poet, but it was not said. And the sense *feels* better without it, as this shows the speaker to be in such an eagerly-expectant state of mind as to break off the instant he has a prospect of any news. — It hath been ingeniously proposed to change *itself* into *its sell*, an old word for *saddle*. But no change is necessary, the using of *self* for *aim* or *purpose* being quite lawful and idiomatic; as we often say, such a one *overshot himself*, that is, overshot his mark, his aim. H.

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Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you
left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i'the adage?[5]
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere,[6] and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:

[5] The adage of the cat is among Heywood's Proverbs, 1566: "The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete."
[6] Adhere in the sense of suit, agree. *cohere.*

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I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.[7]

Macb. If we should fail, —

Lady M. We fail.[8]

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,[9]
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,[10]

[7] It is said that Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Lady Mac beth, used to utter the horrible words of this speech in a scream as though she were almost frightened out of her wits by the audacity of her own tongue. And we can easily conceive how a spasmodic action of fear might lend her the appearance of super human or inhuman boldness. At all events, it should be observed that Lady Macbeth's energy and intensity of purpose overbears the feelings of the woman, and that some of her words are spoken more as suiting the former, than as springing from the latter. And her convulsive struggle of feeling against that overbearing violence of purpose might well be expressed by a scream. H.

[8] Three modes of pointing have been pitched upon here by different critics, namely, (!) (?) (.) of which we prefer the latter. Here, again, we have recourse to Mrs. Siddons, who, it is said, tried "three different intonations in giving the words *We fail.* At first, a quick contemptuous interrogation, *We fail?* Afterwards, with a note of admiration, *We fail!* and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we.* Lastly, she fixed on the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once; as though she had said, 'If we fail, why, then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the following lines; and the effect was sublime." H.

[9] Shakespeare seems to have taken his metaphor from the *screwing up* the cords of stringed instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place.*

[10] To *convince* is to *overcome.* *Wassel* is thus explained by Bullokar in his Expositor, 1616: "*Wassaile,* a term usual heretofore for *quaffing* and *carnosing;* but more especially signifying a merry cup, passing about amongst neighbours, meeting and entertaining one another on the vigil or eve of the new year, and commonly called the *wassail-bol.*"

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That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck [11] only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell? [12]

Macb. Bring forth men-children only
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

[11] A *limbeck* is a vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient.

[12] *Quell* is *murder*, from the Saxon *quellan*, to kill.

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Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir
Ban. Hold, take my sword. — There's husbandry[1] in heaven;
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose![2] — Give me my sword. —

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch*

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.[3]
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

[1] *Husbandry* here means *thrift*, frugality.

[2] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakespeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose.

[3] So in the original, but usually changed to *officers*. Of course the bounty was sent forth for those employed in the *offices*. H.

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Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.[4]

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. —

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. —
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

[4] A deal of critical and editorial ink has been needlessly spent about this innocent passage. The meaning evidently is, if you will stick to my side, to what has my *consent*; if you will tie yourself to my fortunes and counsel. H.

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And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,[5]
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead,[6] and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep:[7] witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.[8] — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

[5] *Dudgeon* is the handle or haft of a dagger: *gouts* are drops; from the French *gouttes*. H.

[6] In the second part of Marston's Antonio and Mellida, 1602, we have the following lines:

"'Tis yet the dead of night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
. . . . . I am great in blood,
Unequall'd in revenge: — you horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms."

[7] So in the original. Modern editions, some change *sleep* into *sleeper*, others insert *now*: all, forsooth, because they can't get through a verse without counting the syllables. H.

[8] The original has *sides*, which Pope changed to *strides*. This, however, has been objected to as not cohering with "stealthy pace," and "moves like a ghost." But *strides* did not always carry an idea of violence or noise. Thus in the Faerie Queene, book iv. can. 8, stan. 37:

"They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With *easie* steps so *soft* as foot could *stryde*."

And Shakespeare in his Rape of Lucrece says in like manner of Tarquin, while going about the *ravishing*:

"Into her chamber wickedly he *stalks*,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed" H.

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The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.[9] — Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. — Hark! — Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there? — what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: — the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. — Hark! — I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.[1] — My husband!

[9] Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Burke, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, observes, that "all general privations are great because they are terrible." The poets of antiquity have many of them heightened their scenes of terror by dwelling on the silence which accompanied them.

[1] Warburton has remarked upon the fine art discovered in this

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Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed! — Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. [*Looking on his hands.*] This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

"one touch of nature." That some fancied resemblance to her father should thus rise up and stay her uplifted arm, shows that in her case conscience works quite as effectually through the feelings, as through the imagination in case of her husband. And the difference between imagination and feeling is, that the one acts most at a distance, the other on the spot. This gush of native tenderness, coming in thus after her terrible audacity of thought and speech, has often reminded us of a line in Schiller's noble drama, The Piccolomini, Act iv. sc. 4: "Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*." And we are apt to think that the hair-stiffening extravagance of her previous speeches arose in part from the sharp conflict between her feelings and her purpose; she endeavouring thereby to school and steel herself into a firmness and fierceness of which she feels the want

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Listening their fear, I could not say amen,
When they did say "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave[2] of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;[3]—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

[2] *Sleave* is unwrought silk, sometimes also called *floss* silk. It appears to be the coarse ravelled part separated by passing through the stay of the weaver's loom; and hence called *sleaved* or *sleided* silk. In Troilus and Cressida, Act v. sc. 1, we have,—"Thou idle immaterial skein of *sleave* silk." And in Drayton's Muses' Elysium: "Grass as soft as *sleave* or sarcenet ever was." H.

[3] This whole speech is commonly printed as what Macbeth imagines himself to have heard; whereas all from *the innocent sleep* is evidently his own conscience-stricken reflections on the

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I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil.[4] If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.* — *Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green — one red.[5]

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

imaginary utterances. — Upon this appalling scene Coleridge thus remarks: "Now that the deed is done or doing, — now that the first reality commencès, Lady Macbeth shrinks. The most simple sound strikes terror, the most natural consequences are horrible; whilst previously every thing, however awful, appeared a mere trifle: conscience, which before had been hidden to Macbeth in selfish and prudential fears, now rushes upon him in her own veritable person." H.

[4] With her firm self-control, this bold bad woman, when awake, was to be moved by nothing but *facts:* when her powers of self-control were unknit by sleep, then was the time for her to see things that were not, save in her own conscience. H.

[5] The old copy reads, — "Making the Green one Red." The pointing in the text was first suggested by Murphy in the Gray's Inn Journal. *Multitudinous seas* would seem to require that *one* should not be coupled with *green.* Of course the sense of the line, as we give it, is, — "Making the green *water all* red." Milton's Comus has a like expression: "And makes *one* blot of all the air." — To *incarnardine,* is to colour red. H.

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To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: — retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.[6] — [*Knock.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. — Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere best not know myself.[7] [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old[1] turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty:[2] Come in time; have napkins[3] enough

[6] That is, your firmness hath *forsaken* you, *doth not attend* you. H.

[7] This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof. "While I have *the thought* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself."

[1] We have seen several times already that *old* was a common augmentative. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. sc. 2, note 7. H.

[2] So in Hall's Satires, b. iv. sat. 6:

"Each muckworme will be rich with lawless gaine,
Altho' he smother up mowes of seven yeares graine,
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap againe."

[3] That is, *handkerchiefs*. In the dictionaries of the time *sudarium* is rendered by "*napkin or handkerchief, wherewith we wipe away the sweat.*"

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about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, in the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: O! come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you? — But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.[4] [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock;[5] and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades

[4] So in Hamlet: "Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads." And in All's Well that Ends Well: "The *flowery way* that leads to the great fire."

[5] That is, till *three* o'clock, according to a passage in Romeo and Juliet: "The *second cock* has crow'd, the curfew bell has toll'd · 'tis *three* o'clock"

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him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.[6] [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly:[7]

[6] That is, *appointed* service.

[7] We restore the arrangement of the original in this speech The custom of metre-mongering has set forth a new order in it, whereby the two broken verses are got rid of. Believing such irregularities well suited to the matter, we do not wish to get rid of them. Our only change from the old text is a comma instead of a period after *woful time*, so as to connect *the obscure bird* with *prophesying*. The *owl* was always considered a bird of direful omen. The Poet elsewhere has,—"The ominous and fearful owl of death." And of Richard III. it is said,—"The owl shriek'd at thy birth." W

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Where we lay, our chimneys were blown down
And, as they say, lamentings heard i'the air;
Strange screams of death; —
And, prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events
New-hatch'd to the woful time,
The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong night:
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves! — Awake! awake! —
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell. — Murder, and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! — up, up, and see
The great doom's image! — Malcolm! Banquo!

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As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O, gentle lady!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell. —

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, any where: —
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

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Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O! by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted:
No man's life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O! yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;[8]
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

[8] To *gild* with blood is a very common phrase in old plays. Johnson says, "It is not improbable that Shakespeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists of antithesis only."

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Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: —
[*Lady* MACBETH *is carried out*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,[9]
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence[10] I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.[11]

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted,[12] and our safest way

[9] That is, when we have clothed our half-dressed bodies.

[10] *Pretence* is here used for *design*, intention: an usage quite frequent in Shakespeare. Thus in The Winter's Tale, Act iii. sc. 2: "The *pretence* whereof being by circumstances partly laid open." And in Coriolanus, Act i. sc. 2: "Nor did you think it folly, to keep your great *pretences* veil'd, till when they needs must show themselves." — Banquo's meaning is, — Relying upon God, I swear perpetual war against this treason, and all the *secret plottings* of malice, whence it sprung. H.

[11] Meaning that he suspects Macbeth, who was the next in blood.

[12] Suspecting this murder to be the work of Macbeth, Malcolm

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Is to avoid the aim: Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE *and an Old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.[1]
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?[2]

thinks it could have no purpose but what himself and his brother equally stand in the way of; that the "murderous shaft" must pass through them to reach its mark. H.

[1] Collier and Verplanck change *travelling* to *travailing* here, on the ground that the former "gives a puerile idea;" whereupon Mr. Dyce remarks: "In this speech *no mention is made of the sun* till it is described as 'the *travelling* lamp,' the epithet 'travelling' determining *what* 'lamp' was intended: the instant, therefore, that '*travelling*' is changed to 'travailing,' the word 'lamp' CEASES TO SIGNIFY THE SUN." To which we will add, that if *travelling lamp* "gives a puerile idea," it may be thought, nevertheless, to have a pretty good sanction in Psalm xix.: "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun; which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course." It should be remarked that in the Poet's time the same form of the word was used in the two senses of *travel* and *travail*. H.

[2] "After the murder of King Duffe," says Holinshed, "for the

Old M. 'Tis unnatural
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,[3]
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.[4]

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff. —

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[5]

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

space of six months togither there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."

[3] A technical phrase in falconry for *soaring to the highest pitch.*

[4] Holinshed relates that after King Duff's murder "there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an *owl*," and that "*horses* of *singular beauty* and *swiftness* did *eat their own flesh*." H

[5] *Pretend* in the sense of *intend*. See note 10 of the preceding scene. H

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Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up[6]
Thine own life's means! — Then, 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill;[7]
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin; I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:
— adieu, —
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,

[6] *Ravin down* has already occurred in precisely the same sense. See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 3, note 3. H.

[7] *Colme-kill* is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles mentioned by Holinshed as the burial-place of many ancient kings of Scotland. Colme-kill means the *cell* or chapel of St. Columbo.

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It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Mach. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Mach. To-night we hold a solemn supper,[1] sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Lay your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Mach. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Mach. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.

[1] This was the phrase of Shakespeare's time for a feast or banquet given on a particular occasion, to *solemnize* any event, as a birth, marriage, coronation. Howel, in a letter to Sir T. Hawke, says, "I was invited yesterday to a *solemne supper* by B. J. [Ben Jonson], where you were deeply remembered."

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Mach. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mach. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Mach. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. — [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Mach. Bring them before us. — [*Exit Atten.*] To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophetlike,

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They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;[2]
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance![3] — Who's there!

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Mach. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation[4] with you,

[2] *File* was often used for *defile*. Thus in Wilkins's Inforced Marriage: "Oaths are necessary for nothing; they pass out of a man's mouth like smoke through a chimney, that *files* all the way it goes." *Foul* and *filth* are from the same original. H.

[3] That is, to the last extremity, to the *uttermost*. This phrase, which is found in writers who preceded Shakespeare, is borrowed from the French. The sense of the passage is, — "Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of Banquo's sons, enter the lists in aid of its own decrees, I will fight against it to the uttermost, whatever be the consequence."

[4] That is, passed in *proving to* you.

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How you were borne in hand;[5] how cross'd; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say "Thus did Banquo."

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,[6] water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clep'd,
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[7]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i'the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

[5] To *bear in hand* is to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.

[6] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*. *Clep'd*, called.

[7] The *valued file* is the *list* wherein their value and peculiar qualities are set down.

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Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,[8]
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,

[8] That is, the exact time when you may *look out* or lie in wait for him.

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That I require a clearness:* And with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

* Always remembering that I must stand clear of suspicion.

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Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly.[1] Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place,[2] have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.[3] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on:
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence,[4] both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours

[1] The process of Macbeth's mind is thus suggested by Coleridge: "Ever and ever mistaking the anguish of conscience for fears of selfishness, and thus, as a punishment of that selfishness plunging still deeper in guilt and ruin." But is it not the natural result of an imagination so redundant and excitable as his, that the agonies of remorse should project and embody themselves in imaginary terrors, and so, for security against these, put him upon new crimes? H.

[2] So in the second folio; the first has *peace*. We cleave to the common reading, against the concurring judgment of Knight, Collier, and Verplanck, because *peace* is nowise that which Macbeth has been seeking: his end was simply to gain the throne, the *place* which he now holds, and the fear of losing which is the very thing that keeps peace from him. H.

[3] *Ecstasy* in its general sense signifies any violent emotion of the mind. See The Tempest, Act iii. sc. 3, note 12.

[4] That is, do him the highest honour

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In these flattering streams, and make our faces
Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are.[5]

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.[6]

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle,[7] with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling[8] night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond,[9]

[5] The sense of this passage appears to be, — It is a sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation.

[6] Ritson has justly observed that *nature's copy* alludes to *copy hold* tenure; in which the tenant holds an estate for *life*, having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *life-hold* tenure may well be said to be not *eternal*.

[7] That is, the beetle *borne* along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings. Steevens had the merit of first showing that *shard* or *sherd* was the ancient word for a *scale;* as appears by the following lines from Gower's Confessio Amantis:

> "She sigh, her thought a dragon tho,
> Whose *sherdes* shynen as the sonne."

And again, speaking of a serpent:

> "He was so *sherded* all about,
> It held all edge tool without."

[8] That is, blinding; to *seel* up the eyes of a hawk was to close them by sewing the eyelids together.

[9] *That great bond* is Banquo's life, — the copyhold tenure referred to by Ritson in note 6. So in Richard III., Act iv. sc. 4 "*Cancel his bond of life*, dear God, I pray."

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Which keeps me pale! — Light thickens,[10] and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same.

A Park, with a road leading to the Palace.

Enter Three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation[1]
Already are i'the court.

[10] Thus in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess:

"Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to *thicken*, and the sun
Already his great course hath run."

[1] That is, they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

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1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*Assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge. O slave!
[*Dies.* — FLEANCE *escapes.*
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared.

Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first[1]
And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

[1] Johnson with great plausibility proposes to read "*to* first and last."

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Our hostess keeps her state;[2] but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. —
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. — There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than him within.[3]
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats;
Yet he is good that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. — But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that. —
There the grown serpent lies: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

[2] Keeps her chair of state. A *state* was a royal chair with a canopy over it.

[3] That is, I am better pleased that his blood should be on thy face than in him.

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No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd,[4] while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[*The Ghost of* BANQUO *enters, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

[4] The last clause of this sentence evidently depends upon *vouch'd*: "that is not often vouch'd to be given with welcome." There were no need of saying this, but that Mr. Collier mars the sense by putting a semicolon after *making*. B

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Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep sent.
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws and starts
(Impostors to[5] true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? —
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.[6] [*Ghost disappears.*

Lady M. What! quite unman'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie! for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;

[5] That is, these self-generated fears are impostors, *compared to* true fear, — that fear which springs from real danger, — such danger as you have often outfaced. This use of *to* for *compared to*, or *in comparison with*, has puzzled the commentators hugely, but was very common in the old writers, and is so still. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 4, note 10. H.

[6] The same thought occurs in The Faerie Queene, b. ii. can. 8: "Be not entombed in the raven or the *kight*."

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Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Mach. I do forget: —
Do not muse[7] at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. — Give me some wine; fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Re-enter Ghost.[8]

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.[9]

[7] Shakespeare uses to *muse* for to *wonder*, to be *amazed*.

[8] Much question has been made of late, whether there be not two several ghosts in this scene; some maintaining that Duncan's enters here, and Banquo's before; others, that Banquo's enters here, and Duncan's before. The whole question seems absurd enough. But perhaps it will be best disposed of by referring to Dr. Forman, who, as we have seen in the Introduction, witnessed this play at the Globe, April 20, 1610, and who, as he speaks of Banquo's ghost, would doubtless have spoken of Duncan's, had there been any such. "The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, *standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo* came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw *the ghost of Banquo*, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth." H.

[9] That is, we *desire to drink* all good wishes to all.

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Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation [10] in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then,[11] protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so; — being gone,
I am a man again. — 'Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome [12] us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange

[10] Bullokar in his Expositor, 1616, explains "*Speculation*, the inward knowledge, or *beholding* of a thing."

[11] That is, if I *stay at home* then. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: "Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay in my castle or any *habitation;* if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl." But for the meddling of Pope and others, this passage would have hardly required a note.

[12] Pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer's cloud passes, unregarded.

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Even to the disposition that I owe,[13]
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood; they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations have,
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou,[14] that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,

[13] You make me a stranger even to my own disposition, now when I think you can look upon such sights unmoved.

[14] That 's, *what* say'st thou *to this circumstance?*

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All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season[15] of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear,[16] that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. The Heath. Thunder.

Enter HECATE,[1] *meeting the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

[15] Johnson explains this, "*You want sleep*, which *seasons* or gives the relish to *all natures*." So in All's Well that Ends Well: "'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in." See, also, Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 1, note 7.

[16] The *initiate fear* is the fear that attends the first stages of guilt.—The *and* in this speech is redundant.

[1] Shakespeare has been censured for bringing in Hecate among vulgar witches, as confounding ancient with modern superstitions. But, besides that this censure itself confounds the Weird Sisters with the witches of popular belief, the common notions of witchcraft in his time took classical names for the chiefs and leaders of the witches. In Jonson's Sad Shepherd Hecate is spoken of as mistress of the witches, "our *dame Hecate*." We have already, in Act i. sc. 1, note 4, given a passage from Coleridge, stating the difference between the Weird Sisters and the vulgar witches. To the same purport Charles Lamb says of the former: "They are foul anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them. Except Hecate, they have no names, which

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To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i'the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;[8]
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

heightens their mysteriousness." And the same charming critic elsewhere contrasts the Weird Sisters with the hags of popular superstition. Speaking of the witches of Rowley and Dekker, he says, — "They are the plain, traditional, old-woman witches of our ancestors, — poor, deformed, and ignorant, the terror of villages, — themselves amenable to a justice. That should be a hardy sheriff, with the power of the county at his heels, that should lay hands on the Weird Sisters. They are of another jurisdiction" It is worth remarking, also, how Dr. Forman speaks of the Weird Sisters, as he saw them on the Poet's own stage. "There was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women *Fairies* or *Nymphs*, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth," &c. Which looks as if this dealer in occult science knew better than to call them witches, yet scarce knew what else to call them. H.

[8] *Profound* here signifies having deep or secret qualities. The

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And that, distill'd by magic slights,[3]
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And, you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] "Come away, come away," &c.[4]

vaporous drop seems to have been the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantments.

[3] *Slights* are arts, subtle practices.

[4] We subjoin from Middleton's Witch the song which has always been used here in the representation, and which ought to go with the rest of the incantations, as having probably been sanctioned by the Poet's choice. Mr. Dyce says, "It is so highly fanciful, and comes in so happily, that one is almost tempted to believe it was written by Shakespeare, and had been omitted in the printed copies of his play." H

Song above. Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away!
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
Voice above. Here.
Hec. Where's Puckle?
Voice above. Here;
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A Spirit like a cat descends*
Voice above. There's one comes down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.
Hec. O, art thou come? What news, what news?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight:
Either come, or else refuse, refuse.
Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark! the cat sings a brave treble in her own language.

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Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENOX *and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth; — marry, he was dead; —
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep!
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

Hec. [*Going up.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits:
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reach

Voices above. No ring of bells." &c.

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For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please Heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! — for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

[1] The construction is: "Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives."

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His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A dark Cave.

In the middle, a Cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd
3 *Witch.* Harper cries, — 'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. —
Toad, that under cold stone,[1]
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

[1] So in the original. Pope would read, "under *the* cold stone;" Steevens, "under cold*est* stone;" the latter of which is commonly followed. There seems, indeed, no call for any discord here, such as comes by omitting a syllable from the verse, and perhaps something dropped out in the printing. Yet to our ear the extending of *cold* to the time of two syllables *feels* right enough. At all events, we stick to the original. H.

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In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;[2]
Root of hemlock, digged i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[3]
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

[2] We have repeatedly seen that Shakespeare often uses the active and passive forms of certain words indiscriminately. So here, *ravin'd* for *ravening* or *ravenous*. — *Gulf* is *throat;* that which swallows or *gulps down* any thing. H.

[3] That is, a tiger's *entrails*. — In sorting the materials wherewith the Weird Sisters celebrate their infernal orgies, and compound their "hell-broth," Shakespeare gathered and condensed the popular belief of his time. Ben Jonson, whose mind dwelt more in the circumstantial, and who spun his poetry much more out of the local and particular, made a grand showing from the same source in his Mask of Queens. But his powers did not permit, nor did his purpose require, him to select and dispose his materials so as to cause any thing like such an impression of terror. Shakespeare so weaves his incantations as to cast a spell upon the mind, and force its acquiescence in what he represents: explode as we may the witchcraft he describes, there is no exploding the witchcraft of his description; the effect springing not so much from what he borrows as from his own ordering thereof. H.

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All. Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE *and other three Witches.*

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
Music and a Song. "Black spirits," &c.[4]
2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty[5] waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;

[4] This song also, like the former, was not given in the printed copy of the play, and has been supplied from Middleton's Witch, the manuscript of which was discovered towards the close of the last century. We give it here, not feeling authorized to print it in the text:

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may."

Probably both songs were taken from "the traditional wizard poetry of the drama." H

[5] That is, foaming, frothy.

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Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins[6] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly[7] show.

Thunder. 1 *Apparition, an armed Head.*[8]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.[9]

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.[10]
[*Descends.*

[6] *Germens*, seeds which have begun to sprout or germinate.

[7] *Deftly* is adroitly, dexterously.

[8] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. — *Upton.*

[9] Silence was necessary during all incantations So in The Tempest: "Be *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd."

[10] Spirits thus evoked were supposed to be impatient of being questioned.

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Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. — But one word more: —
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. 2 *Apparition, a bloody Child.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! —
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.[11]
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,

Thunder. 3 *Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand.*

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?[12]
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

[11] So the expression still in use: "I listened with *all the ears I had.*" H.
[12] The *round* is that part of a crown which encircles the head the *top* is the ornament which rises above it.

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Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill[13]
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest;[14] bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know: —
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show!
2 *Witch.* Show!
3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, in succession; the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs: — And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: —

[13] The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every other instance the accent is misplaced. Thus in Hervey's Life of King Robert Bruce, 1729:

> "Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
> When Canmore battled and the villain fell."

[14] That is, *press* it into his *service*.

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A third is like the former: — Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? — A fourth? — Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet? — A seventh? — I'll see no more: —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,[15]
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! — Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd [16] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? —

[15] The notion of a magic *glass* or charmed mirror, wherein any one might see whatsoever of the distant or the future pertained to himself, seems to have been a part of the old Druidical mythology. There is an allusion to it in Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 2: "And, like a prophet, looks in a *glass* that shows what *future evils*," &c. Such was the "brod mirrour of glas" which "the king of Arabie and of Inde" sent to Cambuscan, as related in The Squieres Tale of Chaucer. But the most wonderful glass of this kind was that described in The Faerie Queene, book iii. can. 2, which

"The great Magitien Merlin had deviz'd
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might."
"It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd:
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discover'd was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a World of Glas." H.

[16] In Warwickshire, when a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted into tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be *boltered;* and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-boltered.* When a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered.* — *Malone.*

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Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. — The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? — Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! —
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! — I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

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That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Fife.

A Room in MACDUFF's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.[1]

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly! He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love:
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself; but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further:

[1] Our flight is considered as evidence of treason

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But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,[2]
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move. — I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit*

L. Macd. Sirrah,[3] your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

[2] That is, fear makes us credit rumour, yet we know not what to fear, because ignorant when we offend; meaning, of course, that under such a king as Macbeth "to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly." A condition wherein men believe the more, because they fear, and fear the more, because they cannot foresee the danger. The meaning would seem too clear to warrant a note, but that certain commentators have been troubled to see it. — *More* is for movement, or motion. H

[3] *Sirrah* was often used as a term of familiar endearment

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L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet, i'faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.[4]
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

[4] That is, I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

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To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm: But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why, then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm? — What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd [5] villain.

Mur. [*Stabbing him.*] What, you egg!
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady* MACDUFF, *crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*[6]

[5] The old copy has *shag-ear'd*, upon which Mr. Knight remarks, — "This should be probably *shag-hair'd.*" Mr. Dyce, quoting this remark, adds, — "Assuredly it should: formerly, *hair* was often written *hear;* and *shag-hear'd* was doubtless altered by a mistake of the transcriber, or the original compositor, to *shag-ear'd.* King Midas, after his decision in favour of Pan, is the only human being on record to whom the latter epithet could be applied." *Shag-hair'd* was a common term of abuse. In Lodge's Incarnate Devils of this Age, 1596, we have "*shag-heard* slave." H.

[6] "This scene," says Coleridge, "dreadful as it is, is still a relief, because a variety, because domestic, and therefore soothing, as associated with the only real pleasures of life. The conversation between Lady Macduff and her child heightens the pathos

SCENE III. England.

A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom.[1] Each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me;[2] and wisdom

and is preparatory for the deep tragedy of their assassination. Shakespeare's fondness for children is everywhere shown; — in Prince Arthur in King John; in the sweet scene in The Winter's Tale between Hermione and her son; nay, even in honest Evans' examination of Mrs. Page's schoolboy." H.

[1] *Birthdom*, for the place of our birth, our native land. To *bestride* one that was down in battle, was a special bravery of friendship. See The Comedy of Errors, Act v. sc. 1, note 12. H.

[2] The old copy reads *discerne*, an easy misprint for *deserve*. The emendation was made by Theobald. In the latter part of the line something is wanted to complete the sense: "'tis wisdom to offer," &c. *Through me* means, *by putting me out of the way*.

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To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.[3] But I shall crave you pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.[4]

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd![5] — Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

[3] A good mind may recede from goodness under an imperial command.

[4] That is, must still look *as it does*. A similar expression occurs in All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. sc. 3: "Good alone is good, without a name; vileness is *so*." H.

[5] That is, the title is *confirmed* to thee, since none dare challenge it. — "Wear thou thy *wrongs*," — that is, the *honours* thou hast won by *wrong*. H

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I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet

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To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust;[6] and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should

[6] That is, summer-*resembling* lust; the passion that burns awhile like summer, and like summer passes away; whereas the other passion, *avarice*, has no such date, but grows stronger and stronger to the end of life. Such is the meaning evidently suggested by the context, and would need no setting-forth, but that critics have strangely beclouded it with conjecture.—*Foisons* is *plenty; portable* is *endurable.* M.

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Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. — O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight

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No less in truth, than life: my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command;
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[7]
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit Doctor*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers:[8] and 'tis spoken,

[7] That is, *overcomes* it. We have this word in the same Latin sense in Act i. sc. 7, of this play. "To *convince* or convicte, to vanquish and overcome. *Evinco.*" — *Baret.*

[8] Holinshed has the following respecting Edward the Confessor

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To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy:[9] the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

"As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The custom of touching for the king's evil was not wholly laid aside till the days of Queen Anne, who used it on the infant Dr. Johnson.—The *golden stamp* was the coin called *angel;* for an account of which term see The Merchant of Venice, Act ii. sc. 7, note 1. H.

[9] *Ecstasy* was used for any violent emotion of mind. See Act iii. sc. 2, note 3, of this play.—*Modern* is common, trite, every-day; as in the well-known passage,—"Full of wise saws and modern instances." H

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Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.[10]
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help! your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff[11] their dire distresses.
Mal. Be it their comfort.
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch[12] them.
Macd. What concern they?

[10] Thus in Antony and Cleopatra: "We use to say, *the dead are well.*"
[11] To *doff* is to do off, to put off.
[12] To *latch* (in the North) signifies the same as to *catch*.

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The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,[13]
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,[14]
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all? — O, hell-kite! — All?

[13] That is, a peculiar sorrow, a grief that hath but a single owner.

[14] A *quarry* was a heap of dead game. See Act i. sc. 2 note 3, of this play.

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What! all my pretty chickens, and their dam
At one fell swoop?[15]

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

[15] *Swoop*, from the verb *to swoop* or *sweep*, is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

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Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't. — Hell is murky![1] — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? — What! will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o'that, my lord; no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.[2]

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh![3]

[1] Of course Lady Macbeth dreams of being in talk with her husband; and, he having said through fear, "Hell is murky," she repeats his words, as in scorn of his cowardice. H.

[2] She is alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

[3] Upon this, the awfulest passage in this most awful scene, Mr Verplanck has written in so high a style of criticism that we cannot forbear to quote him. After remarking how fertile is the sense of smell in the milder and gentler charms of poetry, he observes "But the smell has never been successfully used as the means of

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Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct.—this disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady* MACBETH.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is that passage of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapours of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atrides, as ominous of his approaching murder. These two stand alone in poetry; and Fuseli in his lectures informs us, that when, in the kindred art of painting, it has been attempted to produce tragic effect through the medium of ideas drawn from 'this squeamish sense,' even Raphael and Poussin have failed, and excited disgust instead of terror or compassion." — And Mrs. Siddons, after quoting Lady Macbeth's — "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand" — adds, — "How beautifully contrasted is the exclamation with the bolder image of Macbeth, in expressing the same feeling: 'Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood clean from this hand? And how appropriately either sex illustrates the same idea!" B

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician. —
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. — So, good night:
My mind she has mated,[4] and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[1]

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough[2] youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

[4] *Mated*, or amated, from *matté*, old French, signified to *overcome, confound, dismay*, or *make afraid.*

[1] By *the mortified man* is meant a *religious man;* one who has mortified his passions, is dead to the world.

[2] That is, unbearded, smooth-faced. So in The Tempest: "Till new-born chins be *rough* and razorable."

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Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm!
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequence, have pronounc'd me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

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Shall e'er have power upon thee." — Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag[1] with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon![2]
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand —
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?[3]
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. — Seyton! — I am sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear,[4] the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,

[1] To *sag*, or *swag*, is to hang down by its own weight.

[2] This word, which signifies *a base abject fellow*, is now only used in Scotland; it was formerly common in England, but spelt *lown*, and is justly considered by Horne Tooke as the past participle of *to low* or abase. *Lout* has the same origin.

[3] *Patch* is a term of contempt, signifying *fool* or *low wretch*.

[4] *Sear* is dry, withered. See Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 4, note 2. — For "*way* of life" Johnson and others would read "*May* of life," which will not go at all with the context; for Macbeth is not in the spring, but in the autumn of life; and the cause of his distress is not that his *old age* is premature, but that it is without its proper accompaniments. Gifford in his edition of Massinger says, — "*Way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple paraphrasis for *life*;" and he makes it good by many examples

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As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton! —

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr [5] the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. — Give me mine armour. —
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it. —
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff: —

[5] That is, *scour* the country round

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Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from me. —
Come, sir, despatch. — If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna,[6] or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? — Hearest thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

[6] The old copy reads *cyme*. The emendation is Rowe's.

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Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be ta'en
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.[2]
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength

[1] Dr. Johnson thought that we should read, — "where there is *a vastage* to be *gone*," — that is, when there is an opportunity to be gone, all ranks desert him. We might perhaps read, — "where there is advantage to be *gain'd*;" — and the sense would be nearly similar, with less violence to the text of the old copy.

[2] Evidently meaning, when we have a king that will rule by law we shall know both our rights and our duties. We make this note simply because Mason and Singer have vented an unworthy sneer, not indeed at the Poet, but at the brave old warrior for speaking thus H.

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Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of Women*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell [1] of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter: [2]
There would have been a time for such a word. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time; [3]
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle:

[1] *Fell* is skin, properly a sheep's skin with the wool on it. Thus in King Lear: "The gougeres shall devour them flesh and *fell*." A *fell*-monger is still the denomination of a dealer in hides.

[2] Lady Macbeth's dying thus before her husband has been justly remarked upon as a most judicious point in the drama. It touches Macbeth in the only spot where he seems to retain the feelings of a man, and draws from him some deeply-solemn, soothing, elegiac tones; so that one rises from the contemplation of his awful history "a sadder and a wiser man." A critic in the Edinburgh Review is almost eloquent upon these closing passages: "Macbeth, left alone, resumes much of that connection with humanity which he had so long abandoned: his thoughtfulness becomes pathetic; and when at last he dies the death of a soldier, the stern satisfaction, with which we contemplate the act of justice that destroys him, is unalloyed by feelings of personal wrath or hatred. His fall is a sacrifice, and not a butchery." H.

[3] *The last syllable of recorded time* seems to signify the utmost period fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life

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Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.[4]

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Mach. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Mach. Liar and slave![5]
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Mach. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling[6] thee: if thy speech be sooth,

[4] Coleridge is eloquent upon this: "Alas for Macbeth! Now all is inward with him; he has no more prudential prospective reasonings. His wife, the only being who could have had any seat in his affections, dies: he puts on despondency, the final heart-armour of the wretched, and would fain think every thing shadowy and unsubstantial; as indeed all things are to those who cannot regard them as symbols of goodness." H.

[5] Here most modern editions insert a stage-direction, "[*Striking him.*]" There is none such in the old copies, and Mr. Kemble has shown ample reason why there should be none. "Such outrageous violence," says he, "does not belong to the feelings of a person overwhelmed with surprise, half doubting, half believing an event, at once in nature most strange, and to himself of the most fatal importance." H.

[6] To *cling*, in the northern counties, signifies to shrivel, wither, or dry up. *Cling-wood* is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent.

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I care not if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in resolution;[7] and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;" — and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. — Arm, arm, and out! —
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone. —
Ring the alarum-bell! — Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. — You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well. —
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

[7] Johnson thought this should read, — "I *pall* in resolution," that is, *flag;* but Mason has brought from Fletcher a passage showing that *pull* is probably right: "All my spirits, as if they had heard my passing bell go for me, *pull in their powers,* and give me up to destiny." M.

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Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt.* — *Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.[1] — What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman: —
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

[1] This was a phrase at bear-baiting. "Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear." — *Antipodes*, by Brome.

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Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. — Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be:
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited:[2] Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit.* — *Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord: — The castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war:
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt.* — *Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die[3]
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

[2] *Bruited* is *reported, noised* abroad; from *bruit*, Fr.
[3] Alluding probably to the suicide of Cato of Utica.

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Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword;[4] thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air[5]
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life,[6] which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield.

[4] Thus Casca, in Julius Cæsar: "Speak, hands, for me."

[5] The air which cannot be cut. So in Hamlet: "For it is as the air invulnerable."

[6] In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit. To this likewise Posthumus alludes in Cymbeline, Act v: "I, in mine own woe *charm'd*, could not find death"

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To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"[7]
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, *Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

[7] To cry *hold!* was the word of yielding, that is, when one of the combatants cries so. To cry *hold!* when persons were fighting, was an authoritative way of separating them, according to the old military laws. This is shown by a passage in Bellay's Instructions for the Wars, declaring it to be a capital offence 'Whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them.' This illustrates the passage in Act i. sc. 5, of this play: "Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark *to cry Hold! hold!*"

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Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:[8]
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more.
They say he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *Head.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, --
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland

[8] The same incident is related in Camden's Remains, from Henry of Huntingdon: "When Siward, the martial Earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, 'in the fore part,' he replied, '*I am right glad, neither wish I any other death to me or mine.*'

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In such an honour nam'd.[9] What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, —
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiendlike queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; — this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. — Exeunt.*

9 "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parliament at Forfair; in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *earles;* as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus." — *Holinshed.*

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

SHAKESPEARE has probably done more to spread a knowledge of English history, than all the historians put together, our liveliest and best impressions of "merry England in the olden time" being generally drawn from his pages. Though we seldom think of referring to him as authority in matters of fact, yet in some way and for some reason or other we secretly make him our standard of old English manners, and character, and life, reading other historians by his light, and trying them by his measures, whether we be aware of it or not. He had indeed

> "A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
> And equal surface can make things appear, —
> Distant a thousand years, — and represent
> Them in their lively colours, just extent."

Drawing forth from "the dark backward and abysm of time" the shades of departed things, he causes them to live their life over again, to repeat themselves, as it were, under our eye, we being rather spectators than students of their course and passage.

And yet, the further we push our historical researches, the more we are brought to acknowledge the general justness of his representations. Even when he makes free with chronology, and varies from the actual order of things, it is generally in quest of something higher and better than chronological accuracy; and the result is in most cases favourable to right conceptions: the events being thereby knit together and articulated into that vital harmony and circulation of nature, wherein they can be better understood, than if they were ordered with literal exactness of time and place. If, which is often the case, he bring in fictitious persons and events, mixing them up with real ones, it is that he may set forth into view those parts, and elements, and aspects of life, which lie without the range of common history, embodying in imaginary forms that truth of which the real forms have not been preserved.

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So that, without any loss, perhaps we should say, with much gain, of substantial truth, Shakespeare clothes the dry bones of historical matter with the warm living flesh of poetry and wit, and thus gives them an interest such as no mere narrative could be made to possess, insomuch that thousands, who would fail to be won even by the fascinating pages of Hume, are caught and held by the Poet's dramatic revivifications of the past. If there be any others able to give us as just notions, provided we read them still there are none that come near him in the art of causing them selves to be read.

But what, perhaps, is most remarkable is, that out of the mate rials of an entire age and nation he so selects and orders and uses a few, as to give a just conception of the whole; by subtle conveyances impressing upon the mind a sort of daguerre, wherein a close inspection may discern "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" all the lines and features of its life and action, public and private, its piety, chivalry, policy, wit, and profligacy, being gathered up and wrought out in fair proportion and clear expression. So true is this, that even the gleanings of after-times have produced scarce any thing touching the history of old England, but what may be better understood for a previous acquaintance with the Poet's historical representations; though it must be owned that these have in turn received much additional light from those. Where he deviates most from all the historical authorities accessible to him, there is a large wise propriety in his deviations, such as to justify the conjecture entertained by some, that he must have written from some traditionary matter which the historians received in his day had failed to chronicle, but which later researches have amply verified. An instance of which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter, in the change of character from "the madcap Prince of Wales" to the brave, wise, gentle, heroic Henry V. So that our latest study and ripest judgment in any historical subject handled by the Poet will be pretty sure to fall in with and confirm the impressions at first derived from him; that which in the outset approved itself to the imagination as beauty, in the end approving itself to the reason as truth.

These remarks must not be taken as in disparagement of other forms of history. It is important for us to know much which it was not the Poet's business to teach, and which if he had attempted to teach, we should probably learn far less from him. Exactness and variety of historical knowledge, running out into the details of time, place, and circumstance, is every way a most useful and desirable acquisition. Nor can we be too much on our guard against resting in those vague general notions of the past, which are so often found ministering to conceit, and fume, and fond impertinence. For, in truth, however we may exult in the free soarings of the spirit beyond the bounds of time and sense, one foot of the solid ground of facts, where our thoughts must needs be limited by the matter that feeds them, is worth far more than acres

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upon acres of cloud-land glory, where men may expatiate for ever without coming to any thing, because the only knowledge it yielded is of that kind which, being equally good for all purposes, is therefore practically good for none, and which naturally fosters a conceit of far-sightedness, because it presents nothing to be seen, and therefore nothing to bound the vision. And perhaps the best way to drive off or keep off this frightful disease is by drawing and holding the mind down to facts, by gluing the thoughts to the specialities of particular local truth. These specialities, however, it is not for poetry to supply; nay, rather, it would cease to be poetry, should it go about to supply them.

Let none suppose, then, that we would anywise substitute Shakespeare for the ordinary sources of history. It is enough, surely, that in giving us what lay within the scope of his art he facilitates and furthers the learning of that which lies out of it; working whatsoever matter he takes into a lamp to light our way through that which he omits. This, indeed, is to make the historical drama what it should be, namely, "the concentration of history;" setting our thoughts at the point where the several lines of truth converge, and from whence we may survey the field of his subject in both its unity and its variety.

All which is to be understood but as referring to the dramas in English history, these being the only of Shakespeare's plays that were originally, or can be properly, termed historical. And respecting these the matter has been put so strongly and so well by Schlegel, that we gladly avail ourselves of his statement. "The dramas," says he, "derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakespeare's works, and are partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly *one* of his works: for the Poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the several plays constitute the rhapsodies. The main features of the events are set forth with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs are placed in so clear a light, that we may gain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced. But this series of dramas is designed as the vehicle of a much higher and more general instruction: it furnishes examples of the political course of the world, applicable to all times. This mirror of kings should be the manual of princes: from it they may learn the intrinsic dignity of their hereditary vocation, but they will also learn the difficulties of their situation, the dangers of usurpation, the inevitable fall of tyranny, which buries itself under its attempts to obtain a firmer foundation; lastly, the ruinous consequences of the weaknesses, errors, and crimes of kings, for whole nations, and many subsequent generations. Eight of these plays, from Richard II. to Richard III., are linked together in uninterrupted succession, and

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embrace a most eventful period of nearly a century of English history. The events portrayed in them not only follow each other, but are linked together in the closest and most exact connection; and the cycle of revolts, parties, civil and foreign wars, which began with the deposition of Richard II., first ends with the accession of Henry VII. to the throne."

In respect, however, of KING JOHN, what we have been saying must be received with not a little abatement or qualification. As a work of art, the play has indeed considerable, though by no means the highest merit; but as a piece of historical portraiture, its claims may easily be overstated. In such a work diplomatic or documentary exactness is not altogether possible, nor is it even desirable any further than may well consist with the laws of art, or with the conditions of the poetic and dramatic form. For to be truly an historical *drama*, a work should not adhere to the literal truth of history in such sort as to hinder the dramatic life, or to cramp, or fetter, or arrest its proper freedom of movement and spirit. In a word, the laws of the drama are here paramount to the facts of history; which of course infers that where the two cannot stand together, the latter are to give way. Yet, when and so far as they are clearly compatible, neither of them ought to be sacrificed: historical accuracy, so far forth as it can be made to combine freely with the principles and methods of dramatic life, seems essential to the *perfection* of the work. And perhaps Shakespeare's mastery of his art is in nothing more forcibly approved than in the *degree* to which he has reconciled them. And the inferiority of King John, as an historical drama, lies in that, taking his other works in the same line as the standard, the facts of history are disregarded much beyond what the laws of art seem to require. For it need scarce be urged that in an historical drama literal truth is fairly entitled to give law, whenever dramatic truth does not overrule it.

The point where all the parts of King John centre and converge into one has been rightly stated to be the fate of Arthur. That is the hinge whereon the whole action is made to turn,—the heart whose pulsations are felt in every part of the structure. The alleged right of Arthur to the throne draws on the wars between John and Philip, and finally the loss from the English crown of the provinces in France. And so far the drama is strictly true to historical fact. But, besides this, the real or reputed murder of Arthur by John is set forth as the chief if not the only cause of the troubles that distracted the latter part of his reign, and ended only with his life; the main-spring of that popular disaffection to his person and government, which let in upon him the assaults of papal arrogance, and gave free course to the wholesome violence of the nobles. Which was by no means the case. For though, by the treatment of his nephew, John did greatly outrage the loyalty and humanity of the nation, still that was but one act in a life-long course of cruelty, cowardice, lust, and perfidy, which

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stamped him as a most base and wicked wretch, and finally drew down upon him the general hatred and execration of his subjects Had he not thus sinned away and lost the hearts of the people, he might perhaps have safely defied the papal interdict; for who can doubt that they would have braved the thunders of the Vatican for him, since they did not scruple afterwards to do so against him? But the fact or the mode of Arthur's death was not the chief, much less the only cause of that loss. So that here the drama involves in its central point such a breach of history, which it is not easy to see how the laws of the dramatic form should require, and which nothing less than such a requirement could fairly excuse: in other words, the rights of historical truth are sacrificed without sufficient cause.

Such a flaw at the heart of the piece must needs greatly disarrange the order of the work as a representation of facts, and make it very untrue to the ideas and sentiments of the English people at the time; for it implies all along that Arthur was clearly the rightful sovereign, and his uncle as clearly an usurper, and that they were so regarded: whereas, in truth, the rule of lineal descent was not then settled in the state, and the succession of John to the throne was so far from being irregular, that of the last five occupants four had derived their main title from election, the same right whereby John himself took it.

The same objection lies proportionably against another feature of the play. The life of the Austrian archduke, who had behaved so harshly and so meanly towards Richard I., is prolonged five or six years beyond its actual period, and he is made responsible for the death of the English king, for no other purpose, seemingly, than that the king's natural son may have the honour of revenging his father's wrongs and death. Richard fell in a quarrel with Vidomar, viscount of Lymoges, one of his own vassals. A treasure having been found on the viscount's estate, and a part of it having been offered the king, he claimed the whole; and while in pursuance of this claim he was making war on the owner he was wounded with an arrow from the hand of Gourdon, one of Vidomar's archers. This occurred in 1199, when Leopold of Austria had been dead several years. The play, however, drives the sin against history to the extreme point of making Austria and Lymoges the same person. Now, if such an exploit were needful or desirable for the proper display of Faulconbridge's character, it does not well appear but that the real Vidomar would have answered the purpose: at all events, the thing might surely have been compassed without so gross a breach of historical truth. Here, however, the vice stops with itself, instead of vitiating the other parts, as in the former case.

Again, in the play the people of Angiers stoutly refuse to own either John or Arthur as king, until the question shall have first been decided in battle between them; whereas in fact Anjou, Touraine, and Maine declared from the first for Arthur, and did

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not waver at all in their allegiance. The drama also represents the imprisonment and death of Arthur as occurring in England; while in fact he was first put under guard in the castle of Falaise in Normandy, and afterwards transferred to a dungeon in the castle of Rouen, from whence he was never known to come out alive. Other departures from fact there are, which may easily be justified or excused, as being more than made up by a gain of dramatic truth and effect. Such, for example, are the freedoms taken with Constance, who, in the play, remains a widow after the death of her first husband, and survives to bewail the captivity of her son, and the wreck of his hopes; but who, in fact, after a short widowhood was married to Guy of Thouars, and died in 1201, the year before Arthur fell into the hands of his uncle. A breach of history every way justifiable, since it gives an occasion, not otherwise to be had, for some noble outpourings of maternal grief; and her depth of maternal affection might well enough consist with a second marriage, though to have represented her thus would have impaired the pathos of her situation, and at the same time have been a needless embarrassment of the action. It is enough that so she would have felt and grieved, had she been still alive; her proper character being thus allowed to transpire in circumstances which she did not live to see.

But of the *justifiable* departures from fact the greatest consists in anticipating by several years the papal instigations as the cause of the war in which Arthur was taken prisoner. For in reality Rome had no hand in setting on that war; it was undertaken by Philip of his own will and for his own ends; there being no rupture between John and the Pope till some time after Arthur had disappeared. The crusade which Philip did undertake against John by order of the Pope was in 1213. Thus the Poet brought the two together; and he was right in doing so for this reason, that the conditions of dramatic interest required more intensity of life than either would yield of itself: united, they might stand in the drama; divided, they must fall. So that, by concentrating the interest of both in one, as much of actual truth was secured as could be told *dramatically* without defeating the purpose of the telling. Than which no better justification of the thing could well be given, or asked.

Shakespeare drew the material of his other histories from Holinshed, and no doubt he had, or might have had access to the same authority in writing King John. Yet in all the others the rights of historical truth are for the most part duly observed. Which would seem to argue that in this case he not only left his usual guide, but had some special reason for doing so. Accordingly it appears that the forementioned sins against history were not original with him. The whole plot and plan of the drama, the events and the ordering of them, all indeed but the poetry and character, the life and glory of the work, were borrowed. And it seems deserving of special note, that in his historical dramas he committed

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no offences worth naming against the laws of his art, but when building on another's foundation.

"The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England," upon which Shakespeare's play was founded, came from the press, first, in 1591, again in 1611, and a third time in 1622. The first edition was anonymous; the second claimed to be by "W. Sh.," the third by "W. Shakespeare;" which has been taken by some as strong evidence of its being the Poet's work; and would indeed go far to prove it, but that plays that were certainly none of his were often thus fathered upon him. Steevens at one time thought it to be Shakespeare's, but he afterwards gave it up, as well he might; and all the English critics since agree that he did not write it, though scarce any two of them agree who did. The German critics, so far as we know, uniformly take the other side, arguing the point at much length, but with little effect. To answer their arguments were more easy than profitable; and such answer can better be spared than the space it would fill, since no English reader of but tolerable competence, none able to understand the reasoning, will need it, after having once read the play. Coleridge, indeed, writing of the play in 1802, went so far as to pronounce it "not his, yet of him;" a judgment in which few, we apprehend, will concur. For not a single passage or even line of the old play is to be found in Shakespeare's King John; and as there are many that were well worth keeping had they been his, this concludes pretty strongly that he had no hand in it.

The Troublesome Reign bears strong internal marks of having been written when the enthusiasm of the nation was wrought up to the height about the Spanish Armada, and when the Papacy was spitting its impotent thunders against the throne and state of the lion-queen. Abounding in spoken and acted satire and invective against Rome, the play must have been hugely grateful to that national feeling which, issuing in the Reformation, was greatly deepened and strengthened by its own issues. The subject was strikingly apt for this purpose; which was most likely the cause of its being chosen.

This aptness had suggested a like use or abuse of the same matter many years before. The precise date is not known, but Bishop Bale's Pageant of Kynge Johan was probably written in the time of Edward VI. Touching this singular performance, perhaps we cannot do better than to abridge the account given by Mr. Collier. The design of Kynge Johan was to promote and confirm the Reformation, of which Bale was one of the most strenuous and unscrupulous supporters. Some of the leading events of John's reign, his disputes with the Pope, the sufferings of his kingdom under the interdict, the surrender of his crown to the legate, and his reputed death by poison, are there applied in a way to suit the time and purpose of the writer. Historical persons

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also, are liberally introduced, the king himself, who figures largely till his death, Pope Innocent III, Cardinal Pandulph, Stephen Langton, Simon of Swinstead, and a monk called Raymundus and with these are mixed up divers personifications, such as England, who is said to be a widow, Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to take the government at John's death, Nobility, Clergy Civil Order, Treason, Verity, and Sedition, who serves as the Jester of the piece. Thus we have some elements of historical plays, such as were used on the public stage forty or fifty years later, and some of the common materials of the old moralities, which gradually gave place to real or imaginary characters. So that the play stands about midway between moralities and historical plays; and it is the only specimen in that kind of so early a date that is known to exist.

The original manuscript of Bale's Pageant was preserved in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and has been lately edited by Mr. Collier, and published by the Camden Society. The play, though written by a bishop, teems with the lowest ribaldry and vituperation, insomuch that Mr. Knight pronounces "the intolerance of Bale against the Romish Church the most fierce and rampant exhibition of passion that ever assumed the ill-assorted garb of religious zeal." And, therewithal, the thing is totally barren of any thing that can pretend to the name of poetry or of dramatic life; and, in brief, is at once thoroughly stupid, malignant, and vile. In both these respects the King John of 1591 is a prodigious advance upon its predecessor. The most considerable exception in the later play is where Faulconbridge, while by order of the King he is plundering the religious houses, finds a fair young nun hidden in a chest which was supposed to contain the abbot's treasures. Campbell regrets that the Poet did not retain this incident; a regret with which we can by no means sympathize: for, surely, to set forth the crimes of individuals in such a way or at such a time as to fix a stigma upon whole classes of men, was a work that might well be left to meaner hands. In both the old plays, however, an intense hatred of Popery runs as a special purpose through the drama. Which matter is reformed altogether in Shakespeare; who, no doubt, understood well enough that any such *special* purpose would not consist with the just proportions of art; that to make the drama a vehicle for any such particular invective or sarcasm was quite "from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." He therefore betrays no repugnance to popery save in the form of a just and genuine patriotism; has no particular symptoms of a Protestant spirit, but only the natural beatings of a sound, honest English heart, resolute to withstand alike all foreign encroachments, whether from kings, or emperors, or popes. Thus his feeling against Rome is wisely tempered in that proportion which is equally required by the laws of morality and of art, issuing in a firm, manly national

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sentiment with which all men may justly sympathize, be their creed what it may. And, surely, no English mouth can refuse the words, — "We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake." So that the Poet's King John, viewed thus in connection with the model after which it was framed, yields a most forcible instance and proof of his universality. He follows his guide in those things which appeal to the feelings of man as man; but forsakes him in whatsoever flatters the prejudices and antipathies of men as belonging to this or that party or sect. And as aversion to Rome is chastised down from the prominence of a special purpose in the play, the parts of Arthur and Constance and Faulconbridge proportionably rise; parts that spontaneously knit in and combine with the common sympathies and sentiments of humanity, — such a language as may always dwell together with the spirit of a man, and be twisted about his heart for ever.

Still the question recurs, why did Shakespeare, with the authentic materials of history at hand, and with his own matchless power of shaping those materials into beautiful and impressive forms of dramatic life, — why did he in the single instance of King John depart from his usual course, preferring a fabulous history to the true, and that, too, even though, for aught now appears, the true would have answered his purpose just as well. It is with the view of suggesting a probable answer to this question that we have dwelt so much at length on the two plays that preceded his. We thus see that for special causes the subject of King John was early brought upon the stage. The same causes long operated to keep it there. The King John of the stage, striking in with the passions and interests of the time, had become familiar to the people, and twined itself closely with their feelings and thoughts. A faithful version would have worked at great disadvantage in competition with the theatrical one already thus established. This strong prepossession of the popular mind Shakespeare probably did not think it wise to offend or disturb. We agree therefore with Mr. Knight, that "it was a submission of his own original powers of seizing upon the feelings and understanding of his audience, to the stronger power of *habit* in the same audience." In other words, the current of popular association being so strong already, he chose to fall in with it, rather than undertake to stem it. We may regret that he did so; but we can scarce doubt that he did it knowingly and upon principle: nor should we so much blame him for not turning that stream, as thank him for thus purifying it.

The only extant or discovered notice of Shakespeare's King John, till it appeared in the folio of 1623, is by Meres in his Wit's Commonwealth. So that all we can say with any certainty is, that the play was written some time before 1598. Blount and Jaggard made an entry in the Stationers' Register, November 8, 1623, of the plays "not formerly entered to other men;" and King John is not among them. From which we might naturally

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infer that the play had been "entered to other men," and perhaps already published; but nothing of the sort has been heard of in our day. In the folio it stands the fifteenth in the volume, and the first in the division of Histories; printed so clearly and carefully in the main, as to leave little room for question concerning the text

Divers attempts have been made to argue the date of the writing from allusions to contemporary matters; respecting which attempts we cannot stop, nor is it worth the while, to say more than that they do not really amount to any thing at all. Some of the German critics, on the other hand, seem altogether out, when, arguing from the internal evidence of style, structure of the verse, tone of thought, and peculiarity of dramatic logic, they refer King John to the same period of the author's life with The Tempest, Cymbeline, and The Winter's Tale. In all these respects it strikes us rather as having something of an intermediate cast between The Two Gentlemen of Verona and The Merchant of Venice. We are persuaded, though we should be troubled to tell why, that it was written some time before the two parts of King Henry IV. The play, especially in the first three acts, has a certain smoothness and fluency of diction, an uniformity of pause, and a regularity of cadence; therewithal, the persons deliver themselves somewhat in the style of set speeches, rather as authors striving for effect, than as men and women stirred by the real passions and interests of life; there is something of a bookish grandiloquent tang in the dialogue: all which smacks as if the Poet had here written more from what he had read in books, or heard at the theatre, than from what his most prying, quick, and apprehensive ear had overheard of the hitherto unwritten drama of actual and possible men. These peculiarities, to be sure, have been partly justified by Schlegel, as growing naturally out of the subject: still we must needs think them to have proceeded mainly from the undergraduate state, so to speak, of the author's genius. "In King John," says that accomplished scholar and critic, "the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they have little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language: he ridicules the secret springs of politics, without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavouring to make his fortune by similar means, and would rather be of the deceivers than the deceived, there being in his view of the world no other choice." In the last two acts, however, we have much more of the full-grown Shakespeare, sure-footed and self-supporting: the hidden elements of character, and the secret subtle shapings and turnings of guilty thought, shining out in clear transparence, or flashing forth amidst the very stress of action and the exigencies of passion; with frequent kindlings of poetic and dramatic inspiration, such as might befit his wealthiest years.

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That the reader may have the whole matter before him here, we will present, as briefly as may be, so much of actual history as will throw light directly upon the play, omitting, however, such points as we have already noticed. In 1190, when Arthur was but two years old, his uncle Richard I. contracted him in marriage with the daughter of Tancred, king of Sicily, at the same time owning him as "our most dear nephew, and heir, if by chance we should die without issue." At Richard's death, however, in 1199, John produced a testament of his brother, giving him the crown. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine were the proper patrimony of the Plantagenets, and therefore devolved to Arthur as the acknowledged representative of that house, the rule of lineal succession being there fully settled. To the ducal chair of Brittany Arthur was the proper heir in right of his father, and his mother was then duchess regnant of that province. John claimed the dukedom of Normandy, and his claim was there allowed, as the proper inheritance from his ancestor, William the Conqueror. Poictou and Guienne were the inheritance of his mother Elinor; but she made over her title to him; and there also his claim was recognized. The English crown he claimed in virtue of his brother's testament; but took care, as we have seen, to strengthen that claim with whatsoever of force might accrue from a popular election. In the strict order of hereditary right, all these possessions, be it observed, were due to Arthur; but that order, it appears, was not then fully established, save in the three provinces belonging to the house of Anjou.

As duke of Brittany, Arthur was a vassal of France, and therefore bound to homage as the condition of his title. Constance, feeling his need of a protector, engaged to Philip Augustus, the French king, that he should do homage also for the other provinces, where his right was clogged by no such conditions. Philip accordingly met him at Mans, received his oath, gave him knighthood, and took him to Paris. Philip was cunning, ambitious, and unscrupulous, and his plan was to drive his own interests in Arthur's name: with the prince entirely in his power, he could use him as an ally or as a prisoner, whichever would best serve his turn; and in effect "Arthur was a puppet in his hands, to be set up or knocked down, as he desired to bully or cajole John out of the territories he claimed in France." In the year 1200 Philip was at war with John in pretended maintenance of Arthur's rights; but before the close of the year the war ended in a peace, by the terms of which John was to pay twenty thousand marks, and give his niece, Blanch of Castile, in marriage to Lewis the Dauphin, with a dowry of several valuable fiefs, and was acknowledged rightful heir to his late brother; and Arthur was to hold even his own Brittany as a vassal of John, and was created earl of Richmond. At the time of this treaty Constance was still alive; and Arthur, fearing, it is said, his uncle's treachery, remained in the care of Philip In less than two years, however, the peace was

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broken. John, though his former wife was still living, having seized and married Isabella of Angouleme, already betrothed to the Count de la Marche, the Count headed an insurrection in Aquitaine, and Philip joined him, brought Arthur again upon the scene, and made him raise the flag of war against his uncle. For some time Philip was carrying all before him in the French territories of his adversary, till at length Arthur was sent with a small force against the town of Mirabeau, where his grandmother Elinor was stationed; and while he was besieging her in the castle, John, being apprised of her danger, "used such diligence that he was upon his enemies' necks ere they could understand any thing of his coming." His mother was quickly relieved, Arthur fell into his hands, and was conveyed to the castle of Falaise; and Philip withdrew from the contest, as the people would have nothing to do with him but as the protector of their beloved Prince.

The capture of Arthur took place in July, 1202. The story of what presently followed is thus told by Holinshed: "It is said that King John caused his nephew to be brought before him at Falaise, and went about to persuade him all that he could to forsake his friendship and alliance with the French king, and to lean and stick to him his natural uncle. But Arthur, like one that wanted good counsel, and abounding too much in his own wilful opinion, made a presumptuous answer, not only denying so to do, but also commanding John to restore unto him the realms of England, with all those other lands and possessions which King Richard had in his hand at the hour of his death. . . . . King John, being sore moved by such words thus uttered by his nephew, appointed that he should be straitly kept in prison." Several other passages of Holinshed touching the fate of Arthur will be found in the notes.

The king then betook himself to England, and had his coronation repeated by Hubert the Primate, who, by the way, must not be confounded with Hubert de Burgh, the jailer of the young prince; and shortly after he returned to France, where, a rumour being spread abroad of Arthur's death, the nobles made great suit to have him set at liberty, and, not prevailing in that, banded together, and "began to levy sharp wars against King John in divers places, insomuch that it was thought there would be no quiet in those parts, so long as Arthur lived." A charge of murder being then carried to the French court, and the king being summoned thither for trial, he refused; whereupon the court gave judgment, that "whereas John, duke of Normandy, in violation of his oath to Philip his lord, had murdered the son of his elder brother, an homager of the crown of France, and near kinsman to the king, and had perpetrated the crime within the seigniory of France, he was found guilty of felony and treason, and was therefore adjudged to forfeit all the lands which he held by homage." Thence sprung up a war in which John was totally stripped of his French possessions, and at last stole off with inexpressible baseness and cowardice to England.

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The quarrel between John and the Pope did not break out till 1207. First came the interdict, then, some years after, the excommunication, and finally, at a like interval, the deposition. Philip being engaged, as we have already seen, to go with an army and execute the sentence; wherein he was likely to succeed, till, John having made his submission, the Pope took his side against the French king. John died in 1216, amidst his contests with the barons touching Magna Charta. Sundry critics have complained that the Poet made no use of this celebrated instrument, and did not even once allude to it in the play. Concerning which point we need but say that, besides that Magna Charta was then little known and less cared for by any but lawyers, it was nowise legitimate matter of dramatic interest. So that the complaint may be set aside at once as altogether impertinent.

The characterization of this play in the degree of excellence corresponds very well with the period to which we have on other grounds assigned the writing. The king, as he stands in authentic history, was such a piece of irredeemable depravity, so thoroughly rotten-hearted, weak-headed, and bloody-handed, that to set him forth truly without seeming to be dealing in caricature or lampoon, required no little art. The Poet was under the necessity in some sort of leaving his qualities to be inferred, instead of directly expressing them: the point was to disguise his meannesses, and yet so to order that disguise as to suggest that it covered something too vile to be seen. And what could better infer his cringing, cowardly, slinking, yet malignant spirit, than his two scenes with Hubert de Burgh, where he durst not look his purpose in the face; and his base mind dodges and skulks and backs out from fathering its own issues; and he tries by hints and fawning innuendoes to secure the passage of his thought into effect, without committing himself to any responsibility for it; and wants another should be the agent of his will, and yet bear the blame as if acting of his own accord; and then, when the consequences begin to threaten and press upon him, he accuses the aptness of the instrument as the cause of his suggestion; and the only sagacity he shows is in shirking and shifting the responsibility of his own guilty purpose; his sneaking selfish fear inspiring him with a quickness and fertility of thought, such as he could never exert in any good cause.

The genius and art of Mrs. Siddons, to which the part of Constance was no doubt peculiarly fitted, have apparently caused the critics of her time, and their immediate followers, to set a higher estimate upon the character than seems fully borne out by the work itself. The abatement, however, that we would make refers not so much to the idea of the character, as to the style of the execution, wherein we cannot but think her far from exemplifying the Poet's full strength and inwardness with nature. That idea is well stated by Hazlitt as "the excess of maternal tenderness, rendered desperate by the fickleness of friends and the injustice

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of fortune, and made stronger in will, in proportion to the want of all other power." The character, though drawn in the best of situations for its amiability to appear, is not a very amiable one and therein is perhaps the truer to history, as the chroniclers make her out rather selfish and weak; not so religious in motherhood but that she betrayed a rather unhandsome impatience of widowhood. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the voice of maternal grief and affection speaks from her lips with not a little majesty of pathos, and occasionally flows in strains of the most melting tenderness: though in general the effect of her sorrow is marred by too great an infusion of anger; in her grief she has too much pride, self will, and volubility of scorn, to have the full touch of our sympathies; her speech being stinging and spiteful, and sounding quite as much of the intemperate scold, as of the broken-hearted and disconsolate mother. As to the execution of the part, there is in many of her speeches too much of what we have already referred to as smacking more of the author than of the woman; a redundancy of rhetoric and verbal ingenuity giving them something of a theatrical relish, as though they were spoken rather for effect than from true feeling.

As Shakespeare used the allowable license of art in stretching the life of Constance beyond its actual date, that he might enrich his work with the eloquence of a mother's love; so he took a like freedom in making Arthur younger than he really was, that he might in larger measure pour in the sweetness of childish innocence and wit. At all events, we cannot in either case blame the fault, if it be one, the issue of it being so proper. And in Arthur he gained thereby the further advantage, that the sparing of his eyes is owing to his potency of tongue and the awful might of unresisting gentleness; whereas in actual history he is indebted for this to his strength of arm. The Arthur of the play is an artless, gentle, natural-hearted, but high-spirited and eloquent boy, in whom we have the voice of nature pleading for nature's rights, unrestrained by pride of character or of place; who at first braves his uncle, because set on to do so by his mother, and afterwards fears him, yet knows not why, because his heart is too full of the holiness of youth to conceive how any thing so treacherous and unnatural can be, as that which he fears. In his dying speech,—"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones,"—our impression against John is most artfully heightened, all his foregoing inhumanity being, as it were, gathered and concentrated into an echo. Of the scene between him and Hubert, when he learns the order to put out his eyes, Hazlitt justly says,—"If any thing ever were penned, heart-piercing, mixing the extremes of terror and pity, of that which shocks and that which soothes the mind, it is this scene." Yet even here the tender pathos of the loving and lovely boy is marred by some artificial conceits and prettinesses which we cannot believe Shakespeare would have let fall in his best days. The Poet has several times thrown the sweet witchery of his genius

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into pictures of nursery life, bringing children upon the scene, and delighting us with their innocent archness and sweet-witted prattle, as in case of Hermione and Mamillius in The Winter's Tale, and of Lady Macduff and her son in Macbeth; but the part of Arthur is by far his most charming and powerful thing in that line. That his glorious, manly heart loved to make childhood its playmate, cannot be doubted.

The reign of King John furnished no characters fully answerable to the demands of dramatic interest. To meet this want, therefore, there was need of one or more *representative* characters, — men in whom should be centralized and consolidated various elements of national character, which were in fact dispersed through a multitude of individuals. And such is Faulconbridge, with his fiery flood of Norman vigour bounding through his veins, his irrepressible gush of animal spirits, his athletic and frolicsome wit, his big, brave, manly heart, his biting sword, and his tongue equally biting, afraid of nothing but to do what were dishonourable or wrong. And with all his laughing roughness of speech, and iron sternness of act, so blunt, bold, and downright, he is full of humane and gentle feeling. With what burning eloquence of indignation does he denounce the supposed murder of Arthur! though he has no thought of abetting his claim to the throne against the present occupant. The Poet has managed with great art that he may be held to John throughout the play, by ties which he is too clear of head and too upright of heart to think of renouncing. "In the outset he receives honour from the hands of John, — and he is grateful: in the conclusion he sees his old patron weak indeed and guilty, but surrounded with enemies. — and he will not be faithless." In his clear-sighted and comprehensive patriotism the diverse interests that split others into factions, and plunge them into deadly strife, are smoothly reconciled; and he is ready with tongue and sword to beat down whatsoever any where obstructs the reign of a broad and generous nationality. Verily, he stands next to Falstaff as an ideal representative of actual men. Thoroughly Gothic in features and proportions, and as thoroughly English in temper and spirit, his presence rays life and true manliness into every part of the drama, where they would else be wanting. Is it strange that a nation which could grow such originals should have beaten all the rest of the world in every thing useful, or beautiful, or great?

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, his Son.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, Earl of Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his Half-Brother.
JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, Ambassador from France.

ELINOR, Widow of King Henry II.
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.
BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, sometimes in France.

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KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour,[1] to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning! — borrow'd majesty?

John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.[2]

[1] That is, by me; in the words and action I am now going to use.

[2] As Richard I. died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then in his twelfth year. But the crown was

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John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control[3] of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:[4]
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen[5] presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE

quen partly elective, the nation choosing from the members of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. Arthur held the duchy of Brittany in right of his father, Geffrey Plantagenet, an elder brother of John. Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, the ancient patrimony of the house of Anjou, were his by hereditary right. As Duke of Brittany Arthur was a vassal of Philip Augustus, King of France; and Constance engaged to Philip that her son should do him homage also for Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Poictou, on condition that Philip should support his claim to the English crown. England having declared for John, the play opens with Philip's interference in behalf of Arthur. H.

[3] *Control* here means *constraint* or *compulsion.*

[4] The Poet here anticipates the use of gunpowder by about a hundred years. Thus, again, in Act ii. he speaks of "bullets wrapp'd in fire." A similar anachronism occurs in Macbeth, Act i sc. 2: "They were as *cannons* overcharg'd with double cracks.' John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346. In all these cases Shakespeare simply aimed to speak the language that was most intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents. Of course he is found fault with by those who in a drama prefer chronological accuracy to dramatic effect. H

[5] That is, gloomy, dismal.

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Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?[6]
This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage[7] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his bastard Brother.*[8]

This expedition's charge.— What men are you?

[6] Elinor's hostility to Constance is thus accounted for by Holinshed: "Surely Queen Elinor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw if he were king how his mother Constance would look to bear most rule within the realm of England, till her son should come to lawful age to govern of himself." H.

[7] That is, conduct, administration. So in Richard II.: "For the rebels expedient *manage* must be made, my liege."

[8] We have already seen that Richard I. died without lawful issue. Holinshed, speaking of the first year of John's reign, says, —"The same year also, Philip, bastard son to King Richard, to

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Bast. Your faithful subject I; a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge

John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

John. A good blunt fellow. — Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r [9] I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,

whom his father had given the castle and honour of Coynach, killed the Viscount of Lymoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slain in besieging the castle of Chalus Cheverell." The old play furnished Shakespeare a slight hint towards the character

"Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous." M.

[9] Whether.

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(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him; —
O! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick [10] of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. — Sirrah, speak;
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat [11] five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much; —

Bast. Well, sir; by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy

[10] This use of *trick* in the sense of peculiarity or characteristic expression occurs several times in Shakespeare. Thus in the playing of Falstaff and Prince Hal, 1 Henry IV. Act ii. sc. 4: "That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly mine own opinion; but chiefly a villainous *trick* of thine eye." Wordsworth has the word in the same sense in his tale of Margaret, Excursion, book i.:

"Her infant babe
Had from its mother caught the *trick* of grief,
And sighed among its playthings." H.

[11] Another anachronism, like that mentioned in note 4. The *half-fac'd groat* was a coin first issued in the reign of Henry VII.; so called because it had on one side a *half-face*, that is, a profile The phrase seems to have been proverbial in the Poet's time. In the preceding line the original has *half that face*, which Mr. Collier retains, notwithstanding its manifest contradiction to the first line of the speech. H.

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To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this my mother's son was none of his:
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes, —
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,

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And like thy brother to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence,[12] and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his,[13] like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes!"[14]
And, to[15] his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

[12] That is, the possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance, resembling thy great progenitor. In Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful poem of The Happy Man, we have a line resembling this:

"*Lord of himself, though not of lands,*
And having nothing yet hath all."

[13] *Sir Robert his* for *Sir Robert's; his* being formerly used as the sign of the genitive case.

[14] Queen Elizabeth coined threepenny, threehalfpenny, and three-farthing pieces: these pieces all had her head on the obverse, and some of them a *rose* on the reverse. Being of silver, they were extremely *thin;* hence the allusion. The *roses* stuck in the ear, or in a lock near it, were generally of ribbon; but Burton says that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear.

[15] That is, *in addition* to it.

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John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.[16]

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour by night or day,
When I was got Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:[17]
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.[18]

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

[16] *Plantagenet* was not the original name of the house of Anjou; but a surname formerly bestowed upon a member of the family, from his wearing a *broom-stalk*, that is, *planta genista*, in his bonnet. H.

[17] These expressions were common in the time of Shakespeare for being born out of wedlock.

[18] There was an old proverb,—"Bastards are born lucky.' The speaker here wishes his brother may have good fortune, and

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A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady: —
"Good den,[19] Sir Richard." — "God-a-mercy, fellow;" —
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion.[20] Now your traveller, —
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;[21]
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why, then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries:[22] — "My dear sir,"
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
"I shall beseech you" — That is question now;
And then comes answer like an A B C-book:[23] —
"O sir," says answer, "at your best command;

implies that, had he been unlawfully begotten, the wish had been needless; alluding to the proverb. H.

[19] A contraction of *good evening;* also used sometimes for *good day.* See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 3, note 8. H.

[20] So in the original, which Pope changed to *conversing.* The speaker calls his *new-made honour* a *conversion,* that is, a change of condition; and means that to remember men's names is to be too careful, too punctilious, too *respective,* for one of his newly-acquired rank. See The Merchant of Venice, Act v. sc. 1, note 10. H.

[21] It is said, in All's Well that Ends Well, that "a traveller is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly-excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. To use a toothpick seems to nave been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions. — *At my worship's mess* means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight,* shall be placed. — *Your worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakespeare's time, as *your honour* was to a lord.

[22] *My picked man of countries* may be equivalent to *my travelled fop: picked* generally signified affected, over nice, or curious in dress. *Conquisite* is explained in the dictionaries *exquisitely, pikedly:* so that our modern *exquisites* and *dandies* are of the same race. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 1, note 3.

[23] An A B C or *absey-book,* as it was then called, is a *catechism.*

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At your employment; at your service, sir:"—
"No, sir," says question; "I, sweet sir, at yours:"
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws towards supper, in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;[24]
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?[25]

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?

[24] That is, he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries.

[25] A double allusion,—to the *horn* which a *post* blows to announce his coming, and to such a *horn* as the speaker's mother had bestowed on her husband. H.

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Colbrand the giant,[26] that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy!

Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile!

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip? — sparrow![27] — James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit* GURNEY

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handy-work: — Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too,

[26] Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The History of Guy was a popular book in the Poet's age. Drayton has described the combat in his Poly-Olbion, Song xii.

[27] Warburton conjectured this should be, *spare me*; whereupon Coleridge has the following: "Nothing can be more lively or characteristic than 'Philip? sparrow!' Had Warburton read old Skelton's Philip Sparrow, an exquisite and original poem, and, no doubt, popular in Shakespeare's time, even Warburton would scarcely have made so deep a plunge into the *bathetic* as to have deathified *sparrow* into *spare me*." The sparrow was called Philip, because its note resembles that name. Thus in Lyly's Mother Bombie: "*Phip, phip*, the sparrows as they fly." And Catullus, in his Elegy on Lesbia's sparrow, formed the verb *pipilabet*, to express the note of that bird. Of course the new Sir Richard tosses off the name Philip with affected contempt. — *Toys*, in the next line means rumours, idle reports. H.

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That for thine own gain should'st defend mine hon
our?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, — Basilisco-like.[28]
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: Who was it, mother?
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed. —
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.

[28] Referring to the old drama of Soliman and Perseda, printed in 1599, in which there is a bragging cowardly knight called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown and seen through that Piston, a buffoon servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates:

"*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.
Pist. By the contents of this blade, —
Bas. By the contents of this blade, —
Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco —
Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco, — *knight*, good fellow, *knight*.
Pist. *Knave*, good fellow, *knave*."

[29] So in the original: the common reading changes *that* into *thou*. As it stands the meaning is, "For Heaven's sake, do not *thou* lay my transgression to my charge, thou that art the issue of my offence." M.

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Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,[30]
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of AUSTRIA, *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of France, and Forces;* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,

[30] Rastell's Chronicle yields a good explanation of this: "It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beynge in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapynge, he put his arm in his mouthe, and polled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon, and therefore some say he is called Rychardo

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And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:[1]
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance,[2] hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,

Cure de Lyon; but some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake." See, also, Percy's Reliques, introductory Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances. H.

[1] We have already seen, (Act i. sc. 1, note 8,) that Richard I. fell by the hand of one of his own vassals, the Viscount of Lymoges. Shakespeare followed the old play in making Lymoges and Austria the same person. Thus in Act iii. Constance says to the Archduke,—"O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil." And in the old play: "The bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the lyon's skin." In point of fact, Leopold, the duke of Austria, who imprisoned Richard I., died by a fall from his horse in 1195, four years before John came to the throne. H.

[2] That is, at our *importunity*. For this use of *importance*, see Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1 note 17. H

That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Con. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

Phil. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town: —
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.[3] —
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indiscreetly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

Phil. A wonder, lady! — lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd. —
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,

[3] That is, to select the most advantageous places

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Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient[4] to this town;
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até[5] stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd,
And all the unsettled humours of the land, —
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens, —
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft[6] o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[*Drums beat.*

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the Bastard,* PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

John. Peace be to France! if France in peace permit

Shakespeare uses *expedient* in the classical sense of *expeditious*; literally *free-footed*. From *expedire*, to hasten.

[5] The Goddess of Discord.

[6] *Waft* for *wafted*.

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Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

Phil. Peace be to England! if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast underwrought[7] his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief[8] into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And his is Geffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

Phil. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

[7] Undermined.
[8] A short writing, or abstract

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Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

Phil. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Con. Let me make answer: — thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world.

Con. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.[9]

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Con. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.[10]

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.[11]
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.[12]

[9] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis VII., when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he divorced her. She was afterwards, in 1151, married to King Henry II.

[10] Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence* made by criers in the courts of justice.

[11] The lion's skin was part of the spoil which the old play represented the Archduke of Austria as having taken from Richard I. Of course the Archduke wore it in honour of his exploit in killing Richard. H.

[12] The proverb alluded to is "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant." — *Erasmi Adagia.*

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I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right:
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blan. O! well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass. —
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

Phil. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your confer
ence. —
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child

Con. Do, child; go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil [14] that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he
weeps.

[13] Theobald proposed to read *shows*, thinking the Poet must have meant something that was to be on the *back*, not on the *feet* of the ass. The shoes of Hercules were often alluded to by the old writers. H

[14] Bustle, tumult

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Con. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Con. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer! thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

John. Bedlam, have done.

Con. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagu'd for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plagu'd; her sin, his injury;
Her injury the beadle to her sin, [15]

[15] The key to this obscure passage is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the *second commandment* of "visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children unto the *third* and *fourth* generation." Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother, but also by *her* in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is *plagued on her account*, and *with her plague*, which is *her sin*, that is, (taking by a common figure the cause for the consequence) the *penalty entailed upon it*. *His* injury, or the evil *he* suffers, *her* sin brings upon him, and *her* injury or the evil *she* inflicts he suffers from *her*, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it.

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All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Con. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

Phil. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim [16]
To these ill-tuned repetitions. —
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects, —

Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first. —
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,

[16] That is, to encourage. It is a term taken from archery See The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act iii. sc. 2. note 2.

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That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king, —
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks, —
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes [17] it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:

[17] *Owns.* In the preceding line *owe* is used in the ordinary sense.

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Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder[18] of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us; shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

John. Acknowledge, then, the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed, –

Bast. Bastards, and else.

John. To verify our title with their lives.

Phil. As many, and as well born bloods as those, —

Bast. Some bastards, too.

Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

[18] We retain the old English word *rounder*, as in the original, instead of *roundure*, from the French, which modern editions generally substitute. Of course *rounder* means a *circle*. H.

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Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
John. Then, God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
Phil. Amen, amen! — Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. St. George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,[19]
Teach us some fence! — [*To* AUSTRIA.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O, tremble! for you hear the lion roar.
John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field
Phil. It shall be so; — [*To* LEWIS] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. — God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

[19] The reader will of course understand that the picture of St. George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, was used as an innkeeper's sign. Nothing could be more spiritedly characteristic of the speaker than his thus running his favourite war-cry into an humourous allusion. Mr. Knight points out a similar passage in Sir Walter Scott, where Callum Beg compares Waverley to "the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's.

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SCENE II. The same.

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood:[1]
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France:
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;

[1] Shakespeare has used this image again in Macbeth, Act ii. sc. 3: "Here lay Duncan, his *silver skin* laced with his *golden blood*." It occurs also in Chapman's translation of the sixteenth Iliad "The curets from great Hector's breast all *gilled* with his *gore*.'

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And like a jolly troop of huntsmen[2] come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit.[3] Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:[4]
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his Power;* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the Bastard; at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

[2] It was anciently the practice of the chase for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy. Shakespeare alludes to the practice again in Julius Cæsar: "Here thy *hunters* stand, sign'd in thy spoil, and *crimson'd in thy lethe.*"

[3] The original has *Hubert* and *Hub.* prefixed to this and the following speeches of the Citizen. These prefixes Mr. Knight retains, so obstinate is he in restoration. The speeches are most evidently from the same person who was introduced as *Citizen* at the opening of the preceding scene, and whose speeches there have the prefix *Cit.* What makes the case still stronger is, that in the original the *two* scenes are printed as *one*, the Citizens having remained on the walls during the fight. Mr. Collier suggests that the actor of Hubert's part may have also personated the Citizen, in order that the speeches of the latter might be well delivered, and hence the irregularity in the prefixes. It was certainly not uncommon for two or more parts to be sustained by one actor and this often occasioned mistakes in the distribution of the dialogue. W

[4] Estimated, judged, determined.

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Say, shall the current of our right roam on?[5]
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing[6] the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings. —
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents,[7] fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

[5] So in the first folio: the second has *run* instead of roam; a needless change, and therefore not to be received. H.

[6] Pope changed this to *mouthing*, and was followed by subsequent editors. *Mousing* is mammocking and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse. "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses." — *The Wonderful Year*, by Dekker, 1603. See also, A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act v. sc. 1, note 17.

[7] *Equal potents* is equally powerful, *equi-potent*. H

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John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
Phil. Speak, citizens, for England, who's your king?
Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fear,[8] until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles[9] of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines[10] of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing[11] clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:

[8] That is, *ruled, mastered by our fear.* The original has "*kings* of our fear," out of which it is not easy to extract a meaning, as may be seen by consulting Knight and Collier. The emendation is Tyrwhitt's, and it seems to us eminently happy. Warburton proposed "kings *are* our fear." H.

[9] *Escroulles*, Fr., scabby fellows.

[10] The *mutines* are the mutineers, the seditious. Thus in Hamlet: "And lay worse than the mutines in the bilboes." This allusion is not in the old play. Shakespeare probably took the hint from Ben Gorion's Historie of the Latter Tymes of the Jew's Common-Weale, translated by Peter Morwyng, 1558.

[11] That is, *soul-appalling;* from the verb to *fear*, to make afraid

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I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. — France, shall we knit our powers.
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.

Phil. Let it be so: — Say, where will you assault?

John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

Phil. Our thunders from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [*Aside.*] O, prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it. — Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe awhile to stay,

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And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league:
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

John. Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,[12]
Is niece to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete of, say he is not she:[13]
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.

[12] The Lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

[13] That is, if he be not complete of or *in* those qualities, say it is because he is not like her, or equal to her. The use of *of* for *in respect of*, or *in*, is not uncommon in the old writers. Modern editions generally print the line thus: "If not complete, O say he is not she."

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This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen [14] than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,[15]
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd: not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;

[14] *Spleen* is used by Shakespeare for any violent hurry or tumultuous speed. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act i. sc. 1, note 7.

[15] A *stay* here seems to mean *a supporter of a cause.* Baret translates *columen vel firmamentum reipublicæ* by "the *stay*, the chiefe mainteyner and succour of," &c. It has been proposed to read, "Here's a *say*," that is, a speech; and it must be confessed that it would agree well with the rest of Faulconbridge's speech. Perhaps, however, *stay* should be understood as referring to the beginning of the Citizen's former speech, — "vouchsafe awhile to *stay*."

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For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yond green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

Phil. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself.

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Till now unfixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table[16] of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blan. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, — that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blan. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speak, then, prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

John. Then do I give Volquessen,[17] Touraine, Maine,

[16] The *table* is the plain surface on which any thing is depicted or written.

[17] This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*, in Latin, Pagus Velocassinus. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin* was in dispute between Philip and John.

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Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. —
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

Phil. It likes us well: — Young princes, close
your hands.[18]

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.[19]

Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at St. Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. —
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness'
tent.

Phil. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure. —
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

[18] This marriage treaty is thus narrated by Holinshed: "So King John returned from York, and sailed again into Normandy, because the variance still depended between him and the King of France. Finally, upon the Ascension-day in this second year of his reign, they came eftsoons to a communication betwixt the towns of Vernon and Lisle Dandelie, where they concluded an agreement, with marriage to be had betwixt Lewis, the son of King Philip, and the lady Blanch, daughter to Alfonso King of Castile, the eighth of that name, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor." It was further stipulated that "the foresaid Blanch should be conveyed into France to her husband, with all speed;" which infers that she was not personally consenting to the treaty. M.

[19] Affianced, contracted.

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John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. — Call the Lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: — I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard. — The Citizens retire from the Walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed[20] with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded[21] in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, —
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, — cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity, —
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,[22]
Made to run even, upon even ground;

[20] To *part* and *depart* were formerly synonymous.

[21] To *round* or *rown* in the ear is to *whisper;* from the Saxon *unian*, susurrare. See The Winter's Tale, Act i. sc. 2, note 25.

[22] *Peised* is poised, balanced. See The Merchant of Venice. Act iii. sc. 2, note 2. The sense of *bias* in this passage is well shown in Cupid's Whirligig, 1607: "O, the world is like a *byas* bowle, and it runs all on the rich men's sides." H

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Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels [22] would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee! [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The French King's Tent

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Con. Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be
friends?

[22] *Angels* were golden coin. See The Merchant of Venice Act ii. sc. 7, note 1. H.

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Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable[1] of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering[2] o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die. —

[1] *Capable* is *susceptible*. So in Hamlet: "His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, would make them *capable*."

[2] This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his Insatiate Countess, 1603: "Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins *like a proud river overflow their bounds*!"

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Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy! then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me? —
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Con. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Con. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless[3] stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and King John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John! —
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,

[3] Unsightly. *Swart* is *dark*, dusky. See The Comedy of Errors, Act iii. sc. 2. *Prodigious* is *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*.

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And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Con. Thou may'st, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop[4]
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She sits on the ground.*

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *Bastard*, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:

[4] The meaning seems to be, that *grief* is so *proud* that even in receiving the homage of kings its *owner stoops*, or condescends. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *stout*, and has been followed by many editions. Dr. Johnson thus comments on the passage: "In Much Ado about Nothing the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions." H.

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The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Con. [*Rising.*] A wicked day, and not a holy day! —
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides[5] in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:[6]
But[7] on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

Phil. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Con. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,[8]
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war

[5] Solemn seasons, times to be observed above others.

[6] That is, be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "Nor mark prodigious, such as are despised in nativity."

[7] *But* in its exceptive sense of *be out*. In the ancient almanacks the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains are distinguished among a number of particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's Duchess of Malfy, 1623: "By the almanack, I think to choose good days and shun the critical." So in Macbeth: "Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar."

[8] That is, a false coin; a representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a *portrait*. The word seems to be here used equivocally.

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Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Con. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.[9]

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

[9] It is probable, as Ritson observes, that she means to call him a coward; she tells him that a calf's-skin would suit his recreant limbs better than a lion's. A *calf-hearted fellow* is still used for a dastardly person

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Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.[10]

John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pan. Hail! you anointed deputies of Heaven.
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

John. What earthly name to interrogatories[11]
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England

[10] The following lines from the old play explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:

"*Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall
Should be a precedent to fright you all.
Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!
My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages! —
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long."

[11] What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories can force a king to *speak* and answer them?

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Add thus much more, — That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority.

Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this

John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out:
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pan. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Con. O! lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Con. And for mine too: when law can do no right,

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Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pan. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because —

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blan. That's the curse of Rome.

Con. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.[12]

Blan. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Con. O! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle, —

[12] An *untrimmed bride* is, no doubt, a *virgin bride*.

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That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then! tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Con. O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip: hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

Phil. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings: —
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet? [13]
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;

[13] A *regreet* is an exchange of greeting.

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Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so.
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pan. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church,
Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed [14] lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pan. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow,
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is but amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.[16]

[14] The original reads *cased*, the meaning of which, if it have any, does not well appear. Thus in Henry VIII., Act iii. sc. 2 "So looks the *chafed lion* upon the daring huntsman." H.

[15] That is, not amiss when done *according to truth*, because it is then *left undone*: in the sense of *truly*, as here used, a crime is done *truly*, when it is *not* done. H.

[16] That is, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act.

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The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again: though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By which thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st.
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn; [17]
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?

[17] Shakespeare doubtless had a purpose in putting such a string of verbal and logical subtleties and evasions into the mouth of Pandulph: at all events, it very well illustrates the casuistical art which can easily turn all moral obligations wrong side out. The meaning of the text appears to be, the oath (truth) in swearing which you are unsafe, defeat your own security, — that oath was taken only that you might not be forsworn; and therefore cannot stand against the former oath wherein you swore to what is right and binding *in itself:* there you swore to that truth from which all other oaths derive their obligation. H.

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Lew. Father, to arms!

Blan. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Con. O! upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love: What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Con. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pan. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

Phil. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.

Con. O, fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!

John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blan. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?

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I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blan. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. — [*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself; thou art in jeopardy.

John. No more than he that threats. — To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil[1] hovers in the sky,

[1] In Nash's Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, 1592, we find the following passage: "The spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where

And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

John. Hubert, keep this boy. — Philip,[2] make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the Bastard*, HUBERT, *and Lords.*

John. [*To* ELINOR.] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded. — [*To* ARTHUR.] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die with grief.

they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone."

[2] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of *Sir Richard*, calls him by his former name. Shakespeare has followed the old plays, and the best authenticated history. The queen mother, whom King John had made regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army, with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief, which he immediately did. As he advanced to the town he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

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John. [*To the Bast.*] Cousin, away for England: haste before;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison'd angels:[1] the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,[2]
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness: — Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a work.
[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*

John. Come hither, Hubert. O! my gentle Hubert,

[1] Gold coin of that name.

[2] The order of the horrible ceremony here referred to, as given by Fox and Strype, was for the bishop, and clergy, and all the several sorts of friars in the cathedral, to go into the Church, with the cross borne before them, and three wax tapers lighted. A priest, all in white, then mounted the pulpit, and began the denunciation. At the climax of the cursing each taper was extinguished, with the prayer that the souls of the excommunicate might be "given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quench'd and put out." Thus described, also, in Bale's Pageant:

"For as moch as kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell, and candle:
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from me his face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace:
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannual,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all:
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternall lyght:
I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell." H

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We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, —
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, — but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience: — If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded[4] watchful day,

[3] *Race* here means *course, progress.*

[4] *Brooded* for *brooding;* the passive form in an active sense H.

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I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But ah! I will not: — Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I would do it.

John. Do not I know thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty

John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. — Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

John. For England, cousin: go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. — On toward Calais, ho![5]

[*Exeunt.*

[5] King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death.

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SCENE IV. The same.

The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail [1]
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pan. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
Phil. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look! who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.[2] —
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Con. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace!

[1] *Armado* is a fleet of war; the word is adopted from the Spanish, and the recent defeat of the *Spanish armado* had made it familiar. — *Convicted* is vanquished, overcome. To *convince* and *convict* were synonymous. See Macbeth, Act i. sc. 7, note 10.

[2] *The body;* the same vile prison in which the breath is confined

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Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance.

Con. No, I defy[3] all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death. — O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath[4] with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

Phil. O, fair affliction, peace!

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry. —
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern[5] invocation.

Pan. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art not holy to belie me so:
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!

[3] To *defy* formerly signified to *refuse*, to *reject*.

[4] That is, this mouth.

[5] Shakespeare often uses *modern* in the sense of common, ordinary, trite; as in the Seven Ages of Jaques, As You Like It: "Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." Mr. Knight changes *modern* into *mother's* here, on the ground that the latter word was often written *moder*. It must be owned that *modern* seems very tame, and that *mother's* lifts the verse into poetry at once: nevertheless the change seems scarce admissible. N

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I am not mad; — I would to Heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget! —
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

Phil. Bind up those tresses: O! what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Con. To England, if you will.

Phil. Bind up your hairs

Con. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
"O! that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty."
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. —
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,[6]

[6] To *suspire* Shakespeare uses for to *breathe*. Thus in 2 Henry IV.: "Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down perforce

There was not such a gracious[7] creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pan. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Con. He talks to me, that never had a son.

Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,[8]

must move." In Bullokar's Expositor, 1616. we have *suspiration*, a *breathing* or *sighing*.

[7] *Gracious* is used by Shakespeare often in the sense of *beautiful, comely, graceful.* Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, shows that this was no uncommon signification; he explains *gratioso* graceful, *gracious*, also *comely, fine, well-favoured, gentle.*

[8] "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring *our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.*" — Psalm xc.

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Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's[9]
taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.
Pan. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pan. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

[9] The old copy reads *word's*. The alteration was made by Pope. Malone thinks it unnecessary; and that by the *sweet word life* is meant. Steevens prefers Pope's emendation, which is countenanced by Hamlet's

"How weary, *stale*, *flat*, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this *world*!"

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That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pan. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape [10] of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

[10] The old copy reads *scope*. The emendation is Pope's. Shakespeare finely calls a monstrous birth an *escape of nature*, as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing.

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Methinks, I see this hurly[11] all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd. — The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the Church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[12]
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow,[13] tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions.[14] Let us go:
If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton.[1] A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT *and two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot

[11] *Hurly* is *tumult*, hurly-burly.

[12] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net by his note or call.

[13] Bacon, in his History of Henry VII., speaking of Simnel's march, observes that their *snowball* did not gather as it went.

[14] So in the original, but commonly altered to "*strong* actions," following the second folio. The meaning evidently is, that *strong* reasons *prompt* and *justify unusual* courses of action. H.

[1] In the original the stage-direction is merely, — "Enter Hubert

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Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1 *Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't. — [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.[2] By my christendom,[3]
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

and Executioners." Northampton is usually set down as the place of the scene, and doubtless it answers the purpose well enough. The scene certainly lies somewhere in England, and in the time of John Northampton was in fact honoured with the royal residence. For the actual places of Arthur's confinement and death see Act iii. sc. 3, note 5, of this play. H.

[2] This is a satirical glance at the fashionable affectation of the time. Lyly also ridicules it in his Midas: "Now every base companion, being in his *muble-fubles*, says he is *melancholy*." Again: "*Melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion says he is *melancholy*."

[3] That is, by my *baptism*. The use of this word for christening or baptism is not peculiar to Shakespeare. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. sc. 1, note 18.

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Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale today.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom. —
[*Showing a paper.*] Read here, young Arthur. [*Aside.*]
How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still.

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And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah! none, but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat[4] red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his[5] fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

[4] The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in Shakespeare's time. "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*." — *Daniel* iii. 19.

[5] The original has *this*.

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Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart: —
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven! — that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to; hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O! spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

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Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre[6] him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:[7]
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.

[6] That is, *stimulate, set him on.* The word occurs again in Hamlet: "And the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them on to controversy." And in Troilus and Cressida: "Pride alone must *tarre* the mastiffs on."

[7] Owns.

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Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This "once again," but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous:[1] you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard[2] a title that was rich before,

[8] Holinshed gives the following account of the matter of this scene: "It was reported that King John appointed certain persons to go into Falaise, where Arthur was kept in prison under the charge of Hubert de Burgh, and there to put out the young gentleman's eyes. But through such resistance as he made against one of the tormentors that came to execute the king's command, (for the other rather forsook their prince and country, than they would consent to obey the king's authority therein,) and such lamentable words as he uttered, Hubert de Burgh did preserve him from that injury, not doubting but rather to have thanks than displeasure at the king's hands, for delivering him of such infamy as would have redounded to his highness, if the young gentleman had been so cruelly dealt withal." It should be observed that Arthur was then fifteen years old. H.

[1] That is, this one time more was one time more than enough. It should be remembered that King John was now crowned for the *fourth time.*

[2] To *guard* is to *ornament.* So in the Merchant of Venice Act ii. sc. 2: "Give him a livery more *guarded* than his fellows." See. also. Measure for Measure. Act iii. sc. 1. note 16.

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To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about:
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;[3]
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,

[3] Lord Bacon, in like manner, attributes the failures of certain to the *love*, not of *excellence*, but of *excelling*. The text is a fine commentary on the elaborate artificialness which springs far more from ambition than from inspiration, and which the Poet too often exemplifies in his own pages H

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I shall indue you with: meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound [4] the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument: —
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise? —
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction. — Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

[4] To *declare*, to publish the purposes of all.

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Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.[5]

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game; and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd[6] the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

[5] Here again we must quote from Holinshed, who, after telling how Hubert spared to do the king's order, goes on thus: "Howbeit, to satisfy his mind for the time, and to stay the rage of the Bretons, he caused it to be bruited abroad through the country, that the king's commandment was fulfilled, and that Arthur also, through sorrow and grief, was departed out of this life. For the space of fifteen days this rumour incessantly ran through both the realms of England and France, and there was ringing for him through towns and villages, as it had been for his funerals." H.

[6] That is, *own'd* the *breadth* of all this isle.

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John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.[7]—Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy[8] of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

John. O! where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

[7] Meaning that all in France are going to England.
[8] That is, the *example*.

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Enter the Bastard and PETER *of Pomfret.*

John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd[9]
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.[10]

[9] Astonied, stunned, confounded, are the ancient synonyms of *amazed*, obstupesco.

[10] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. Speed says that Peter was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons for this purpose. The Poet here brings together matters that were in fact separated by an interval of some years. The event in question took place in 1213, and is thus delivered by the chronicler: "There was this season an hermit whose name was Peter, dwelling about York, a man in great reputation with the common people, because

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John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Pet. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety,[11] and return,
For I must use thee. — O, my gentle cousin!
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before. —
O! let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.

that, either inspired with some spirit of prophecy, as the people believed, or else having some notable skill in art magic, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. . . . . This Peter, about the first of January last past, had told the king that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to pass, that he should be cast out of his kingdom. And he offered himself to suffer death for it, if his words should not prove true. . . . . One cause, and that not the least, which moved King John the sooner to agree with the pope, rose through the words of the said hermit, that did put such a fear of some great mishap in his heart, which should grow through the disloyalty of his people, that it made him yield the sooner." H.

[11] That is, to safe custody.

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Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*

John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.
[*Exit.*

John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.[12]

John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,

[12] Thus in Holinshed: "About the month of December, there were seen in the province of York five moons, one in the east, the second in the west, the third in the north, the fourth in the south, and the fifth, as it were, set in the middest of the other, having many stars about it, and went five or six times incompassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away." H.

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Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,[13])
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.[14]

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did

John. O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done![15] Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:

[13] The commentators, it seems, were for a long time puzzled what this might mean, till at last the forgotten fashion of *right* and *left* shoes came back, and the mystery was cleared up at once. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 3, note 2. H.

[14] Deliberate consideration. So in Hamlet: "There's the *respect* that makes calamity of so long life."

[15] The original reads, *makes deeds ill done*, which gives a sense so evidently wrong as to justify a transposition. H.

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But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, —

John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,[16]
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

[16] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words would have *struck him dumb:* nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. — *Johnson*

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Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers;
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.[17]

[*Exeunt.*

[17] Holinshed thus continues the story of Hubert's doings touching the prince: "When the Bretons were nothing pacified, but rather kindled more vehemently to work all the mischief they could devise, in revenge of their sovereign's death, there was no remedy but to signify abroad again, that Arthur was as yet living, and in health. Now when the king heard the truth of all this matter, he was nothing displeased for that his commandment was not executed, sith there were divers of his captains which uttered in plain words, that he should not find knights to keep his castles if he dealt so cruelly with his nephew. For if it chanced any of them to be taken by the King of France or other their adversaries, they should be sure to taste of the like cup." H.

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SCENE III. The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones![1]
[*Dies.*

[1] The old chroniclers give various accounts of Arthur's death, of which Shakespeare took the least offensive. Matthew Paris relating the event uses the word *evanuit;* and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned. Holinshed's statement of the matter is very affecting. "Touching the manner in very deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundry reports. Nevertheless, certain it is that in the year next ensuing he was removed from Falaise unto the castle or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confess that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written, that as he essayed to have escaped out of prison, and proving to climb over the walls of the castle, he fell into the river of Seine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through very grief and languor he pined away, and died of natural sickness. But some affirm that King John secretly caused him to be murdered and made away, so as it is not thoroughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his days; but verily King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthily or not, the Lord knoweth." H.

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Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me,[2] of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his sin-bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR

[2] Private conference.

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Pem. O death! made proud with pure and princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time;[3]
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand? —
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,

[3] The old copy reads *sin of times*. The emendation is Pope's.

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Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,[4]
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O! he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. [*Drawing his sword.*] Must I rob the law?

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.[5]

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury; stand back, I say:
By Heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true [6] defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

[4] So in the original; obviously meaning, till I have ennobled this hand with the honour of revenging so foul a crime. Pope proposed *head*, which has been commonly adopted, Gray the poet having been pleased with it. It is not easy to see how the change betters the passage. H.

[5] So in Othello: "Keep up your bright swords; for the dew will rust them."

[6] *Honest* defence, defence in a *good cause*.

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Yet I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

Bast. Here's a good world! — Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black;

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Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul, —

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up. —
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms. —
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. —
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by the teeth
The unow'd interest [7] of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,

[7] That is, *unowned* interest; the interest that now has no acknowledged *owner*. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.

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Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture [8] can
Hold out this tempest. — Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pan. [*Giving him the Crown.*] Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.

[8] Girdle. The original has *centre.*

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Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pan. It was my breath that blew this tempest up
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit*

John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

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Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O! let it not be said. Courage! and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*

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SCENE II. A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent[1] to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O! and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O, my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march[2]

[1] That is, the *rough draught* of the original treaty. In King Richard III. the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings says, "Eleven hours I have spent to write it over the *precedent* was full as long a doing."

[2] So in the original; commonly printed *stranger march.* ■

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Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the thought of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What! here? — O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth[4] thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it[5] so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect![6]
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,

[3] That is, the *stain*.

[4] To *clip* is to *embrace*.

[5] Shakespeare here employs a phraseology used before in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "And, fairy-like, *to*-pinch the unclean knight."

[6] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, in Salisbury's opinion, could only be procured by foreign arms; and the *brave respect* was the love of country.

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That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself: — so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:[7]
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pan. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this: — King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the wo ld.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;

[7] *In what I have now said* an angel spake: for see, the holy legate approaches to give a warrant from *Heaven*, and the name of *right* to our cause.

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And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,[8]
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?[9]
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pan. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised

[8] This was the phraseology of the time. Thus in 2 Henry IV.:

> "He hath more worthy interest *to* the state
> Than thou, the shadow of succession."

Again in Dugdale's Warwickshire: "He had a release from Rose, the daughter and heir of Sir John de Arden, before specified, of all her *interest to* the manor of Pedimore."

[9] That is, passed along the banks of the river. Thus in the old play: "From the hollow holes of Thamesis echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*" We still say to *coast* and to *flank;* and to *bank* has no less propriety, though not reconciled to us by modern usage

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Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. —
[*Trumpet sounds*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak. —
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well. — Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd [10] sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch.; [11]

[10] That is, beardless, *unbearded*. The same speaker has before spoken of the Dauphin, — "Shall a *beardless* boy, a cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields?" The old copy here reads *unheard*; but as *hair* was then often spelt *heare*, there can be little doubt that *unhair'd* is the right word. See Macbeth, Act iv. sc. 2, note 5. H.

[11] To *take*, for to *leap*. Hunters still say to *take* a hedge or gate, meaning to *leap* over them. Baret has "*to take* horse, to leap on horseback."

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To dive like buckets in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery[12] towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave,[13] and turn thy face in peace:
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pan. Give me leave to speak

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,

[12] Nest [13] Roast

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That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

John. How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,[1]
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands:
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

[1] *Supply* is here used as a noun of multitude, as it is again in sc. 5.

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John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news. —
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The same.

Another part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say king John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English! you are bought and sold:[1]
Untread the rude way of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He[2] means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's Bury;

[1] A proverbial expression intimating treachery.
[2] The Frenchman, that is, Lewis.

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Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.[3]

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth[4] from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest

[3] The chronicler tells the following story of this Melun upon the authority of Matthew Paris: "The Viscount of Melune, a Frenchman, fell sick at London, and, perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certain of the English barons, which remained in the city, upon safeguard thereof, and to them made this protestation: 'I lament, saith he, your destruction and desolation at hand, because you are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand that Lewis, and with him sixteen earls and barons of France, have secretly sworn, if it shall fortune him to conquer this realm of England, and be crowned king, that he will kill, banish, and confine all those of the English nobility, which now do serve him, and persecute their own king, as traitors and rebels. And because you shall have no doubt hereof, I, which lie here at the point of death, do now affirm unto you, and take it on the peril of my soul, that I am one of those sixteen that have sworn to do this thing.'" The Dauphin's oath runs thus in the old King John:

> "There's not an English traitor of them all,
> John once despatch'd, and I fair England's king,
> Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,
> But I will crop it for their guilt's desert." H.

[4] That is, *dissolveth*. So in Hamlet: "Thaw and *resolve* itself into a dew." Again in Baret's Alvearie: "To thaw or *resolve* that which is frozen."

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Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him, — and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman, —
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee; and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a 'bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness[5] and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John. —
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. — Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

[5] *Rankness*, as applied to a river, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow*; as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party it signifies *wanton wildness*.

"Rain added to a *river* that is *rank*
Perforce will force it overflow the bank"

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SCENE V. The same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tattering[1] colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here: — What news?
Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! — Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me. — Who was he, that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter,[2] and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt*

[1] *Tattering* for *tattered*; another instance of the indiscriminate use, so common in the old writers, of the active and passive forms. H.

[2] That is, keep in your allotted posts or stations.

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SCENE VI.

An open Place near Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend: — What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless[1] night,
Have done me shame: — brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

[1] The old copy reads *endless*. The emendation was made by Theobald. The epithet is found in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607: "O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death."

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Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.[2]

Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power! —
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

[2] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event mentions this story. Thomas Wykes is the first who mentions it. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. The following account is given by Holinshed from Caxton: "After he had lost his army, he came to the abbey of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and there understanding the cheapness and plenty of corn, showed himself greatly displeased therewith, and said in his anger, that he would cause all kind of grain to be at a far higher price ere many days should pass. Whereupon a monk that heard him speak such words, being moved with zeal for the oppressions of his country, gave the king poison in a cup of ale, whereof he first took the assay, to cause the king not to suspect the matter, and so they both died in manner at one time." M.

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SCENE VII. The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey

Enter Prince HENRY,[1] SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his poor brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. —
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

Hen. O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible;[2] and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing. —
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

[1] Prince Henry was only nine years old when his father died.
[2] The old copy reads *invisible*. Sir T. Hanmer proposed the reading admitted into the text.

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Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest [3]
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and Attendants, who bring in King* JOHN *in a Chair.*

John. Ay, marry, now, my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty?

John. Poison'd, — ill fare; — dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. — I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

John. The salt in them is hot. —
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

[3] A description of Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid "Quem dixere Chaos rudis *indigestæque* moles." — *Met.* 1.

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John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module[4] of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven he knows how we shall answer him;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.[5]

[*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear. —
My liege! my lord! — But now a king, — now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. —
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,

[4] *Module* and *model* were only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype, after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype, a *copy* or *representation.* In the London Prodigal a woman, kissing the *picture* of her dead husband, says, — "How like him is this *model!*" H.

[5] This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

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To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: — And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;[*]
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it, then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

[*] A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.

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Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.[7] —
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

[7] As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the time in superfluous sorrow.

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